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LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

JANUARY, 1863.

M. KIEFFER & CO.,
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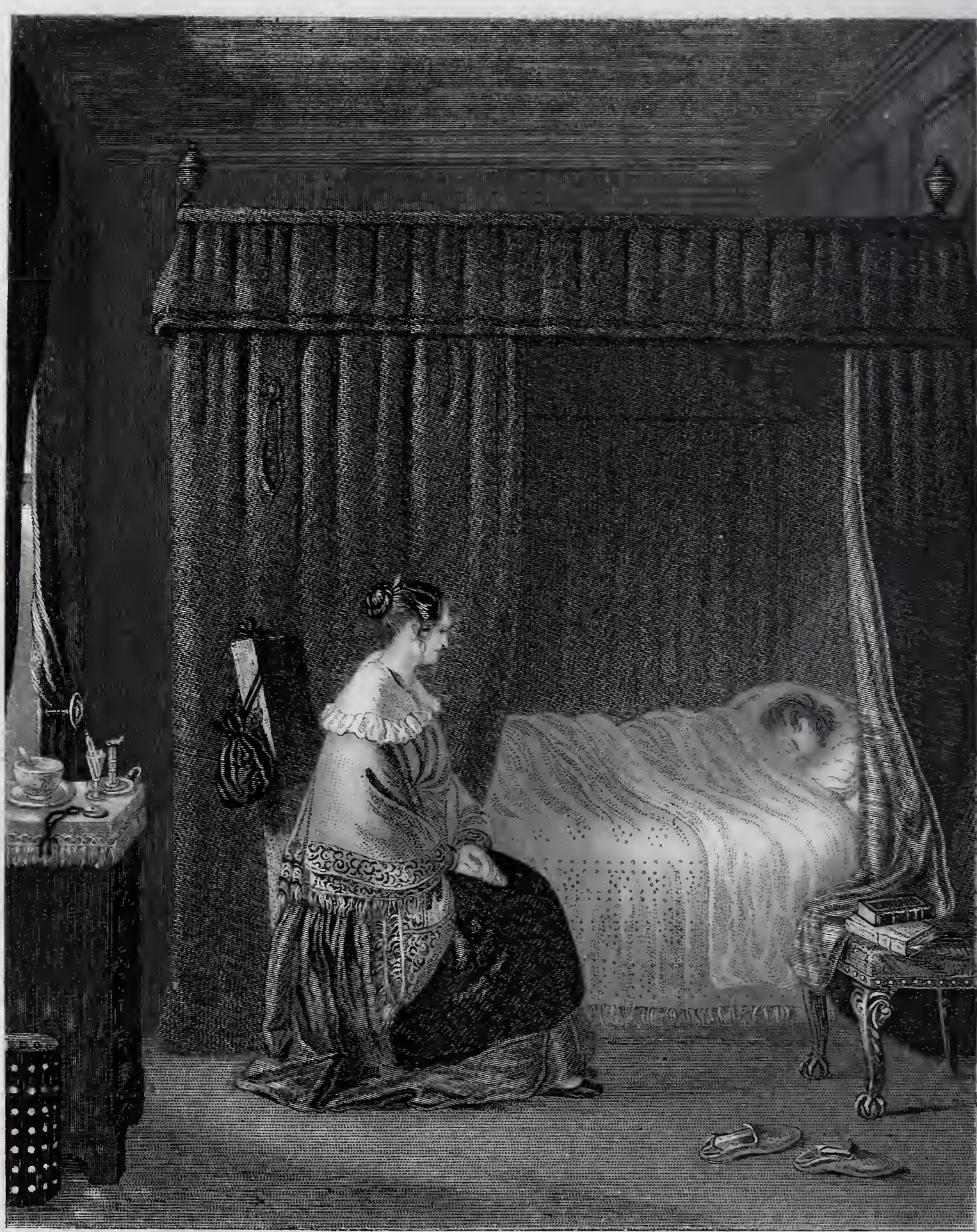

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The Wife

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO
THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

VOLUME XIV.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIV.---JANUARY, 1863.---No. 1.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

On the first of January 1850, the Guardian made its first appearance, in Lewisburg, Pa. After the completion of its first volume, it was removed to Lancaster, Pa., from which place twelve more volumes have been issued. It now begins its fourteenth volume in Chambersburg, Pa. Every removal has been peaceful and unconstrained. It removed from choice. There can be no harm in taking a young lad out to see the world. His present location having been rendered somewhat well-known and historical among the scenes of the present great Rebellion, we have no doubt his removal thither will be appreciated as showing proper bravery, and love for the stirring and eventful in history. This may be justly expected of him, as he is just ripening into full youth. We have no doubt, that, at this important period of his life, he will be kindly and considerately treated by the good people in his new home.

We shall continue our care over him; and use all diligence, according to our ability, to store his mind with useful knowledge. Nor shall his taste and his manners be neglected; since all this is necessary to fit him for good society, and prepare him for usefulness in his day and generation.

He has always had a laudable ambition to appear well even in his outward dress. When yet quite young he dressed very plainly, having an eye to economy, and a fear of running into debt; in which respect he has furnished a good example to all young people. He has, moreover, always been more anxious to appear well informed than well dressed. Another good example. Yet, it must be confessed, that even his external appearance has of late years been altogether respectable. But improvements are always possible, and also always proper, provided one can afford to make them. We commend his present appearance to his friends as not at all to

be despised. He has slightly changed the fashion of his garb. He appears sober, solid, neat, cleanly, and not a little ornamental, and certainly quite pleasant to the eye.

Of his increase in wisdom it does not become his parent to speak. Parents have generally a natural weakness in regarding their children as particularly smart! What remarkable prodegies our own children are! What remarkable things they say! What winning ways they have! Though these things others do not always see so clearly as we do ourselves; nor can this be expected, as they are not so much around them. Besides, they have intelligent and remarkable children themselves, and have enough to do in admiring their originalities. We shall be careful not to expose ourselves in this way; but content ourselves in letting others judge of any aptness our son may manifest. We would, however, remark for him, that his education is by no means completed as yet. He knows his deficiencies; and is, as he hopes, yearly learning more, for which he has a great desire.

He is very fond of social life; and has no objections to being introduced into the company of ladies even. But this is not that he may talk on unsuitable subjects as youths of his age sometimes begin to do! Better motives actuate him. He knows the advantages of female society, in taking away much of the awkwardness and even rudeness of manners, so apt to grow on young men when excluded from the refining society of ladies. We hope, therefore, that our lady friends will introduce him among their young companions, so that he may feel free to make at least a monthly visit to them. We hope they will all find him sufficiently intelligent to make his calls agreeable, and perhaps profitable to them.

We may also remark, that young men need not fear to introduce him to their particular lady friends, from whom they are themselves absent. He will take pleasure in paying them monthly visits, bearing their kind remembrances. No fear need be entertained, that he will, on such occasions, interfere with any existing arrangements! But as he devotes all his time to such visits, he expects to have his expenses paid, which amounts only to one dollar for twelve visits.

Parents can also send him to their absent sons and daughters for the same price. In such cases, he will talk to them of home, and the scenes of their childhood, and will tell them how beautiful and scriptural it is for children, even when grown up to adult age, to remember, honor, and love their parents and their first homes. There are many parents who send him thus; and he is particularly fond of such errands.

May we not ask Pastors to encourage his visits among their young members? They will find him an earnest co-worker. Though of a cheerful spirit, he is also serious, and a decided friend of child-like piety. Though he does not like to speak gloomily to young Christians, he always encourages a serene and peaceful faith. He loves to look on the bright side of things, and prefers, like the sun-dial, to "count the hours that shine;" for he thinks that, as

bright surfaces best reflect the light of the sun, so bright sides of the heart turned towards God will always take in most of the rays of His love.

The fourteenth year! Forgive us for feeling a little of the pride of age. But we want to live longer still; who can blame us! We, therefore, ask the reader to get us up a list of subscribers in his or her neighborhood or congregation. We are not ashamed to say that we need subscribers. But we have faith, at the same time, that the same kind Providence which has favored our humble Magazine thus far, will raise up friends for it in future. Hence, under our old banner of "Life, Light, and Love," we wish our readers a Happy New Year, and hopefully travel on.

THE PHEBE FAMILY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is difficult to trace the history of a family when the family records have not been carefully kept. This, it must be confessed, has of late years been by many too much neglected. Family Bibles, in many cases not much used for reading purposes, are beginning even to have not so much as the family Register regularly kept. The same neglect is found in some places in regard to the Church records, no entries of births and baptisms being made. We think it could be easily shown, that this whole tendency is bad, and leads to frequent confusion.

It would no doubt be impossible to trace the outward history of the Phebe family—we mean its descent by blood. The best we can do is to take for granted, that all those females who bear a spiritual likeness to that family of course belong to it. In this way we may perhaps find members of the family in all parts of the Church; though, it must be confessed, that the family is not so large as might be desired in view of its excellence. Every congregation that can boast of a single representative of that noble spiritual blood, has reason to congratulate itself. Yet even where it exists the members of it have considerably degenerated. This must be confessed.

The Phebe family is a very ancient one; and what our Saviour said as to men's judgment of wine is also true in regard to this family: "The oldest is best." It will be interesting, no doubt, and may be even instructive, to our lady readers, whether they claim kindred with the family or not, to find here some account of that ancestorial mother from whom all our present Phebes are supposed to descend. All we know of her is contained in a brief extract, which we shall here give, from a letter written by St. Paul to the

Church at Rome about the year of our Lord, 57 or 58. It runs as follows:

"I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant (Deaconess) of the church which is at Cenchrea: that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints; and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also."

Her name, Phebe, somewhat attracts our attention. If sermons may be found "in stones," as a certain poet supposes, there may be some wisdom also in a name. It is true another poet asks, "What's in a name?" as if he would imply that there is nothing in it. But we are most decidedly not of that mind.

A name reveals more of the antecedents of the person who bears it, than perhaps even a poet, in his thoughtless moments at least, would imagine. We have noticed, that when any great divine, statesman, military general, or other representative man is figuring on the stage of public life, and the popular mind is engaged with his name, a great many children about that time are ornamented with his name all over the land. If this indicates anything—and it certainly does—it means, that in the hearts of the parents there is a quiet desire, that their child may some day become great and good, like the one after whom it is named.

There are parents, however, who are not much charmed with the glare and glory of popular men. They have no particular liking for statesmen or military heroes, with their honors; and have consequently no disposition to name their children after them. They have more aesthetical taste; and hence choose names for their children from regions of the beautiful. Thus we suppose have originated such names as Rose, Grace, Laura, Clara, and many others. In any case, there is always underlying this naming of children, a secret desire that the character and spirit of the child may in future answer, in some degree, to the nature of the thing of beauty from which its name has been derived.

What a touching hope is this of the fond parental heart! O that it could always be realized! We all know what an event the naming of a child is. How the matter is talked over. How many things are taken into consideration. How tastes are found to differ. And what a relief it is, when the name is finally agreed upon, not only by the parents, but to the satisfaction of the grandparents, and an innumerable generation of uncles and aunts, beside a goodly number of particular friends. All the while the little Innocent is lying in sweet smiles, and in blessed unconciousness of a matter, in which it is after all so much interested! For is it not itself, to which this name, now fixed upon it, must hang like another self to the end of its life! Yea, the name by which it is to be praised or blamed, loved or abused, honored or dishonored, until it shall escape from all human fondling or bandying in the sweet rest of the grave!

We tell thee, kind reader, there *is* something in a name. Rest assured, there was more going on than St. Paul has recorded in his

letter, when Phebe received that name, which means "pure, bright, shining, glorious like the sun." That name permits us to look as through an open window, into the home of her infancy and childhood. It gives us a clue to the character of her parents. It tells us something of what their fond hearts supposed her to be, or desired her to become; and are you willing to deny that these hopes and desires of her parents in regard to her, had something to do with making her what she afterwards became? We are well aware, that, in our rattling and giddy age, the power and significance of names is to a great extent lost. You can find Anslems drunk in the gutter, and hear Monicas swearing around the fish-market; and there are numberless cases of children, who care very little what desires or hopes their parents had in regard to them! But this was not always so. We doubt whether it was as much so among the ancient heathen as it is among many modern professed Christians!

Among the Jews, and also among the early Christians, there was great power in a name. The name which one bore was to him as his standard, which he dare not disgrace; it was as the uplifted banner, under which he went heroically forward to the victories of life. It was the high and solemn vocation of the child to realize the hopes set forth, and fulfill the purport and meaning of its name. Now, as Phebe did honor her name, we may easily believe that her parents intended she should, and taught her to do so; and we may certainly believe also that she endeavored to do so her self. She did adorn her name. She fulfilled the pious hopes and wishes of her parents.

What a broad and beautiful page of her life is here opened up before us! How much of her early life does it reveal! It lets us look back into her infancy; and bids us think, and imagine, and believe as much as we please of her beautiful childhood, her filial reverence and obedience, and the high instincts which moved her young heart to noble purposes. True she may have wandered. She may have been, as she surely was, subject to human infirmities; and yet we see in the light of what she at last attained unto, that a controlling power of excellence never ceased to work in her heart, to shape and determine her life. The bloom of her present character is only the final, and full growth of that infant germ.

It is, therefore, not at all surprising, but only what we should naturally expect, that all the surviving members of her family, even in our day, should still be characterized by this excellent peculiarity of their ancestorial mother. It does still characterize the family. Go into any congregation you please, and if you are even an entire stranger, you need only a brief acquaintance with the female members, to enable you to point out with perfect ease any member of the Phebe family found there. They are all "pure, bright, shining lights."

There is, for instance, one of the Phebe family belonging to the Union church, a very flourishing congregation located "in the midst of the regions round about." If her parents had one desire stronger

than another, it was that their child might be a worthy representative of the ancient family of the Phebes; and Clara, for that was her name—a name they gave her on account of its similarity of meaning with Phebe—seemed anxious even in childhood to realize the hopes of her parents. She had early been taught that a clean, bright, and pure heart is a treasure to be desired and valued above all price. And it really seemed as if the spirit and grace of God had begun with her baptism to renew and sanctify her heart; for she began very early to manifest that beautiful child-piety, which gives such great joy to Christian parents, and affords such cheering hopes for the future. She was very fond of her little prayers, and was always delighted when her mother taught her something good.

Clara was also fond of study and reading. Indeed her parents had to keep her back, lest she might injure her health by too much attention to her books. But she learned fast, and was exceedingly intelligent for her age. She seemed to be convinced, even when yet quite a child, that the brightness and beauty of intelligence were necessary to a fully beautiful life.

Clara knew, for her mother told her, and her Pastor agreed with her mother—that solid reading is best for the full development of the mind. "You know Clara," her mother used to say, "that you cannot live on floating-island and ice-cream. These may taste pleasant, but they make no one fat and strong. It is just so with this light and trashy reading. A novel may fill your head with castles and fancies whilst you are reading it, and steam up your mind for a few nights into sentimental dreamings; but they will never make your mind stronger or better."

The reader needs no more than that saying to be convinced, that Clara's mother was a very sensible woman—a true honor to the Phebe family. Her daughter was smart enough to see this for herself; and hence, though at first solely from love to her mother she always obeyed her, yet as she grew older she only did it the more from reverence for her good judgment in all things pertaining to excellence.

As Clara, in her reading, carefully eschewed all morbid, sentimental, hot-bed literature, and devoted herself to solid reading, you may well believe she grew up into girl-hood with a clear, nervous, well-stored mind. Indeed the pastor noticed, when she attended his catechetical class, before she had begun her fourteenth year, that she had a decided taste and ability for understanding religious doctrines. She could comprehend the nice distinctions, which he was in the habit of making on some points, by way of exciting the thinking powers of his class. But in all the class there was none that seemed so well to take in his teachings as Clara.

So fond was she of doctrine that she attended several courses of lectures even after she had been confirmed. The pastor once declared to a friend, that he verily believed Clara would stand an examina-

tion on doctrinal points, almost as well as many candidates for the ministry who had passed through the Theological Seminary!

She was also in the habit of taking notes of her pastor's sermons, and of writing out the points afterwards. In this way she strengthened her memory and understanding of the truth. Her heart was in the matter. Her high and holy ambition was to call out the powers of her mind, and to store it with that best of knowledge, which would at once beautify and strengthen it, while it also prepared her for greater usefulness in the Church.

That Clara early became a Sunday School teacher is a matter of course. Her wish to be useful led her to desire it; and her qualifications were so well known, that she was desired for such a post. Though when the time came for her to be transfered from her seat in the class to her new seat as a teacher, she could not but regret that she could be a scholar no longer! Yet, as she afterwards found, instead of learning less than before, she now actually learned more; for she had her self first to learn well what she was called to teach others.

That she became an excellent teacher, you may well believe. All her own training and study fitted her for the post. She knew how to study the lesson; and she also had sufficient conscience, perseverance, and love for her work to induce her to do it. She came to her class well prepared, and hence never failed to interest them. She was beloved by her class, and became a true blessing to all who, from time to time, came under her care.

All we have said of this member of the Phebe family, holds true of all others of this family. In whatever Church you find them, they all have these peculiarities; and it is by these, rather than by family name, that the true descendants of the ancient Phebe are everywhere recognized.

AN OLD POET DESCRIBETH A MISER.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good
Until men will him slay.

Or like a heap of filthy dung,
That lyeth in a whoard (Board);
Which never can do any good,
'Till it be spread abroad.

CHERISHED MEMORY.—The world has done homage to revelation. What names are dearer at the hearth-stone of cottage and palace than those of the patriarchs, bards and prophets of the Bible? What scenes like that of Moriah, Olivet and Calvary? What mountains like Lebanon? What city like Jerusalem? Who lingers not on Pisgah—and along the river of Canaan? Who knows not of Gethsemane and the Cross? Who weeps not with Mary at the tomb of the resurrection?

HOME-SICKNESS AND THE HOMEWARD WAY.

BY GOTTLIEB GRAUBART.

III.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
  I've seen my fondest hopes decay!
I never loved a tree or flower,
  But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never loved a dear gazelle,
  To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
  And love me, it was sure to die!

There is no other time like Sunday evening—a Sunday evening in autumn—and in the country! Only those who have lived in the country know what a peculiar quietude reigns around the homestead at this peaceful hour. It is as if a wave of heavenly rest and peace had strayed over into this restless and noisy world. In autumn too, when the energies of nature are retiring, and a spirit of sober truthfulness steals over the spirit, drawing it into sympathy with fading nature, reminding us that we all do fade like the leaf!

Delightful hour, how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light,
Must call us to the world again!

Who can ever forget the Sunday afternoons of his childhood! The thought of those hours comes to us in connection with every tender feeling, and makes us almost wish to be children again only to bring them back.

On such an afternoon towards evening—after we had attended public worship at the old Valley church in the forenoon—I took my pocket Bible and sought a retreat in the walnut grove near the house along a gentle slope on one side of the meadow. The valley for miles lay before me in almost the stillness of the grave. Along the mountain, a mile eastward, moved slowly and solemnly the shadows of a few clouds that hung over my head. In the west the mountains lay distant, quiet, and peaceful. The sinking sun shed aslant his yellow autumnal rays on fields and mountains, and on all the serene and peculiar quietude of Sunday evening!

I sat down upon the root of a patriarchal walnut, and opened my Bible at the 137th Psalm, the old Pastor's forenoon text: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song." The lonely and forsaken tone of this passage

wrought upon me with such a strong sympathy, that my heart swelled and my eyes were wet. I thought my case resembled that of those captives, at least in their home-sickness, and the consequent distaste they had for every thing around them in Babylon. Even these songs of Zion which were once the joy of their hearts, were now painful as the memory of joys that cannot come again. I even thought my case worse than theirs, for they were companions in sorrow while I was alone; they knew why they wept, but my mind seemed to refuse to throw light upon what my heart felt.

My thoughts were interrupted by a voice behind me: "Blessed are they that are home-sick, for they shall get home." It was the old school-master! He laid his hand upon my shoulder, as he sat down upon a root of the tree, and looking up into my face pleasantly said: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." (Is. 50 : 10.)

"Here you see, my dear boy, it is possible for a person to fear the Lord, and obey the will of his servant, and yet walk in darkness and have no light. His heart may be tender towards God, and he may fear and obey him with filial fear and obedience, and yet, for wise reasons, God may permit him to walk in darkness. God may be in favor with a penitent and may have accepted him, but may see fit not immediately to make it known to the penitent, but to discover it to him gradually. God partially veils his smiling countenance, and often entirely hides it, in order the more to draw out our desires and longings after him. This makes it our duty to 'trust in the name of the Lord, and to stay ourselves upon God.' The more our home-sickness is increased, the sooner will we get home. This feeling of dissatisfaction with all on earth, and this ardent and mysterious longing in you after something better, are the gentle drawings of the Father—follow them whither they lead and you will get home."

I felt sure now from this last remark, that the old school-master knew my situation, and would give me all necessary farther instruction. In this hope I was not disappointed; for to the joy of my heart, he soon proceeded:

"My dear boy! that Bible is a wonderful book. It is, as it has been said, like a stream in which a lamb can wade, and an elephant swim. It is strong meat to the strong, and milk for babes. It yields nourishment according to the capacity of him who seeks to be fed by it. It is like a tree that when shaken will only drop that fruit which is ripe, and which alone is wholesome to him who shakes. Much of that book is, as yet, sealed to you; but it will gradually open to you its treasures. When the morning dawns, it produces a twilight on the earth, in which objects are seen imperfectly; then as the sun rises the objects on the earth are only partially illuminated, standing still with one side in the shade; mountain tops are bright, but vallies are still in gloom; so it is in the

word of God. In your soul the morning is just dawning, and the sun has scarcely risen, and consequently your spirit has only visions in the twilight; as the day advances the world of revelation, upon which you now so eagerly look, will emerge into the light more and more, until you see all things clearly. Now the scales are still partly on your eyes, and the veil remains untaken away. You see some things, but others which are written just as plainly you do not see. The Spirit is the interpreter of the word to each honest and sincere enquirer, and he will make it plain as fast as you need it on the homeward way. This the Spirit will not do in some wonderful supernatural way as by visions or inspiration, but by bringing you, under the discipline of various providences, into such circumstances as will prepare you to understand it. The captive Jews in Babylon, as the old Pastor told us this morning, learned in Babylon what they could not learn at home. The prodigal son learned in a far country what he failed to learn in his father's house. You are at present under the tuition of the Spirit. He is preparing the ground for the good seed of the word, so that when it is sown it may fall into good soil prepared for it beforehand. The seed does not first prepare the ground into which it falls and then grow; the preparation of the ground belongs to another instrumentality. In nature, those seeds which are covered with hard shells, will not germinate in the spring if they have not been out through the winter in order that the frost may break them; so also in grace, the dark and cheerless wintery time of conviction and captivity are necessary to break the hard heart. Then when spring comes, and the Spirit, like a sweet south wind, comes over the heart, it will dissolve into tenderness and contrition and streams of penitence will flow. 'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.' (Songs 4, 16.)"

To me this was a new and refreshing idea. I saw that it was folly in me to expect at once to see my way clear, and to have the same light, joy, and assurance as those who had for many years toiled up Zion's narrow way. I now saw clearer than before the force of his remark on faith—especially that faith learns as fast as it goes and no faster.

The old man resumed his remarks—

"All men are naturally averse to divine things and rather seek after any thing else than the truth as it is in Jesus. Hence, though the truth of their sinfulness and danger, is held up to them, they will not see or feel it as long as their attention is so violently fixed on other interests. This makes it necessary that, first of all, their attention should be cut loose from those objects upon which it had been placed. This the Spirit does by removing those objects or making them unattractive. The object upon which their affections are placed flies suddenly away; or is changed into a serpent, while they are warming it into life upon the bosom of their confidence and love. In either case their affections, being cut loose, retire.

Those interests which are said by our Saviour to choke the word and make it unfruitful are three (1.) The cares of this world. (2.) The deceitfulness of riches. (3.) The lusts of other things. (Mark 4. 19.) The cares of this world! How true it is. What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed? These are the all-absorbing questions of many; and as long as they are bent on this chase not one word of God can enter their ears. If they are told that their heavenly father knoweth that they have need of these things, they do not hear it. Though the fowls of the air which neither sow, reap, nor gather into barns, and the lilies of the field clothed more richly than Solomon, are constantly preaching to them on the beauty and safety of divine dependence, yet they heed it not. Though their own reflections might teach them that they cannot add one cubit to their stature by taking thought, they take no time for reflection. For themselves and for their children they toil and drive; present cares more than is due, and future ones that may never come, rush in upon their hearts and choke every serious thought of eternity which would rise there. How shall the poor soul be redeemed from such a captivity as this? The Spirit knew full well how to accomplish it. He crosses their best laid plans. He confuses their wisest calculations. He disappoints their hopes, and makes all their carnal prudence end in foolishness. O does not experience prove what the poet has so forcibly sung:

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
> Gang aft agly;
> And leaves us naught but grief and pain
> For promised joy!

By sickness, too, God does often at short notice, and in a plain way, teach persons that all their cares are of no account without His blessing and favor. When the body is confined to the quiet and lonely sick room, how feeble and foolish then do all the cares of life appear! Sometimes it is true, even that will not fully cut loose the mind from its cares; for if the heart is quite hard, the mind will rush out into the world's vain rattle, even while the body is confined to the bed! Yet a sick bed is well calculated to call the mind from earthly cares and make it look up, and if it draw back from this gentle leading of the Spirit, it is to be feared it draws back unto perdition! If the spirit, compelled to look upon the feeble limbs of its body lying helpless around it on a sick bed, is not made home sick, it is to be feared it never will get home! The children of Israel would not have been willing to leave Egypt had it not been that their lives were made bitter by oppression. If they had been permitted to live quietly on amid rich flocks and a fat soil in Goshen, they would not have been home-sick for Canaan, though it was the land of promise. The earth must be made dark before the heavens are bright.

The deceitfulness of riches. Truly deceitful are riches, yet it often takes men a long time to find it out. They never give what they promise. They are often the sources of the most abrupt dis-

appointments and the keenest misery. Yet men trust, and trust again, kissing with a kind of mad delight the sword that wounds them. As they increase, so does the desire for them increase. As they increase, so does a spirit of independence and self-sufficiency. As they increase, so does responsibility to glorify God by them; but just so fast also does the willingness to yield them to the glory of God grow less. As they increase, so do the objects which fasten the tendrils of the creature's love upon the earth. This power which roots the heart into the earth, how appropriately is it called the root of all evil! Before this dreadful spell, which chains the heart to treasures on earth is broken, no home-sickness after treasures in heaven is possible. How shall this be done? The Spirit knows, and has all the resources of providence at hand to accomplish its purposes. Fire, storm, earthquake, blight,—and many more instruments are in his hand by which He can in a moment sweep away dead capital! Sometimes it is done by a slow process, as by moth and rust which corrupt. Sometimes by unfaithfulness or wickedness in others, either where deceit defrauds under cover of friendship, or where bold thieves break through and steal. In this case wicked men do it, but their wrath is made to praise Him; and though his hand is not *in* the evil, yet it is *over* it for good. Sometimes their own wickedness is left to correct them; having inherited wealth, the reins are cast loose upon them and they run till their substance is wasted in riotous living, and when all is gone they come to themselves. How many have first become poor in this world before they became rich in faith! A moment's reflection will call them up in crowds from among your acquaintances around you. It is a severe process, but man must first be made poor before he will beg. Those broken to the yoke in this school generally become tame and meek Christians, and returning disappointed from such an unpropitious chase, they walk humbly on the homeward way.

The lusts of other things. This is general language, and in it the Saviour intends to comprehend all those objects of sense which have a tendency to drag downward to the earth the higher affections of our nature. It includes the prevailing spirit of the world, the power of things that are seen, and the allurements of temporal enjoyments, promises and hopes. In it must be included the power of mere human love, those affections which chain us to a creature, upon mere temporal considerations. How often does even the fondness of a creature's love chain the heart down to earth! Thus even the endearments of a family, may make a home for the heart on earth, and draw it from seeking its father's house above. How dangerous is this charmer to the young! At the very time when their hearts are tenderest, and when God calls upon them most ardently to remember their Creator, a creature introduces itself to the affections and disputes the ground with God! Idolatry is the consequence; but the Spirit knows how to demolish idols, and to break those which bind the heart to their worship."

This remark I understood—and it increased my home-sickness, by causing my memory immediately to stray among wicked affection and broken hopes, as they lay strewed thick and in melancholly confusion along the backward track of my short life!

"All men naturally desire happiness," said the old man, "but instead of seeking it in God the source of all true happiness, they seek it in other sources according to the peculiar bent or disposition of their minds. What better way then to arrest their attention than by cutting them off from these resources. This is done by *misfortunes, bereavements,* and *disappointments.* Mark those words—they are the sabres of the Spirit, to demolish idols, and drive back their worshippers to their senses!

Sometimes when an individual is cut loose from one source, he flies to another so that it is frequently necessary, as in the case of Solomon, for him to run through the whole round of foolish experiment before he learns that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. He that turns into the homeward way at the first disappointment, is wise, and will save himself much bitterness and regret.

Hear yet a parable. A certain man had a vine. In order to train it to climb upward, he took away carefully all bushes near the earth lest they should spin out upon them. Though made to climb, the vine nevertheless fastened itself upon the lowest and nearest supports first; but the vine-dresser was watchful; and as soon as a tendril caught hold upon some twig lying on the earth he took the tendril loose, and threw the twig away. After repeated efforts to train it to climb, there were found a few still who seemed resolutely to persevere in crawling out upon the earth. These he left at last to their own ways, first a fruitless nuisance, then trod under foot, and finally cut and cast into the fire. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

Now says God: 'O inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard, What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes!'" Yes, thought I, if all the feelings of earth's vanity which have passed through my own mind, young as I am, are the beckonings of the Spirit towards the homeward way, then verily mine be the fault if I perish in a strange land. God's blessing upon your grey hairs, my dear Gottlieb, for these words of wisdom and comfort.

"Be not surprised my dear boy," continued the old man, "if, in illustration of what I have said, an old pilgrim gives you a paragraph out of the history of his own life. Fifty years ago I lived with my father and mother in this valley. Yonder house, where three poplar trees and a willow stand yellow in the yard, was the homestead! Those trees my mother brought from Virginia, when they were scions, hanging to the horn of her saddle! and—but why need I talk till I weep for an earthly home when there is a better above! Yet oh how changed!—I was then nineteen years of age. I was an only child, and neither feared God nor regarded man.

Though not outbreakingly wicked, yet a spirit of thoughtless and reckless independence was the most prominent feature in my character. God knew how to break me, and this he did by breaking off my resources. In one year my father and mother both died! In settling up the estate, the title was disputed; though it honestly belonged to my father, yet a weak place in the deed laid it open to wicked claims, which were presented by one who had been provoked by my own pride and self-sufficiency. The matter ended in a law-suit, when the homestead fell into the hands of another. God bless the hour! painful as it then was to me. The personal property barely reached to pay some scattered debts, most of which existed by my own extravagance. So I was at once parentless and penniless. This was a hard stroke; but a sturdy oak only bends as long as the storm prevails and then springs proudly back to its old position. Thus did I—and the more easily, as I had still another home for my storm-tossed heart. It was in the affectionate heart of 'Clara——'! In yonder church yard she sleeps in death! In heaven she sings!"

Here the old man's lips quivered like an aspen leaf, and the fountains of his soul broke open in a gush of deepest sorrow! I now understood his weeping in the grave-yard a few Sundays before.

"Thanks to the Great Disposer of all events"—he faltered out at last—

> " 'Good when he gives, supremely good—
> Nor less when he denies.'

For one year our union was suspended by her and her parents, because I had not turned my attention to religion, during which time I received many warm-hearted exhortations to a pious life from her who desired more than my temporal happiness—her own heart being warm with the love of the Saviour. I promised and—lived on as before! For her sake, and for mine, God took her! It was on such an autumn, and on such a Sunday evening as this, she faded away! The scene is written upon my heart forever. I came to her bed-side just in time to hear from her dying lips—'MEET ME IN HEAVEN!'

Now the world was dark and desolate indeed. I was sorely in want—from their last resting place my hopes of happiness were now driven. My thoughts now wandered over the earth, but found no home. I humbled myself under the mighty hand of God, recalled the exhortations of her who was now in heaven, and the Spirit was pleased to impress them with undying firmness upon my heart. I procured a stone—in yonder grave-yard it stands—upon which I caused to be engraved the name, age, and last words of her whom I had lost—

> 'Not lost, but gone before.'

With my own hand I planted a rose-bush upon her tomb, and leaning upon the stone which marked the resting place of my last earthly hopes, I solemnly vowed to obey her last dying command.

Since that hour I have thought more of heaven than of earth. 'Where your treasures are there shall your heart be also.'

A few weeks after this, I stood upon the top of yon mountain that bounds the western side of the valley, and looked back once more, and as I then thought for the last time, upon the scenes of my childhood-home, the place of my first joys and sorrows! Of all that happened me in the house of my pilgrimage for fifty years—we will have time to talk of that in heaven! My three score years and ten are nearly numbered, and I have returned to die whenever God shall please, in my native valley, that I may be buried, like Jacob, with my fathers. Emotions deep and tender move my spirit when I bid the past thus move before me, but above them all rises my soul's strong gratitude to my heavenly father, who has, by disappointments many, trained my spirit to look upwards to a better world as my final home. I stand already on the last hill of the homeward way; my father's house lies before the eye of my faith, and I seek to wait watchfully while the chariots of Israel tarry!

In my own short history, you have an illustration of the fact that the Spirit arrests the attention by means of disappointments. You may see too the touching of which cord is the most effectual. Wealth, health, kindred, and all other forms of earthly good may be taken away, and yet the soul will refuse to bend, as long as it can find a retreat in the sympathies and affections of a kindred spirit. This is a resource strong as death, and unconquerable as the floods. Here the spirit finds a peaceful nook when chased by a thousand sorrows; to it it retires when everywhere else disappointed. Driven from hence it is homeless on earth, and can find peace only in the consolations of religion.

'Oh! Thou who dri'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

Then, sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.'

How many do you suppose there are in the world who have received their first lesson in this school of misfortune, bereavment, and disappointment? The world would be surprised could the long catalogue of their names be unrolled to their view. Not always through death are these disappointments effected; far oftener through the perfidy and unfaithfulness of the living. In such cases it is the wrath of man, but no less does it praise God, under the overruling wisdom of the Spirit." Here the old man sighed deeply, and exclaimed with much feeling: "Hail! ye quiet, sorrow-subdued,

tender, and lovely spirits, that sit in the by-paths of life and weep over broken vows and wrecked hopes! God will find you when He comes to make up His jewels! Look up to him who binds the bruised reed and heals the broken-hearted.

> 'Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
> Come, to the mercy-seat fervently kneel,
> Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
> Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal!' "

In these remarks of old Gottlieb I was much interested. They threw light upon my own experience, carried my heart along by a power of sympathy, and most sweetly soothed my feelings. I felt as if I belonged to that class of persons, whose feelings and affections the Spirit, by a series of mysterious providences, was training, like a fruitful vine, to climb upwards. So far as I had come, the hand of God was sufficiently seen to enable me to be heartily willing to trust him farther. I felt anxious that the old man should say more. He seemed to know my wish, and soon proceeded. What he said the reader shall hereafter know.

ST. NICHOLAS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

The Patron of the Christmas festivities, St. Nicholas, is also called Kriskindle, Peltznickle, Knecht Ruprecht. We give here a *description* of him from an old Poem:

FATHER.

It is said in the papers—now children give ear—
That the holy St. Nicholas will shortly appear.
From Moscow he comes, where he usually stays,
And is honored as Saint in a great many ways.
Even now he has left and is well on his way;
He is coming to visit the children, they say.
He will call on the girls and the boys—'tis his rule—
To see what, this year, they have learned in the school,
He will know who are pious, and nice in their play,
And how they can read, write, and cypher and pray.
He carries a sack, which is filled with a store
Of dolls, cakes, and candies, and many things more.
To pious, good children, he is friendly and pleasant,
And gives to each one a most beautiful present.

CHILD.

Come, friendly St. Nich'las, from Moscow, I pray,
And stop at our house when you travel this way.

Bring books with nice pictures, and clothes, and some shoes,
And many nice presents besides, if you choose.
I will learn all I can, and you surely will see
That I have been good, as a child ought to be!

ST. NICHOLAS.

God bless you, my children, I hold you most dear.
Love father and mother throughout the whole year,
Then you will get presents, when I shall appear.
But if I shall find that in these things you lack,
I'll come with a rod, and a switch for your back?

MEDITATION.

THE FIRST LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. SCHAFF, BY S. T.

"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."—REV. ii. 4.

How happy wast thou, O my soul, when for the first time the Prince of life said unto thee: "Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee, rise up and walk." Forlorn and forsaken thou retiredst into the inmost recesses of thyself, weeping and meditating over the guiltiness of the past, trembling before the gloomy abyss of the future, and shuddering at the endless depths of the second death. Thy life to thee appeared like a cloud, which, driven hither and thither by stormy winds over the barren desert, loses itself in a fruitless shower. Far from the foot of Sinai's smoke-beclouded summit, thou heardest the deep thunders of the wrath of God, and thy conscience burned, as if hell were already in thy breast. Thine own proud strength of former days had fled; no friend stretched forth a helping hand; the whole world was as cheerless as the grave, and even heaven was sealed, as it were, with seven seals. "Who shall deliver me," thou groanedst in the starless night, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "Lord save me," thou entreatedst, quickly gathering up the fast failing strength of thy voice, "Lord save me, I perish."

Then the Friend of sinners, as on the morning of the resurrection, entered through the closed door of thy heart. O, blessed vision! In vain thou strivest with an earthly pencil to paint a picture of such transcendent love and majesty, such meekness and dignity, such attractive friendliness and reverent earnestness, as was portrayed in his glorified face. Who shall describe the mildness of that eye from which beamed forth upon thee a universe of divine

compassion and mercy? Who the charming music of his words, when softly spoke to thy fevered mind, racked with anguish: "Peace be with thee!" And O, what joy penetrated into the very core of thy being, as, at his command, thou embracedst his pierced feet, laidest thy fingers into the prints of the nails, and thrustedst thy hand, like unbelieving Thomas, into his side, and sinking down upon the bosom, where St. John had often lain, thou perceivedst the pulsations of eternal love. Then in full consciousness, thou sawest Him, very God and very man, dying for the expiation of *thy* guilt, and rising again to impart to thee a life, which can never die.

It is beautiful when, on a calm Summer's morning, the king of day ascends in majesty above the verge of the eastern horizon, dispersing the nocturnal darkness and shedding forth light and heat over hill and valley, mountain and plain;—but infinitely more, beautiful, glorious and refreshing, when the Sun of righteousness penetrates the thick gloom of sin, scattering the dismal clouds of unbelief and despair, and pouring into the panting soul the peace of God—a peace which neither words nor thoughts can describe. There is loveliness in the bright days of Spring, when highland and valley put on the bridal robe, the green garb of hope—when the violet and lily, the roses and hyacinths, more richly arrayed, than even Solomon in all his glory, spring forth from their wintry beds, sending their sweet fragrance as grateful incense to Him who made them;—but there is loveliness far transcending all these in beauty and dignity, when the love of Jesus Christ melts the ice of selfishness, and when, illuminated by its radiant brightness, moistened by its gentle dews, the flowers of faith, of gratitude, of humility, of filial love, of prayer, of faithfulness, of hope, of patience, of peace, spring up into imperishable bloom, from the bottom of the regenerate heart, and send their incense of love and praise to the golden altar of the Majesty on high. It is but a feeble conception, only a dim shadow of the happiness of that holy communion with the Redeemer, when the sweet singer of thy youth describes thy pentecostal love:

> O, gentle longing, sweetest hoping!
> O, golden hours of my first love!
> The eye the heavenly gate sees opening
> To lure the heart to bliss above.
> O, that the springtime of first love may be
> Green, fresh, and vigorous forever in me!

Yes! there is a heaven already upon the earth, in the enjoyment of that love which loved even to the death of the cross; there is an eternity already in time: "Whosoever believeth on me *hath* eternal life;" and the God, whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, will, with the entire fullness of his grace, yet stoop to dwell in the heart of a poor sinner as in a temple. What are all the pleasures of sense, compared with a single draught of the water of life flowing from the heart of Jesus Christ! What is the glory of the whole world, laid in the balance against one hour of

confidential intercourse between the soul and the personal and original source of all good! Ten thousand times rather would I be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than, clothed in purple, rule over kingdoms and empires.

But, O my soul, what is thy condition now? Hast thou made progress in the divine life? Canst thou look back with holy joy to that golden springtime of thy first love, or art thou compelled to do it with bitter sorrow and under the keen lashings of an accusing conscience? Hast thou even at this distant day that deep, absolute horror of sin, as when for the first time in the light of the cross thou sawest it in all its accursed deformity? Are there still swelling up from thy bosom as freely and fully, the emotions of gratitude to thy Redeemer, as at the time, when thou hadst but a dim conception of the heights, the breadths and depths of the love of God to thee, an unworthy child? Canst thou yet feel the death agony of thy merciful High Priest, as he freely assumed thy debt? Art thou even now able to exclaim with the same sincerity and confidence:

> "There, on yonder cross is hanging
> Christ, my Saviour, Love, my All!"

Is there still alive in thee that burning enthusiasm for his glory, as at that blessed moment, when beneath his banner thou didst swear everlasting allegiance to his cause? Canst thou now as then be just as patiently ready to count all things but loss for the sake of Christ; fearlessly to confess Him in word and deed, in the day of prosperity and in the day of adversity, in the very face of persecution and trial, yea even of death itself? Lovest thou still the brethren with the same ardent, hearty and self-sacrificing devotion, as in the hour, when the fire of the Saviour's love to sinners touched thee, kindling in thy breast a flame of sacred zeal, and inciting thee with a sweet constraint to seek out in humble self-denial the poor and lowly, the widow and orphan, the prisoner and sufferer, the sick and dying in their huts of sorrow, to comfort and console, to advise and help them, and give all the glory of thy success to Him to whom all glory is due? Or—or has the Lord somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love? Then, O then, ponder without delay the warning which the Spirit sent to the church of Ephesus: "Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."

Ah! my soul, thou feelest the sharpness of these words; thou art struck with terror by their sound, and art ashamed of thyself, and before thy Redeemer to whom thou wast unfaithful? This is an encouraging sign of hope. Be of good cheer! As long as the heart is not hardened and does not willfully quench the voice of the Spirit, so long is amendment possible. Shame and repentance already form the beginning of reformation and return.

Nevertheless, that thou mayest in future be more secure from

falling away from the power and freshness of thy first love, take care of two things. BE HUMBLE. Think rather too little than too much of thyself; place thyself below rather than above the least of the brethren. If thou art wise and learned, never forget how much still remains to be learned, and that all our knowledge is fragmentary,—nay, that even the wisdom of the wisest is a mere drop drawn from the boundless sea of divine truth. Despise not to learn from a child. For divine things are not as readily apprehended by the process of thinking, as by the power of love. The more thou lovest God, the more thou shalt know of Him. If thou hast accomplished never so much good, regard thyself still only as a mere beginner in holiness, and be as zealous in good works, as if thou hadst manifested not a single proof of gratitude for the inexpressible love of thy Redeemer. Pride will smother the flame of first love, harden the affections, drive away the good Spirit of God and open the door to the spirit of darkness.

The second admonition is this: BE STEADFAST IN PRAYER. It is the heart of the spiritual life. If it no longer beats, then thou art sick and the enemy of thy life can do with thee what he pleases. Prayer is an impregnable wall against the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life; a shield against which the fiery darts of the wicked fly in vain; a fire that consumes the many temptations from within; and an aqueduct bringing to us continually renewing streams of grace from God.

Wherefore, my soul, be steadfast in *prayer* and in the practice of *humility;* for in these is thy strength. Like guardian angels, they will preserve that blessed flame of thy first love; yea always pour oil upon it that it may rekindle into a blaze, and send in all directions its warming and illuminating rays. Thus shalt thou save thyself, increase the joy of angels and celebrate the praises of Him to whom all praise is due.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The hearts that beat
So gayly now?
O! where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?

Pale, trembling age,
And fiery youth,
And childhood with
Its brow of truth;
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men
Our lands will till,
And other men
Our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

THE INFANT MARTYRS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Jesus became an infant for infants."—IRENAEUS.

The History of the Infants of Bethlehem, usually called the Holy Innocents, who were slain by cruel Herod with the hope of slaying the Infant Jesus in their number, has in all ages had a deep hold upon the mind and heart of the Christian Church. It is one of those incidents of Sacred History, the brevity of which is its beauty, and the beauty of which is its power. It is the simple, touching narrative of an event, the aesthetical features of which commend themselves to the deepest feeling of the human heart. It is an incident which from its nature could not fail to be idealized in the pious consciousness of the Church. It has accordingly taken form in sculpture, painting, and poetry; and in all these spheres of art, it has engaged the genius of the most etherial minds, who have endeavored to interpret to the general Christian heart its own ideal of one of the most beautiful and touching events in Sacred History.

The rage of Herod, of which the birth of the "Babe divine" was, not the cause, but the occasion, is a true picture of the world's wicked aversion to Christ the Holy and the True, and a sure prophesy of what awaited Him in later life, and which in His cross and passion was strictly fulfilled. At the cross of Calvary, as in the homes of Bethlehem, the wrath and rage of men spent itself upon the Innocent. Moreover, throughout the whole history of Christianity, those who have been associated with Christ in the new birth of grace, have ever been made to feel the sword of His enemies, even as did the Infants who were associated with Him in His birth into the world. It is this deep typical character of this event,

which has made it so real and significant to the mind of the Church; and it is because it has been found that every tribulation in the experience of Christians furnishes only a deeper commentary on the tragic event itself, that suffering piety has never wearied in studying and loving it, whilst it ever drew from it the best instruction and the sweetest consolation.

The latest rationalism has engaged itself with great earnestness to show, that the whole narrative is a mere mythic and legendary development; and that it has no foundation as a historical fact. They think that, if it were a historical fact, it would be mentioned in profane history, and especially by Josephus, who gives an extended narrative of the doings of Herod. To this it has been replied, that it is alluded to by Macrobius, a "Heathen Grammarian," who "writing at the beginning of the fifth century, in a collection of the jests and witty sayings of illustrious men, records this among the keen sayings of Augustus: That, when he heard that among the children under two years old, whom Herod, king of the Jews, had commanded to be slain in Syria, his own son had been included, he observed, 'It is better to be Herod's *swine* than his *son*.'" Some critics, however, do not lay much stress upon this testimony for reasons into which we need not here enter. We need in fact lay no store by it; for why should we not as readily believe St. Matthew's narrative itself, as the testimony of any other single witness?

For its not being mentioned by Josephus we can easily account. He had so many awful things to record of Herod, that this single act of cruelty towards the infants, in comparison with his other crimes, was as a drop to the ocean. Besides, the many other crimes which we know Herod committed, only show how natural this crime would have been to him, which suggests at once its probability. Who was this Herod? The man, says Neander, "whose crimes, committed in violation of every natural feeling, ever urged him on to new deeds of cruelty; whose path to the throne, and whose throne itself, were stained with human blood; whose vengeance against conspirators, not satiated with their own destruction, demanded that of their whole families; whose rage was hot, up to the very hour of his death, against his nearest kindred; whose wife, Mariamne, and three sons, Alexander, Aristobulus, and Antipater, fell victims to his suspicions, the last just before his death. He was that Herod, who, at the close of his blood-stained life of seventy years, goaded by the furies of an evil conscience, racked by a painful and incurable disease, waiting for death, but desiring life, raging against God and man, and maddened by the thought that the Jews, instead of bewailing his death, would rejoice over it as the greatest of blessings, commanded the worthies of the nation to be assembled in the circus, and issued a secret order that, after his death, they should all be slain together, so that *their* kindred, at least, might have cause to weep for his death." How natural and easy it is to believe, that such a monster would be guilty of just such an act of cruelty as that ascribed to him in the Gospel.

We can see also how easy it would be for the Jewish Historian, Josephus, amid such a world of crimes, to overlook the slaughter of the Innocents. The historical importance of that crime would also much depend upon the number which were actually slain. Their number has, by some, been beyond doubt greatly exaggerated. The Romish Church has taken delight in swelling their number into a vast army of martyrs. Some of their writers, with an allusion to Rev. xiv. 1, have, says Trench, estimated their number at one hundred and forty-four thousand. Fourteen thousand is the estimate of another. Later Protestant commentators, calling to mind the insignificant size of Bethlehem, suppose the number of the age of "two years old and under," in the town "and in all the coasts thereof," could not certainly have reached one hundred; and some, as Gerlach, estimates the number as low as from twelve to fifteen. Whatever the number may have been, "such an act would have been but a drop of water in the great sea of Herod's cruelties and crimes; taken, that is, apart from its true connexion, and not seen as the endeavor to kill the Lord's Christ. And there was every motive in Herod to induce him to keep out of sight this connexion; and not merely this, but to effect the slaughter itself with as little noise as possible. As at first he sent for the wise men "*privily*," so there is every reason to conclude, that these murders also were accomplished as secretly as the nature of things would allow; the children were exactly, as we say, made away with. Every reason existed why Herod should have sought to effect their deaths with the exciting of as little attention as possible. No tyrant willingly confesses, that he trembles upon his throne; to which we may add, that Herod in all things sought to flatter the nation's expectation of the Messiah, and would not have ventured thus openly to show and to avow his deadly hatred to David's son. To St. Matthew, the Christian Historian, the death of these little ones, that died for Him who should one day die for them and for all, had the deepest significance, and must needs find place in history. But how easily might it have escaped the notice of Josephus, the Jewish historian; or, even if he had known it, how certainly must he, traitor as he was to the dearest hopes of his nation, to its hopes of a Christ, have missed, or, not missing, have yet refused to acknowledge, the connexion which alone would have given it a right to a place in history."

Who can conceive of the anguish which must have been created in families, and especially in maternal hearts, by the slaughter of these Babes! The sacred writer sees in this sorrow the typical fulfillment, of what was given in Jeremiah xxxi. 15, as a prophecy which had its first and literal fulfillment in the leading captive of the Jews into Babylon. "In touching language had the prophet represented the ancestorial mother of the Benjaminites, Rachel, who lay buried near Bethlehem, as rising from her grave, to weep after her captive children. The crying sounds northward far beyond Jerusalem, and is heard in Rama, where the captives had been assembled. In that case the weeping of Rachel was an ex-

pression of the great sorrow of the mothers of the exiled ones. But here that event is fulfilled in its highest tragic meaning. Here the children of Rachel are not led into captivity merely; they are banished from the earth, and this is done by him who calls himself the king of Israel! Rachel is here more immediately the representative of the Bethlehemite mothers in their lamentation and weeping; and the fact that Rachel once more comes forth from her grave to join in their grief indicates that the greatest of all sorrows had now come upon Judea."

As Rachel, so these bereaved mothers, "would not be comforted, because they were not." What a tendency to hopelessness there is in profound grief! And yet how well God knows to bring joy out of sorrow and to do for his children better than their fears. "They are not!" says the sorrowing heart. "They are!" says a faithful God. They are not below, but they are above; they are not in this life, but they are in a higher life; they are not in their mother's arms, but they are in the arms of a heavenly Father. These mothers had not yet learned, what we are all too slow to learn, that in Christ Jesus every end is only a better beginning in disguise—every death is a life—every loss is a gain—every bereavement the opening of our hearts and arms for a better gift. To these mothers the language of St. Paul to Philemon may be applied in a still higher sense, "they therefore departed for a season, that ye should receive them for ever!"

From the beginning the Christian Church has delighted to cherish the memory of these Holy Innocents, commemorating with great tenderness a day in honor of their martyrdom. Very appropriately is the day of the commemoration of their death, which was also the day of their true celestial *birth*, intimately associated with the Birth of Jesus Christ, and is accordingly celebrated on the third day after Christmas. "This Festival, in memory of the slaughtered infants, is celebrated on the third day after Christmas. Martyrdom was regarded by the ancient Church as a heavenly birth. Hence, the day of St. Stephen, martyr both in will and in fact, of St. John, martyr in will, though not in fact, and of the Holy Innocents, martyrs in fact, though not in will, follow immediately after Christmas."

Various and beautiful reasons are given for bringing these festivals of the three representative kind of martyrs together, and making them form a cluster around a greater Festival than either or all of them—Holy Christmas. The following passage, translated from the Latin of Durandus as quoted by Trench in a note of his "Star of the Wise Men," though evidently what is called an accommodation of Scripture—a habit in which the Fathers much indulge—is worthy of a place here for its beauty. "As a king, on entering a city, has been joined, in whatever manner, by a retinue of attendants, so also has the Church desired that proper companions should be joined to the Saviour who has entered the world. But who are these companions? Concerning this matter it is thus spoken in Canticles v. 10: 'My beloved, that is, the Child Jesus, is white and

ruddy, chiefest (or, elect) among ten thousand.' The Church, therefore, has beautifully furnished for the born Christ a *ruddy* companion, St. Stephen, who shed red blood for Christ's sake; a *white* companion, St. John the Evangelist, whom a virgin-like purity graces; and many thousand infants from among whom the child Jesus was elected or chosen as *chiefest* when all the rest were slain in the coasts of Bethlehem."

Whence could be gathered a lovelier group around "the one altogether lovely." St. Stephen, the first conscious Christian martyr, of whom it is said that shortly before his glorious coronation in his martyrdom, "his face was as it had been the face of an angel;" St. John, who was always nearest to Christ in body and spirit during His life; and lovely Innocents, who were drawn into the circle of His suffering, and were the innocent and unconscious companions of His earliest dangers and sorrows. As against the dark background of Herod's tyranny in their case, as against the equally dark shadows of the persecution that rose against St. Stephen, and the heavy shadings of even the disciples, failing and fleeing, while St. John stands firm as the faithful among the faithless, these figures, with Christ in the centre, most congenially shade and tone together, forming one of the loveliest pictures that human eyes have ever contemplated!

It is in the character of Martyrs that these Holy Innocents have always deeply touched the heart of the Christian Church. There is in the Christian mind something of holiness connected with suffering! No where are beauty and power revealed in a higher form than in quiet, patient, innocent suffering. Hence a soft white light of glory, as if it were the aurora of heaven itself, always to our minds shines from and around the forms of martyrs.

It is true, these Innocents, not being martyrs in will though in fact, have never been regarded as representing the full high perfection of martyrdom; yet it is difficult to say which touches the heart more tenderly, the sight of those who unconsciously *are laid* upon the altar, or those who consciously lay themselves, or suffer themselves to be laid thereon. The claims of these Innocents to Martyr honors rest, according to Dr. Lange, on the following good grounds. 1. They die for Jesus. 2. They die on account of Jesus. 3. They die innocently. 4. They die as victims of wrath against Jesus. 5. By their death His life is covered and made secure in Egypt. 6. Their death serves to confirm the Messianic hope, for faith. 7. Their death, taken in all its connections, has wrought powerfully in the experience of the Church in confirming the Christian faith, and been the courage of other conscious confessors.

They were not only regarded as martyrs, but it has been beautifully believed that, in consequence of this, the Saviour regards these Innocents with peculiar tenderness and love; and that they have become the heirs of a peculiarly high reward of bliss and glory. This is certainly a thought natural to the spirit of piety, and does not, as far as we can see, conflict with the letter or spirit of Holy Scripture. "The Church has been bold to conclude," says Trench,

"that it was not for nothing, as it regarded themselves, that these infants were thus entangled in the tragic destinies of their Lord. She has confidently assumed that nearness to Him did not bring to them merely their early doom and their baptism of blood; but that, unconscious martyrs though they were, still martyrdom was imputed to them; and all the hard-hearted arguments to the contrary are nothing worth against that true instinctive sense, out of which it has been ever felt that what they thus endured for Christ's sake was repaid them again; that for them also, martyrs indeed, that word did yet come true: 'Near to the sword, is near also to God.'"

The fathers speak in the most touching language of the martyrdom, and consequent glory of these Innocents. We give as quoted by Trench, but translated from the Latin, some passages. Thus Cyprian: "Not as yet was their age fit for the battle; but it was meet for the crown!" Again, St. Augustine: "O happy little ones! although just born, although never tempted, although they never have known warfare, yet are they already crowned. He only has doubted your possession of the crown in your suffering for Christ, who does not believe that the sufferings of Christ benefit infants."

The author of a sermon, that used to be ascribed to St. Augustine, beautifully says: "O how happy the age that cannot yet address Christ in worship, but is already worthy to die for Christ! To what happiness have they been born, who, on the very threshold of life have been met by life eternal! At the very dawn of the light of life they meet danger and the end of safety; but forthwith, from this end itself they have received the beginning of eternity. For death they seem indeed unripe, but happily they die unto life. While as yet they have scarely tasted the present, they pass on to the future. Having not yet passed the cradle of their infancy, they already receive the crown. They are indeed torn from the embraces of their mothers, but restored to the bosom of the angels!"

Again, says the same Father: "Rightly are they called the flowers of the martyrs, whom, just as they sprung up in the midst of the cold of infidelity, a certain frost of persecution has wasted, being, as it were, the first buds of the bursting springtime of the Church." And Leo the Great: "As if now He would say, 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' Christ crowns the infants with new glory, and from His own birth and beginning He has consecrated the birth and beginning of the little ones; as if thereby to say, that no one is incapacitated for this divine sacrament, when even this age is suitable for the glory of martyrdom!"

Christian art has illustrated the martyrdom of the Holy Innocents in various ways, and with great zeal, devotion, and tenderness. We quote a notice of a few of these works, from Mrs. Jameson's Legendary Art.

"In the mosaics of the old basilica of St. Paul, the Innocents are

represented by a group of small figures holding palms, and placed immediately beneath the altar or throne, sustaining the Gospel, the cross, and the instruments of the passion of our Lord."

"I saw in one of the old French Cathedrals, I think at Aix, a picture, not good nor agreeable as a work of art, but striking from the peculiar conception. In the midst an altar, and on it a cross, and the Lamb without blemish; around, on the earth, lay the martyred Innocents bleeding, dead; a little higher up their spirits were ascending with palms in their hands; and above all, the infant Christ, enthroned, received them into heaven with outstretched arms."

"The most beautiful devotional representation of the martyred Innocents, the most appropriate, the most significant in sentiment, I could cite, is the altar-piece in the church of the Foundling Hospital at Florence (which I may observe, *en passant*, preceded by 200 years the first Institution of that kind in France, by more than 300 the first in England). This altar-piece represents the Virgin and the infant Christ enthroned in glory; around the throne, the elect; and among them, the most conspicuous are the Innocents, lovely children, with every variety of sweet infantine faces, who look up to the Saviour, as in supplication, and point to their wounds, which yet are not rendered too obtrusive. The sentiment conveyed is this: 'Behold us, who have suffered because of thee, O Saviour! and for our sake, have mercy and have pity on the forsaken little ones, who are brought hither and laid down at thy feet.'"

We close our notice of the Holy Innocents with the beautiful Prayer, which has, through many ages of the Christian Church, been offered up on the day dedicated to their memory; and also the Hymn of "The Infant Martyrs" from the new Sunday School Hymn Book.

"O God, who out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and whose praise the slaughtered infants of Bethlehem proclaimed, not by speaking but by dying; mortify and kill in us, we beseech Thee, all evil propensities and wrong desires, and so strengthen us by Thy grace, that the same holy faith, which we own with our tongues, we may confess also by the innocency of our lives: to the glory of Thy great name, through Jesus Christ our Lord." *Amen.*

"Jesus, Holy Child from heaven,
Thou for children wast a child;
Infant Martyrs gathered round Thee,
And, unconscious, for Thee died.
Not by speaking, but by dying,
Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise.

Hail! sweet band of lovely infants,
Welcoming the Holy Child;
First-fruits of His martyr glory,
Innocent, and meek, and mild.
Not by willing, but by dying,
They gave up their all for Thee.

Though too young to know or choose Thee,
They were chosen, Lord, by Thee;
Saved and blest by grace brought near them,
Though that grace they could not see.
Not by choosing, but by dying,
They became for ever Thine.

Prophets—yes, they preached by suffering;
Priests—themselves the sacrifice:
Kings—by bloody tyrants furthered,
They to crowns and glory rise.
Not by living but by dying,
They the life eternal won!

Jesus, Holy Child from heaven,
Who for children wast a child;
Lambs upon Thine Altar lying,
Make us humble, meek, and mild,
That in living, and in dying,
We may evermore be Thine."

NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

What a mystery time is! Nothing has so much puzzled philosophers. They cannot tell what it is. Its effects we all know, and feel more deeply than we can know. It makes us old, and sweeps us away! It is perfectly irresistible. Nothing, not even the everlasting hills, nor yet the great globe itself, can withstand its power, or survive its victorious onward sweep. What a solemn thing is time!

No wonder, then, that the close of every Old year, and the beginning of the New, should make us thoughtful. It is properly regarded as a monitor to bid us look back whence we came, and forward whither we are going. It is a proper time for a solemn review of life, for the formation of new and better purposes, for penitence and prayer. Hence not only do our natural feelings call for its recognition as a memorial day, but it has always been commemorated by the serious in the way of earnest reflection.

In its true sense, New Year's day is a religious holy-day, as much as any other Festival day of the Church Year. It celebrates the circumcision of Christ; and as baptism has taken the place of circumcision, it is made the occasion of calling to mind our baptism. In this way, it has always been commemorated in the Church, as may be seen from the lessons, prayers, and services prescribed for the day in the Liturgies. In later times, and especially

in this country, this feature of the day has, to a great extent, fallen into the back-ground, and the civil character of the day has been made more prominent. Hence, among many, it is regarded merely as the day, which begins the Civil Year.

This last feature of the day need not be overlooked, even when its churchly idea is made prominent. The true idea of circumcision, and, in like manner, the true idea of baptism, also furnishes a transition point in every one's history in time. It is also an ending of the old, and a beginning of the new. It is not only the leaving behind of an old period of time, but even of an old world, and the entrance on a new course of time and of life. The commemoration of our baptism may properly challenge us to review the past with penitence, and call upon us, with new resolutions, to enter upon a better manner of life. We may properly think of the flight of time, the vanity of this mortal life, and dwell on the solemnity and uncertainty of the future. In short, we may present all such thoughts as are appropriate to the close of the Old, and the beginning of the New Year, and yet adhere to the ecclesiastical meaning of the day. Only all this will be done from a different ground, from other motives, and for other reasons; and by so doing, present them with more true solemnity and with better effect.

Taking this view of the day, it is plain that nothing is gained, but much lost, by suffering the civil character of the day to be made prominent. Which is the more impressive thought to present on New Year's day: That this mortal life is vain because another year is gone; or to say, it is vain, because by our baptism we have renounced it, declared it as unsatisfying, and have set our faces and lives to escape from its vanity into the new, satisfying, and enduring kingdom of Jesus Christ? Certainly this last! This is the only point from which the vanity of the world may be truly seen. There is a great deal of feeling of the vanity of this life, which is mere sentiment—a mere morbid feeling, which results in no fruits of a better life. But when we recall the fact, that we have escaped from its beggarly elements into the fellowship of Christ's death and life, and are exhorted to regard the world as vain and vanishing, because we have renounced it, we feel a new power beneath and behind our wills, which gives true nerve to our sense of its vanity, and at the same time something which gives us power to attempt and carry forward a new and better life.

New Year, in its civil character, furnishes to many, even worldly people, a half-pleasant kind of morbid indulgence in sweet and soothing melancholy. But does this make them better? Facts declare—No! Instead of being merely useless, it is positively injurious—"the sorrow of the world which worketh death." To effect a better life, something more is necessary than to see the vanity of this present empty existence: this must be seen in the light of a new life. Volney did not become a better man mourning among the desolations of cities in ruins; on the contrary, he only thereby made the sad song of his unbelief more sweet to him and to others. Christianity shows a deep insight in making all its holy-

days, commemorations of the victories of life. It does not turn our minds to self-impelled vagaries and dreamings; but rather, by its earnest battle cries, summons us to gird up our loins, and planting ourselves by a firm faith on the vantage ground of grace, to go forward with nerve and vigor, into the full possession of that life, in the fruition of which vanity and death are forever left behind.

It looks very plausible, in the way it is now generally done, to turn this day into the channel of mere vague reflections on the vanity of life, and thus to ignore its old churchly character. But a more serious consideration of the subject will not fail to convince the thoughtful, that it is not thereby improved, but only made comparatively of none effect by invented traditions. The tendency must be—as facts prove it has been—to securalize the day entirely, and make it a day of fun and frolic. Indeed this is too much the case with all the holy-days of the Christian Year. The moment they are diverted from their true original meaning and intent, they go down—down—down—till they are fully and fairly of the earth, earthy.

Why has this day so degenerated from its proper use as to have become prevailingly a day for vain, sinful amusement, and fleshly indulgence? Is it not because the Church has too much surrendered it to the world? It has not held the minds of the people to it as a day of solemn and grateful commemoration of the new life which Holy Baptism signs and seals, and from this a thoughtless world has taken occasion to make it a day of free revelling for the old nature and the old life, which by our Baptism we have renounced. The best way, and the only way, to restore it to its proper use, is to restore it to its proper meaning in the minds of men.

Let the Church bells ring on New Year's day as in days of old. Let the solemn uncertainties of its months and days be entered upon around the Altars of Christ. Let it again be a penitential commemoration of our first renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil, with all their works and ways, and a joyful celebration of the new life which we have in Christ. Let this be done, and its true meaning and use will soon be restored in the minds of men. Let it again be religiously observed, and it will acquire again its religious power over our hearts.

AN IRON EGG.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this: A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg, opened and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in in the crown and within it was a diamond wedding ring. There is a moral to the story.

THE WIFE.

[*See Engraving.*]

She is evidently watching beside the bed of her sick child. There, on the toilet, is the cup of tea, the vial of medicine, the candlestick, and beside them the watch to tell the progress of the weary hours. There is anxiety in her countenance, but this is so tempered with meekness and submission, as to make the whole face seem serene. The position of her hands denote patience and prayer. All this is well accounted for by the presence of the Word of God, and the Book of devotion before her on the chair.

The age of the child is evidently that interesting one, when those wise and witty sayings begin to be heard which please so much the parental heart. The flower is beginning to bloom. Hopes patiently nursed through earlier infancy are about to be realized, when the child shall be able to respond in a measure intelligently to the mother's words. But sickness has come! Perhaps death may do his work! The deep anxieties of such a watching only a mother's heart can know.

It is not a scene of poverty. There is much of an outward character to relieve the watching of apparent sadness. Yet "the Wife" is alone. The husband is absent—perhaps necessarily at his place of business—perhaps called by business to a distant city. "The Wife" is at home alone—and her boy is sick. Only wives can appreciate that.

We will not suppose that he is away at some fashionable drinking-house or saloon, diverting and indulging himself at cards with others of his kind, making merry over their cups! This we can hardly believe. Yet, how often is even this realized! Such inhuman coldness and cruelty would be beyond belief, did not facts frequently illustrate its actual existence. In such instances, the patience and meek devotion of the wife shine out the more beautifully. We are told that the word *husband* comes from the words "house-band," "the band and bond of the house, who shall bind and hold it together."

> "The name of the *husband*, what is it to say?
> Of wife and of *household* the *band* and the stay."

This being the meaning of husband, how badly does such a husband answer its meaning! He scatters, instead of binds, the family. It is in fact the wife, in such instances, that binds the family together.

How significant, in this view, is the word *wife*. "It belongs," says Trench, "to the same family of words as 'weave,' 'woof,' 'web,' and the German 'weben.' It is a title given to her, who

is engaged at the web and woof, these having been the most ordinary branches of female industry, of wifely employment when the language was forming." But may we not lawfully give the word a deeper meaning? Is she not the web and woof of the family? Does not her quiet influence run, like hidden threads, through the family life, holding all together by unseen cords of gentle love? So that, as in a piece of woven cloth, though the threads are invisible, the figures and the finish are clearly seen.

The household duties of the wife, made up as they are of a thousand little things, are not always appreciated in the full extent of their importance. The order of the house, as we see it day by day, is easily taken by us as a matter of course; and we forget to ask ourselves what almost endless details of attention are required to keep it in order. These details of duty, moreover, are ever recurring. Day by day the same weary round is necessary. Yet we see no great things done; but no less are the many little things truly great. Let the wife be absent a week or two, merely to escape for the time the monotony of house-hold affairs, and we soon learn, from the general confusion that ensues, that an important personage is gone. The tangling of the threads will show, that the one, who "weaves," is not at the loom of family affairs! The moral of this may be stated in a few words. Let us learn to value a good wife; and be ashamed of ourselves, if we have ever failed to appreciate the unwearied labor which she performs in the house and family.

THE NEW VOLUME.

We have the pleasure of greeting our readers with the first Number of Vol. XIV. By mistake it was announced in some of the business circulars of the late Publisher, that the publication of the Guardian had been suspended for a time at least. The mistake occurred without design; and was corrected in the December No. We appreciate the kind words expressed to us in a number of letters called forth by that mistake. With such friends the Guardian must continue to live.

Being now again fully inaugurated with the new Publishers, the Guardian asks the continued support of its friends. It needs the names of all that are now on its list, and the addition of others, to steer it safely through the year on which it has entered. We will be very thankful to all who shall be able to aid us in increasing its list of subscribers.

New subscribers must be sent to the Publishers, M. KIEFFER & Co., Chambersburg. Payment of back-standing subscriptions must be sent to the old Publishers, "Pearsol & Geist," Lancaster, Pa. Only such matter as pertains to the Editorial Department must be sent to the Editor, Lebanon, Pa. We respectfully ask, that these requests be not overlooked; as much confusion and trouble ensues from sending business letters to the Editor.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D , whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

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☞ Continued on 3d page of cover.

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THE GOSPEL AND THE POOR.*

"The poor have the Gospel preached to them.—MATTHEW xi. 5.

The disciples of John having been sent to Christ to enquire if He were the expected Messiah or whether they should look for another, Jesus said unto them—"Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see;" enumerating these and closing with the words, "the poor have the Gospel preached to them," as if this were the most conclusive demonstration of the fulfilment in Him of the prophecies of the Old Testament. This demonstration of His Messiahship reaches its culmination in the fact that His Gospel was preached to the poor.

It is proposed to consider the force of the argument in its relation to the Saviour and the Gospel.

I. The preaching of the Gospel to the poor goes to prove the truth of Christianity, inasmuch as it fulfils the prophecies of the Old Testament on this subject. From the beginning, the Gospel was foreshadowed in types and always with the idea that it should be brought to the poor—the meek of the earth. Jesus himself summed up the whole idea, when he read the passage from Isaiah in the synagogue: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me *to preach the Gospel to the poor.*"

II. The preaching of the Gospel to the poor is an evidence of Christ's Messianic character, inasmuch as it exhibits a striking contrast with the practical results of all other systems of religion that have been offered the world. Thus a negative evidence is afforded of this truth, from the failure of worldly systems of religion, education, philosophy, &c. In all these, their speculations fell palpably

*Brief sketch of a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Nevin, in St. John's church, Lebanon, Pa., December 28th 1862. Reported for the Guardian.—By L. H. S.

short of the evil intended to be remedied. They keep on the surface, and do not go to the ground of the evil. All such efforts rest on the constitution of the present world, and, in such a way, as to lead to an exaggeration of the accidental circumstances of the world. Undue respect is paid to those whose outward circumstances are of the first character. The great body of society is thrown out of view. This is a defect in all the thinking and working of the world under the guidance of mere philanthropy. The mere fact that the greater part of Humanity is unnoticed in such systems is an argument against them. Thus, in the Philosophy of the Greeks, a spirit of contempt towards the lower classes was encouraged. It was its custom and fashion to regard the educated classes as radically different from the common people, who were on account of their inferiority beneath attention. So in Political systems they also had regard to the upper class. In Sparta and Rome, the lower classes were considered as but little above the animal world, and only existing to serve the aristocracy. The wants of the latter were held as of paramount importance. The Religions of the world before the introduction of the Gospel were never of a kind to regard seriously and earnestly the great mass of human life especially in its lowest condition. The Gospel differed from all these. *It* was not a Gospel for the rich but for the poor. It was as broad as Humanity and took in the whole. It specially proposed a redemption, world-wide in character, and was no agragrian scheme,—no Humanitarian scheme acting through knowledge and educational discipline. It laid hold of the problem in its very central life—man must be born again. Thus it proposed to meet the wants of the poor—all forms of suffering, want and misery. In this view, indeed it was *Glad Tidings.*

III. The Gospel in its constitution is especially adapted to the circumstances of the poor. It proposes no ends which are naturally circumscribed It came not with mere ideas of human improvement, such as a scheme of internal improvements would have been; although even such would have been grand, still the results would have not been especially for the benefit of the poor, but rather for the rich. It came not with a mere system of politics to remedy defective government, nor as a system of philosophy or education to reform the world. This would not have given an argument for divine origin, because all these systems and ideas rest in the constitution of time and have no reference to a future life. Politics and education rest on the basis of the world; hence they are unequal to the problem before us. A remedy is required that shall descend underneath, as it were, the circumstances of this life, to establish an entire revolution of these and adapt them all to a future life.

There is a scheme in the Gospel which will reach all the wants of the race, especially those of the poor and helpless. It declares itself independent of the outward contingencies of life. If it depended on these it would fail. It treats them all as empty, vain.

The Gospel is the introduction of a new life, hence prëeminently suited to the general helplesness of Humanity. Whenever the

Gospel is so changed that this characteristic is lost, serious injury is done it. If you make it a mere system of morals, if you do away with the Incarnation,—if you impose a doctrine for a life,—you injure, nay, you destroy the argument for the divine origin of the Gospel.

IV. The argument becomes complete in that the Gospel is preached *effectually* to the poor; and, moreover, the circumstances of the poor adapt them to the Gospel. It is a proclamation which comes to the heart. The Gospel is preached with effect to the poor and thus it becomes *Glad Tidings*. The poor find in the Gospel what they can not find in the schools of the world; there is a correspondence with themselves and the Gospel, not a relation arising from logical necessity. It becomes dear to them through its recognition and understanding of their wants. Indeed the Gospel, other things being equal, is more readily embraced and fully enjoyed by the poor, by those in want, than by any others. They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

The condition of poverty may be considered a special preparation for the Gospel. The opening of the eyes of the blind, &c., mentioned in the verse from which the text is taken, were outward miracles, but the full force of the Gospel is comprehended in the statement that it is preached to the *poor*. All wants are implied, whether spiritual or temporal. The Gospel was so understood in the Saviour's time. Not many mighty or rich were brought under its influence. Those in prosperous circumstances were not in a condition to receive it. But its triumphs during the first centuries were among the poor, the lowly, the slaves, the lowest strata of society. Eventually the whole Roman Empire was brought under its influence, and the Cæsars were brought to the feet of the Cross.

We must renounce our wealth, pomp, position, learning—everything, before we can receive the Gospel. Inasmuch as we lean on these, they establish the tendency to unfit men for the reception of the Gospel. The poor deprived of such worldy advantages, like an empty vessel, are ready to receive the graces offered them, are in the way to have a felt living correspondence. To whom shall we go but unto Thee, this is the feeling of poverty. Thou hast the words of Eternal Life. The inward sense of want is the preparation, and this we have in entire poverty. When our outward worldly possessions, our props are knocked away, then there is a fitness for the Gospel.

PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS.

1. We are now able to understand why a blessing is pronounced on poverty in the New Testament. This is sometimes made to refer to poverty in spirit and not in wordly goods. But it is plain enough that it is not limited and confined, but really refers to the outward condition, as well as to that of the spirit. Poverty really opens the way for the Gospel. It is a means of grace, although thousands neglect it on account of general depravity and hence they become more and more hardened. This is so like-

wise, over and over again, in cases of public calamity, pestilence and war, men are not led to God but are led in another direction. Still there is a natural connection between these afflictions as means of grace. The Bible is a means of grace, so the sanctuary. All these may be neglected, spurned, thrown aside. If we use not the discipline the fault is in us. Thus we can say, blessed are the poor (not only in spirit but in the worldly quality of their condition) because they are in the condition of receptivity of the Gospel. There is an advantage in this outward condition. All worldly trials, afflictions, poverty, public calamities, &c., are means of grace, but all depends on us, whether they shall be a savor of life unto life, or death unto death. Though the discipline fails, the design is merciful. Let God be true and every man a liar.

2. This flows from the first. We should derive this practical good from the subject that we should be reconciled to the sufferings, trials, &c., of our present state. They all seem to tend to darkness and despair. As soon as light is suffered to shine upon them from above they grow brighter and brighter. Let us learn to look on ourselves as under the discipline of our Heavenly Father, and that the Gospel is for those that are afflicted. Let us cherish this sentiment to prepare us for the difficulties of life. This is the proper armor in losses and afflictions, when the foundations of society give way beneath us. All we need is trust in God; under the influence of this everything will bloom and blossom in the pathway of life. Our help must be in Him, who though He was rich yet for our sakes became poor.

A LESSON WORTH ENSHRINING.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining
Is this: "I take no note of time
Save when the sun is shining,"
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches:
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart,
But has some birds to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wind
Of sorrow is oppressing,

Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing,
For life is sometimes bright and fair
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And not its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter;
We take the cup of life and taste
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweet drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest:
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light
All bodeless phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of time's fast-ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

THE ENDLESS REST.—There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on his bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in his fathers' house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from conflict; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus enjoys himself. We shall not only rest with him, we shall rest like him. How many of the earth's weary ones are resting in his glorious presence now? It will be undisturbed rest. Here the rest of the body is disturbed by dreams, and sometimes by alarms; and there are no troublesome dreams of alarming occurrences there. A little while, and thou shalt enter into rest.

CHERISHED MEMORY.—The world has done homage to revelation. What names are dearer at the hearth-stone of cottage and palace than those of the patriarchs, bards and prophets of the Bible? What scenes like that of Moriah, Olivet and Calvary? What mountains like Lebanon? What city like Jerusalem? Who lingers not on Pisgah—and along the river of Canaan? Who knows not of Gethsemane and the Cross? Who weeps not with Mary at the tomb of the resurrection.

REDEMPTION.

BY J. J.

The word redemption is perhaps the most comprehensive that our own language or any other can afford; consequently, it is the greatest blessing that God could bestow, or man could receive.

It is this, which strikes the joyful strings of the heavenly harps around the throne of God. It is the burden of that new song, which none but the redeemed can sing, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain;" "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." By nature we are all captives of the devil. To some, perhaps, this may appear to be a hard saying; but for proof of this assertion I would refer the reader to 2 Timothy 2: 26, where we have this language: "And that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the Devil who are taken captive at his will."

Again, we are by nature captives to the flesh, consequently sin reigns in our mortal bodies, so that we obey the lusts thereof. Some are slaves to drunkeness, some to profanity, some to Sabbath desecration, some to gambling and other heinous sins, of which the Apostle says, "The end of these things is death;" so that while there are many in the world that are strong advocates for human liberty, yet they are slaves to these corruptions. Now Christ came to redeem and save us from these sins of our corrupt nature, and by being made free from sin, we become the servants of righteousness, corroborating the language of the Apostle: "God be thanked that ye were the servants of sin, for ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which I delivered unto you," not because we were once slaves to sin and satan, but that we were turned from the service of sin to the service and obedience of the Gospel. Happy indeed are all such, whose privilege it has been to sit under the dispensation of the Gospel, when they can say, that they have been transformed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Again, we are all by nature captives and prisoners to the broken law and offended justice of God. The law demands perpetual and full obedience. Hence it demands obedience or blood. But says the Apostle, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Here we have the believers happy discharge from one of the most dismal things imaginable. And hence the question is asked, "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died;" so that all such are entitled to that peace which passeth all understanding. And now for this love and mercy we are taught to ascribe glory and dominion to Christ, "Unto him

that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen.

Nothing therefore is more congenial to the heart of a real Christian than that the Saviour should be supremely loved and adored.

SEVEN HOURS AT THE DEPOT.

BY. L. H. S.

Yes! seven hours were we waiting for the train.—TENNYSON writes.

> I waited for the train at Coventry;
> I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
> To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
> The city's ancient legend.

There was respectable precedent then for dreaming during the long weary hours of our durance, and why shouldn't we "shape our legend," or rather construct the life history of those who were our companions?

It was the first day of the New Year, and young and old were dreaming over the sad afflictions that had befallen them during the the continuance of that year, whose last minutes had completed its record on the pages of History. In the thick strife of battle, some had offered up their lives, urged on to the deed of daring by glory or love of country, and shedding their blood in the most terrible civil war the world has ever known; others by the painful accident had been born to their eternal home, and the mourner wept their untimely fate; and others, venerated fathers and beloved mothers, whose blessed memories shall forever be precious to the children of their love, had been transferred from this world of unrest to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. All these have their surviving mourners, whose tears shall flow as tender recollections bring up the scenes of the past year, and in their tears, sweet consolation will visit their souls with its balsamic effect. Through such sorrows we are made to feel how weak and vain are all human ties. They must, sooner or later, be sundered, and then how happy is he whose soul's anchor is both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil. He looks forward eagerly, with patient longing for the hour when he shall see the great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. Therein he shall find his pious friends, his fond and affectionate parents, all gathered together in the glorious choir which forever and forever sings the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. Yes! there is a blessing in affliction, when it teaches us that the dead in Christ rest from their labors.

But the past year had its joys as well as its sorrows. It had witnessed the union of loving hearts, the arrival of bright babes—wellsprings of happiness—at home firesides. Good words had been uttered and noble deeds done, the memory whereof will scatter a sweet fragrance for ages to come. Ah! the past had its sweets as well as its sorrows, just like the world at which we too often complain on account of the troubles and uncertainties that mar our connection with it, but which still is full of the marks of God's goodness as well as His power, a grand old world to live in—to work in, to do the hero's part. Difficulties and trials in the world, if nobly met, but fit us for the duties of life, and even the failures of the past are of avail in fitting us for the responsibilies of the future. We need not

> deem the irrevocable Past,
> As wholly wasted, wholly vain—
> If rising on its wrecks, at last,
> To something *nobler* we attain.

Some such thoughts were crowding our mind while we waited for the train during the first hours of the New Year. Our companions were probably engaged in similar musings. The temptation to read their life-histories was too great for us to resist, so drawing our mantle closely around us, both to protect the body from the chilling cold of the wintry morning, and to form a sort of barrier to any interruption to our thoughts, we scanned faces and put ourselves to the self-assigned task.

"Can you tell me, sir, where the sick-camp of the 4th Ohio Regiment is? I have a son sick there and am going to meet him." A middle aged lady, clad in the sable garb of mourning, with decision of character stamped in every lineament of her countenance, united at the same time with matronly kindness and natural amiability. The delay of seven hours was of course to her a matter of grievous importance. One son had already been sacrificed on the altar of patriotism, a husband was doing his duty in the army, and the second son now on the sick list was demanding the mother's attention. She spoke, with gentleness, of her anxiety to see him, and yet bore the delay with such patient resignation that we felt mortified at our own display of impatience. Yes! patriot mother, you unconsciously read us a lesson of resignation when the minor troubles of life seem to thwart our plans. These are all but trifling incidents in life. There is a Providence that rules all for good. What matters it if our plans are disarranged and overthrown, the Father's plans are of far greater importance to the world. Let us humbly trust in Him. He has sent His Son to bear suffering on earth, so that we might have an everlasting Sympathizer and Mediator in Heaven. Hear the bereft mother speak of the wicked Rebellion. "Far better to put it down if we lose every life than to recognize the right of violating law and order under the name of Secession." For her to say this, meant some thing. It was not unmeaning rhetoric, but the out-spoken thoughts of a patriot, who recognized all that she had and was as belonging to her country

and her God. Surely there was a lesson of resignation to God's will and of patriotic zeal to be learned of this woman.

A mother with a son, an eight-yearling, had been placed under our care. They were on their way to find the husband and father, a Captain in the regular Army. The boy a bright-eyed, manly fellow was comfortably placed on a bed, extemporized from shawls and other wrappings and, save an occasional childish complaint, slept quietly the sleep of childhood. What an experience will his be? Deadly conflicts between states on abstract questions, a father in the service of his country! All these, should his life be prolonged, will make his early recollections of intensest interest when around his knee grand-children shall clamorously demand a story to while away their own youthful hours. The mother, proud of her son and happy in the prospect of meeting the absent husband, and showing him her darling boy, was all unmindful of those sad reverses which might deprive her of the partner of her choice. Here was also subject for thought on the uncertainty of human plans. How rapidly the bright visions which the imagination creates for the future may be dispelled by the stern and sad realities of life! The gay flowers of a summer's morn soon wither and die under the scorching rays of the noonday sun, all their beauty and fragrance disappearing under its exausting heat. So too the last buds of the rose are nipped by the chilling frost. There must be something more permanent than time, something more enduring than the mere pleasures of the moment, however real and innocent these may be. There is a home, where all our joys will be permanent and lasting, where the buds of happiness which are watered on earth by the tender influence of piety, shall unfold their bright petals to a morn of eternal glory and a noontide of everlasting beauty and fragrance.

But, of all our company, we were most puzzled to find the relation of a gentleman and lady also on their way to Washington; he slightly worried at the delay to which we were exposed, she only anxious for him and living as it were on his smile,—happy to be by his side, although her time *must* be spent in the Depot At last their story became plain; most likely a medical officer of the Army ordered to Washington, who takes with him his young bride to be his companion when his professional cares shall allow him an hour from the bedside of sick and wounded soldiers. Life was bright to her, because a long future was before her, a future of domestic happiness. There was small necessity for dissatisfaction even though she should miss all the New Year's day pleasures of Washington. Her husband was *with* her, and the Depot was quite as pleasant under those circumstances, as the East Room at the White House would have been with its tinsel and glare, its crowds of richly uniformed diplomates and soldiers and groups of fashionably dressed ladies. After all, external circumstances are of small account as concerns our happiness. It is the inner feeling of content that constitutes the real secret of happiness. The palace is no more a place of happiness than the hovel, and no less we may add

Riches bring discomfort and trouble, and so does poverty. It is the contented soul that thinks lightly of all this, braces the body with such wondrous elasticity and powers of endurance, that all burdens become light and trivial. Godliness with contentment is great gain. And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.

A man, over whose head the winters of sixty years had thickly sown silvery locks, now attracts our attention. He is all impatience, dissatisfied with the Rail Road Company, for it *is* an outrage that passengers should be detained when they are made to believe by the "time-table" that they shall get off at a certain hour. He treads the platform with impatient steps, walks in and out of the sitting room with increasing dissatisfaction at his situation, talks of the weather, of cars, and of war. He is posted up on the subject of the war, is satisfied that certain generals are not loyal, otherwise they would have conducted their campaigns in such a way as to have produced more satisfactory results. If *he* were President, things would be different. The responsibility of removing incompetent officers, even if they were popular with the people, would be readily assumed by him, and every thing would go on in much better style. "What an impatient old fellow!" we said. "Oh, it is likely he has no experience in travelling," remarked a matronly person by our side who had been talking to the Ohio matron for an hour or two. Yes! it was true, this was the explanation. The old gentleman was getting nervous and excitable, but this did not constitute any reason why we should imitate him. It was far more philosophical and Christian to find an excuse for his irritability than to become pettish about it ourselves. We looked with satisfaction on the face that belonged to her who could so gently excuse the waywardness of the old man, and saw that sorrow had left its traces, yet a motherly solicitude for the comfort of all around and a quiet air of resignation to any fate were so marked that we quite failed to read her story for a while. At last it volved itself in the form of a gentle, Christian girlhood, blessed with a happy marriage. Doubtless there were bright, dutiful scions from the parent stock. The hand of affliction had come. One after another had been removed. The jewels were transferred from the earthly home to form a glorious coronet for her in heaven. The mellowing influences of sorrow had warmed the finer feelings of her soul to all the world. She must be happy now for she loved to do good. How many homes had become brighter for her presence, and how many fellow beings had blessed God that He had put it into the heart of the good woman to bring aid and relief in the time of trouble or affliction? This question could only be answered by Him who knoweth all things.

But these were not all our companions. There were noisy children who were as well satisfied with a romp in the Depot as at home,—anxious mothers (Marthas) whose solicitude for their offspring kept them in a state of ceaseless excitement,—quiet, staid farmers who could sleep any place and snore away all troubles—and men of business who found in the segar all the philosophy

needed to satisfy them for their detention. Indeed our company was, very much like the great world, miscellaneous. Still the influence of the better portion was visible in the increasing contentment which was evinced by all. No rude oaths, no profanation of God's holy name, were heard, and thus one's thoughts were not jarred on by the rude music which the Evil one infuses into the speech of almost every crowd of men.

With thoughts somewhat like these we occupied ourself at the Depot, until at length the shrill shriek of the engine announced the approach of the tardy train. All was bustle and confusion. We procured comfortable places for our charge, and soon travelled with locomotive speed over the iron track. Home was reached at last, and while puffing forth clouds of smoke from our meerschaum it occurred to us that we would write down our musings and send them to our friend of "the Guardian." It may be that he will publish them, and his readers will see how comfort and instruction may be obtained from such musings, even when passing *seven hours at the Depot.*

THE SURETY OF SALVATION.

BY REV. J. H. KENNEDY.

He, who can with the tiny sand
  The ocean's rage restrain,
Can in the hollow of His hand,
  These trembling souls retain.

His mercy to the last endures—
  His counsels never cease—
His love's eternity insures
  Our pardon and our peace!

O come, and praise His holy name—
  What thanks should we accord,
That it is ours, by faith to claim
  Salvation in the Lord!

His truth, His kindness and His grace—
  His Spirit's heavenly call—
Through Christ, the Saviour of our race,
  Is promised unto all.

He will not leave us comfortless,
  But serving Him in fear,
We soon shall, clothed in righteousness,
  Before His throne appear!

HOLY CHRISTMAS.

TRANSLATED FREELY FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. STRAUSS.

Winter Solstice! The shortest day and the longest night! The 25th of December—Christmas! It is as if, at this time, something indescribable trembled through nature, and every thing that has life seems to be affected by it. Solstice in Winter! Secret, hidden, and yet mighty! If we may speak of a Festival of nature, there are no natural feelings that so well fall in with it. Does it not seem as if old and young felt it in every vein and nerve, and as if it trembled in every muscle!

In this there is something mysterious. In the silence of the night the solstice takes place, and nothing of it is seen. Nothing but a pause is discerned. We know that in the middle of the longest night, the light is born to a new course of victory; but it is only announced in this, that the nights do not now grow longer nor the days shorter. Those do not yet decrease, nor these increase. It is the pause of the sun, Solstice.

In the summer a similar event takes place, only that then the day is longest and the night shortest; and the stationary day diverts the senses by the multitude of its bright objects. In winter, however, a wider range is afforded to the inner sense, and it foresees and realizes what is transpiring in secret. Thus we recognize as it were the powerful struggles of the energies of nature. The earth is near the sun; but its darkness is still so powerful, that the new light of the sun, which twinkles toward it, can not as yet penetrate into it. It takes some time before we are able to perceive the victory. Twelve days, at least, the struggle continues—the still pursuing operations of the old night to the completion of the victory which the new light is winning. So long continue the persistent struggles of the conquered darkness, holding its part of the field against the gentle, silent confident advance of the light. Meanwhile sun, light and life are none the less victors. Of this even the pause assures us. The pause in that power which has hitherto been advancing, the arrest of the day's farther decline, gives us the assurance that something new is at hand—that a new power has arisen, that a struggle has commenced, and a new birth is in promise. The light is again born; a new year, by the influx of fresh energies from the nearness of the sun, has been begun; and the sun will bear off the palm of victory.

In short, what is this mid-winter feeling but a foreshadowing of the great truth that no pressure of want is so great, that it cannot be relieved by help from above, and no curse so heavy that a blessing shall not conquer. From now on we awake fully to the truly new. The foreshadowings of the four preceding weeks are

fulfilled; and the remembrances from former years have not been leading us in vain. This is the secret joy and the festal hope which lies in the pause of the nights in mid-winter. Does not this annual experience, like the smaller daily ones at mid-night, and the monthly ones at the time of the new-moon, return again in every human life; and does not every one, in connection with this, call to mind the days when CHILDHOOD was exalted to a festival, whilst with self-consciousness, the world and life opened up before it in unspeakable hope!

Scarcely had Christianity touched with its beams the Germanic peoples, in whose northern nights the significance of mid-winter has always been more livingly felt than among other nations, when the human spirit raised itself from the feeble image of nature to the substance which is only shadowed forth in it. The Festival of the birth of Christ arose in the Occident. Light in darkness! What is the visible light of the sun, and the passing light of the earthly soul, in comparison with the everlasting light which came from heaven and hath entered the fallen world. The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not, exclaims St John. This is the true light which lightens every man that cometh into the world. It was in the world, and the world was made by it, and the world knew it not. He came to His own, but His own received Him not. But as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God. And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us: and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!

Thus the annual Solstice is to us only a welcome reminder of the turning point of the sun of grace, which has brought to earth the light and life of salvation. This is a Solstice which, according to its nature, must be celebrated by a two-fold festival, in that of CHRISTMAS-NIGHT, and CHRISTMAS-DAY. No where appears more strongly than here the double nature which characterizes all the Festivals of redemption, in which the transition from sin to grace is the ever-returning object.

The evening preceding Christmas is part of the Christmas Festival. In the Evangelical Church it is beautifully celebrated, as its character requires. A service is sometimes held at the hour when the light fades into the darkness of the evening, and at other times later in the night and with brilliant illuminations. Sometimes, too, in the way of preparation, in the family at home, in the midst of retiring domestic joy. This is regarded as the fulfilment of that typical event when the Lord promised manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sin. "At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt: and in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord."

Christmas-day is, in the service of the Church, regarded as only the continuance of the festive worship of Christmas Eve. In St. Luke ii. 1–14, the glorious event celebrated is briefly but beautifully told. In words simple, free from ornament, like the self-

humiliation the God-man Himself, the highest, most wonderful event is recorded! In the darkness of night, and in secret, pressed into retirement by the crowd that had assembled in the Inn, in the midst of the greatest destitution, such as only strangers could experience, transpires the manifestation of the Incarnate Son of God. The Creator of all things appears as a little child on earth!

But over against the darkness and poverty in which the Eternal clothes Himself on His entering the world, His heavenly glory must still reveal itself around Him. The angel of the Lord greets the shepherds near Bethlehem, who were watching their flocks in the night. Behold! the glory of the Lord shone round about them. The Gloria of the heavenly world sounds around the Messenger of the divine Majesty in the hour when that blessed world itself descended to sinners, and appeared in glory amid the darkness of earth. The earth, yea entire humanity, lies in cold and gloomy darkness. Only in this one spot, where the glad-tidings began, the light shines brightly for poor shepherds. Still the brightness shall spread. The farthest future shall grow bright where this message travels. The highest, and holiest Christmas Hymn shall be repeated daily in the Church until the end of days. The angels themselves shall greet their future companions, the increasing hosts of the redeemed, with the Hymn of Christmas joy. As from heaven to earth it came at first, so from earth shall be returned again to heaven, from the joyful lips of ten thousand times ten thousand, the anointed GLORIA IN EXCELSIS: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!

Christ was born on Christmas day;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay;
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE:
The Babe, the Son,
The Holy One
Of Mary.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—"I would frown on vice; I would favor virtue—favor whatever would elevate, would exalt, would adorn character, alleviate the miseries of my own species, or contribute to render the world I inhabited like the heavens to which I looked, a place of innocence and felicity. Though I were to exist no longer than those ephemera that sport in the beams of the summer's morn, during that short hour I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than to creep in the gutter with the reptile, and bed my memory and my body together in the dunghill. However short my part, I would act it well, that I might surrender my existence without disgrace and without compunction."—*Nott.*

HOME-SICKNESS AND THE HOMEWARD WAY.

BY GOTTLIEB GRAUBART.

IV.

There was but a brief pause after what we have related in the last number, when old Gottlieb continued his friendly and instructive discourse as follows:

"When the Spirit has brought us to a sense of our wants, by taking away our earthly supports and sources of happiness, by disappointments and bereavements, his work is not yet completed. This is only one part. It is only the making loose from earth; the fastening upon God yet remains. *He must now also deliver us from ourselves.* The vine, when loosened from twigs that lie on the earth, must not now attempt to rely on its own strength, and endeavor to direct its tender and slim shoots to climb of themselves. If we have once learned that there are no true sources of rest and peace in the world, we must also learn that there are none in ourselves.

The prodigal came to himself, and entered into his own thoughts and feelings only to be convinced again that there was not his home. After he had considered his own heart, he found no rest there but only thoughts and longings of home: 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!' He thought again, and thought on, until in his heart was brought forth the resolution, 'I will arise and go to my father." This was not all; he thought on still, and becoming still more dissatisfied with his heart, he begins to be deeply conscious of his own guilt. This turns all into penitential confession: 'I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!' This is the point—he had sinned—he was no more worthy to be called his son—all in him was sin and misery. This brought him to look away from himself. Blessed are the home-sick, my dear boy, they shall come to their Father's house!

This, then, is the next work of the Spirit, to convince of sin, and to lead thus the soul to true penitence, and an ardent longing to be freed from sin, so that when it does get home to God, it may behold his face in righteousness. But mark now, there is a false penitence, as we have seen that there is a false faith. There may be sorrow, but there may be no disgust at living in the strange land. The soul may still be without a desire to go home. There may be weeping that is not on the homeward way. We should, therefore, not comfort ourselves that we are homesick truly just because we have sorrow of heart. 'Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance: for ye were made

sorry after a godly manner. For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death!' Here you see are two kinds of sorrow, leading to two directly opposite results, as far apart as heaven and hell; the one working life, the other death!

No act can be right, and be a blessing to the person himself, unless the motive which causes it is right. So sorrow is not true penitence unless it is produced by an evangelical cause. The true outward must always be in true connection with the true inward.

False repentance is connected with the FUTURE, and rises out of it. Its cause is something future. It is that sorrow which is produced in the heart by looking into the future, and seeing and fearing the consequences to which sin leads. This is the sorrow of the world—which is a selfish sorrow. The world weeps because its plans and schemes are threatened to be frustrated, and because it sees before it in the future something which will interfere with their onward course. If these obstacles in the future did not exist, the onward flow of their lives would be pleasant enough to them, and they would see nothing over which to weep. This is seen from the fact, that such as are thus made sorry, return again to their former course of enjoyments and pursuits as soon as the future is bright once more. Thus sometimes when sinners are suddenly taken sick, the future with all its awful realities seems to draw at once near them; death threatens and hell yawns—they grow sorry, weep and pray and promise, and resolve; but where is their goodness when the hand of death withdraws, and the future opens once more brightly with promises of a longer life? Where are those who repented on their sick beds when health returns? They soon return, like the dog to his vomit, and like the sow to he wallowing in the mire! They are harder, more stupid and wicked than before. The evil spirit comes back, with seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Ephraim and Judah quaked, trembled, wept and repented as long as God stood in their way, and held up before them the sword of his judgments, threatening to cut them off in their sins; but when God became gentle, and sought to find in them the fruits of tender penitence and love, they went on their way as before, while He was left to complain over them like a father over a hard-hearted ungrateful child. 'O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.'

Before the time the prodigal 'came to himself' and felt his sins, and his unworthiness to be called a child, he would gladly have remained in the land, if the famine had ceased, or even if he could have had husks to eat. But no man gave him any husks! It is often the case, that persons are made sorry by being cut off by the hand of providence from earthly sources of comfort, and thus are brought to think of home; but as soon as some source of earthly comfort is again opened up, they fly to it. Their sorrow was selfish, rising from fear of the future, and consequently evan-

escent. 'These have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away.'"

This gave me some new light.

"Having now looked at, and examined the chaff which the wind driveth away," said old Gottlieb, "let us examine the wheat, which brings an hundred fold unto life everlasting.

True penitence looks *back*, and is connected with the PAST. The past comes up in clear and keen vividness before the spirit; the deeds, the SINS of the past! The home-stead, from which, in the proud spirit of self-dependence, we have departed, comes up to our remembrance, and the spirit is filled with aching regret. The despised yearnings of a Father's heart after us, as we went unthankfully away from His presence, and then the wicked waste in riotous living of that substance which was the gift of His love—all this comes back, like the ghost-like thoughts of an ill-spent life at the hour of death. These thoughts, made more keen by the sense of present wretchedness, by the emptiness of the land in which we were reduced to a level with swine, and by the fear of a worse future, press from the sad spirit the gracious confession: 'Father I have sinned!'

It is the office of the Spirit to convict of sin first; then to show the necessity of righteousness; and lastly to hold up the certainty of a coming judgment (John 16). It is His office to bring things to our remembrance (John 14: 20). It is only by bringing our sins to remembrance, that we can be convinced of sin. Memory is, however, connected with the past, and not with the future. The future, with all its solemn realities, may, and ought to be, viewed; but only to cast our thoughts back more intensely upon the past. It is only the past which makes the future dreadful. If the past be atoned for, the future has no fears. In the past is the fountain of that stream upon which a sinner glides towards a gulf in the future that looks so dark and dreadful. Let this stream, as arising out of the past, be purified and calmed, and it will bear us sweetly on into the future, till we reach a sea of eternal rest, on whose calm bosom restless waves and noisy storms are unknown!

In order to true penitence then the past must experience a resurrection before the mind. Forgotten sins must find us out. It is related of a certain ancient rich and tyrannical land holder, that during a famine his tenants and dependents came to him for wheat of which his storehouses were full. He, however, took them to his barns under pretence that he would supply their wants; but instead of that he shut them up in his empty barns and starved them. While he and his guests were rioting in fullness, the hungry and starving cries of his tenants were heard from the empty barns, when he would say to his guests: 'Listen to my barn-mice!' They had scarcely died with starvation when he began to be tormented with droves of mice crying after him every where! On the way they followed him; into his palace they came; around his bed they crowded in droves imitating the pitiful cries of his starving subjects. He had no rest day nor night. At last he built a tower in the water at the edge of the sea, expecting in it to live secure

from these tormenters, which reminded him constantly of his wickedness in starving the poor. All to no purpose. Through the water, and up from all sides, into his chamber they came, still crying like the starving people in the barns !

This is a legendary story; but it illustrates, how past sins must come home, and how there is no escape from them. Either in the hour of penitence in this life, or in hell in the life to come, they must come in upon the soul to make it feel itself and its need of deliverance. As Moses said to the Israelites, we may say to all sinners : 'Behold, ye have sinned against the Lord : and be sure your sin will find you out." God remembers all their wickedness, and he will make them remember it too, and will beset them about with their own ways.

The butler of Pharaoh, by a turn of providence, had his mind carried back to the time when he had acted wickedly and ungratefully towards Joseph, the pious captive of Israel. His sense of sin caused him suddenly to exclaim in confession and penitence : 'I do remember my faults this day !' When Job was in great affliction and darkness, he was reminded of his past sins, even those of his youth, which produced tender penitence and confession : 'Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth.' When David was in doubt and trouble, he was beset most fearfully by a remembrance of his past sins, and by them pressed to humble and penitent confession : 'I acknowledge my transgessions, and my sin is ever before me.'

When Peter had denied the Saviour three times, 'the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.' That look turned his thoughts upon the past ! 'And Peter remembered the words of the Lord !' He then went out; perhaps to some retired place. There in the hour of reflection, Oh how bitterly did his sin rush in upon his conscience. Behold the erring, sinning Peter ! His countenance falls at the crowing of the cock ! He is bowed down in penitence, trembling and weeping at each remembrance of his oath and his wicked denial of his faithful Lord. Perhaps at times he felt quiet enough, his concience being strangely asleep ; but the shrill cock-crowing, as it was borne to his ear through the silent night, echoed through his lonely soul like ominous sounds of sullen wrath. This turned his mind upon the past, and brought him to himself : 'And when he thought thereon, he wept !'

This feeling of true penitence is lasting, and keeps the spirit in an humble and tender frame, working in it a sweet longing after its peaceful and final home. False penitence is like the winter-spring which flows only in dark and stormy seasons ; that which is true, is like the spring which flows under the quiet influence of summer marking its course with freshness, as well as in winter when all other waters are bound in icy chains. When Peter went out to weep, the Saviour left him weep on. How long he wept we are not told. No doubt wave after wave rolled over his heart ! Perhaps between them a ray of light and hope fell into his dark spirit to keep him from utter despair. No doubt, these waves rolled

gradually slower, were fewer and farther between as time passed on, and their gushing violence was calmed into an even tenderness, yet will the heart feel a more or less painful sense of want till it awakes in the likeness of God. Ancient tradition says, that through all his life Peter wept whenever he heard the cock-crow! Also, that so penitent and humble did a sense of his sin keep him, that when at last he was to be crucified at Rome for the truth as it is in Jesus, which he had so faithfully and fearlessly preached, he requested that he might be crucified with his head downward because he was not worthy to die in the same way that Jesus did, since he had so wickedly denied him!

Is it thoughts of the past, or thoughts of the future, that cause home-sickness? Of the past! Then cherish the memory of it. Out of the past everything is continually issuing, struggling through the earnest present, into the hopeful—dreadful future!

He that is thus penitent has already some sweet intimation that there is pardon, love, and a willing reception awaiting him at home. Indeed it is a sense of his Father's forbearing goodness, that leads to true repentance. The Saviour has already turned and looked upon Peter, when he goes out to weep. Even before the prodigal has made the confession, 'Father, I have sinned,' he has already been encouraged to make the declaration, 'I will arise and go to my Father.' The first tear shed by the true penitent falls upon the homeward way! 'They shall come with weeping, and with supplication will I lead them' (Jer. 31 : 9). They shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward—going in weeping, they shall seek the Lord their God.' (Jer. 59 : 4). Ho! ye that are asking for husks, and yet perishing in want, why seek ye not the homeward way?"

The old man ceased. Though I felt joy, yet it was that joy which brings tears, and an indescribable aching of the heart, which you can scarcely call sorrow! Has the reader never felt it? Alas! The force of his remarks had produced in me a feeling which found words from the mouth of Job: "Even to-day is my complaint bitter. Oh that I knew where I might find him: that I might come even to his seat! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments."

The old man smiled, as he rose from his seat, and said: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise!"

Very Lucid.—Carlyle, in his third volume of his history of Frederick the Second, indulges in a very lucid, but quite characteristic sentence: "Let us try and select, and extricate into coherence and visibility out of these historical dust heaps, a few of the symptomatic phenomena or physiognomic procedures of Frederic in his first weeks of his kingship, by way of contribution to some portraiture of his then inner man." A very little of this reading lasts a man a long time.

DER REICHE HERR IM TEICH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Der Bauer Batdorf war gar reich,
  Un kreislich stoltz dabei;
Es war ken Land im ganza Teich,
  Wie Batdorf's Bauerei.

Bei Batdorf wohnt' en deutscher Knecht,
  Der war net juscht so dumm;
Hot g'wisst was Letz is, un was Recht—
  Was grad is, un was krumm.

"Ich hab," sagt Batdorf zu seim Knecht,
  "Das beschte Land in Teich;
Von dir Ich now mol wissa moecht,
  Warum bin Ich so reich?"

"Ei ja," sagt Hans, "des wees Ich woll."
  "Los hoera—wie—warum?"
"Ich wees net ep Ich's saga soll—
  Du schlagst mich steif un krumm!"

"Dei Antwort is mir ewafiel—
  Es macht mich g'wiss net boes;
Ich bin die fett Maus in der Muehl—
  Die Katz am grossa Kaes!"

"Raus mit der Sach, mei smerter Knecht,
  Was macht mich Herr vom Teich?
Ich doch dei Maehnung wissa moecht,
  Warum bin Ich so reich?"

"Well, wann Ich mus, dan mus Ich, denk,
  Ich thu's gewiss net gern;
Du hoscht die Schuld wann Ich dich krenk—
  Mei reicher Herr verzern!

"Alls Christus in der Wueschte war,
  Da kam der Satan nah,
Un hot Ihn dort versucht so gar,
  Er soll ihn beta a'!

"Un wann Er's thaet, dann kaem Ihm zu
  Der Reichthum aller Welt!
Der Heiland hot ihn abgethu:
  'Weck Satan mit deim Geld."

"Damals warscht du net weit awek—
  Hoerscht dem Proposal zu:
Fallscht uf dei Knee, und rufscht gans keck—
  'Hoer, Satan—e will's thu!'

"Darum sitzt du in fetter Waed,
  Un bischt der Herr im Teich,
Wann mir den rechte Mann anbet,
  Er macht sei Christa reich!"

RADICAL ERRORS OF THE AGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is a German proverb which is to the effect, that too little and too much spoils every play. The same thing spoils also more solemn things than plays. This is indeed a prominent danger to which human weakness is always exposed, and the cause of most human errors.

This was the trouble in the church at Corinth, when they formed themselves into parties around Paul, Apollos, and Cephas. They could not account of the ministers of Christ in their true official position; they had to exalt them above it, or degrade them below it. When Apollos went up, Paul went down, in their estimation. Instead of holding to Paul *and* Apollos, it was with them Paul *or* Apollos.

The cause of their error was in this, that they separated the office and the man. Instead of respecting the man for the office, they forgot the office in the man. They glorified the natural abilities of the man. His eloquence, or power of argument, or natural attractiveness of manner, was the basis of their reverence and esteem; and the absence of these was the measure of their depreciation of him and his office.

Moreover, it was preaching ability which was the principal, if not the sole ground of their favoritism; as if the preaching office constituted the principal function of the holy ministry, and furnished all that God has provided, and that man needs. Hence, because Apollos was, as we now say, "a powerful speaker," some said we are of Apollos. Even in their favorite they did not recognize the ministry in its complete idea, in its general functions, but only the single prophetic, or teaching office.

Nor did they recognize the oneness of the ministry, which, though represented in different persons, has the same aim and end; in which various personal gifts and talents may be harmoniously useful. One planteth and another watereth; but these are one—and their several ministrations tend to the same result. Each is good in its place; and both only successful as God giveth the increase.

They also fell into the farther mistake of measuring the good accomplished, by present, or immediate apparent results. This cannot be done. These labors flow together. The results flowing from any single ministry cannot be distinguished so as to enable us to say what must be accredited to each. Every one's work shall only be manifest, when the day of judgment shall declare it. Nothing must be judged before the time. It is only required of a steward to be found faithful. Time will unfold the success; and God will at last judge aright, and reward or condemn accordingly.

Setting aside all the side issues which they had made in regard to the ministries which had been exercised among them, St. Paul tells them in brief what the true nature of the Christian ministry involves, and how the office ought to be regarded on their part. "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God."

Some said we are of Paul, others we are of Apollos? Thus they virtually exalted these ministers of Christ, or rather debased them, as heads of their own parties; and looked not beyond them to Christ, whose ministers they were. Account of us, Paul would say, not as organs of your parties, but as ministers of Christ. We stand to His will, not to your wishes.

Nor are we preachers merely, to be regarded according to the measure of our eloquence. There are other functions included in our ministry besides, and beyond, preaching the truth. We are also "Stewards of the mysteries of God." Our ministry includes the entire mediation of Christ—the functions of His priestly and kingly offices, as well as of His prophetic office. Not only the word is to be taught you, but the atonement of Christ, of which that word testifies, is to be made over to you. All that Christ has secured for you by His death and life—all that is involved in His grace—is to be made over to you by a real mediation which He carries forward in His Church, through His ministry, and by means of His sacraments and ordinances. The Church is his house, and household. In it are the mysteries of His grace. We are the stewards in His house, to minister in those mysteries.

Thus, as Christ reaches the people with His mediation through the Church, He appoints His ministers as the stewards over those mysteries to the people. What is to done in the Church they do for Him—in His stead. They are not owners or masters of the house. This honor belongs to Christ. But they are in His stead as stewards, to do, and to be, in the Church, what stewards are over the goods entrusted to them. There is in them no source of grace; but the mysteries which they are appointed to dispense are the true mediation, through which the people reach Him who is head and source. Ministers, in their own persons, are not mediators, but as stewards of the mysteries their office is a true mediation.

When a wealthy man appoints a steward over his property and business, it is well understood by all in his employ, or in any way connected with him, and dependent on him, that all these things do not belong to the steward, and that what they receive is from the owner himself; but it is just as well understood that all their doing for, and receiving from, the owner, is mediated by the steward, into whose hands the matter has been entrusted, and through whose stewardship it is conducted. Christ carries forward His work of salvation by His threefold office of Prophet, Priest, and King. These offices He carries forward through His ministry, as His stewards in the Church on earth. The ministry, is therefore, a mediation between Christ and His people, between Him and

the world. "I send you forth—he that heareth you, heareth me. He that despiseth you despiseth me."

This idea of the Christian ministry, overlooked, or ignored, in the Church of Corinth, is no less in our own age misunderstood, or if understood, is a rock of offence. Not only the children of the world, but even the children of the Church, would fain see behind it a man in the dark, motioning to them to beware, to look to their dignity as men, and their rights and liberties as the equals of others. They want no mediations—no interventions, between themselves and Christ. They recognize no stewards of divine mysteries; and will have nothing done to them, or for them, in the name, and by the authority, of Christ. In a man like themselves they can see a governor, whom they acknowledge as the official representative of the higher powers that be, and they can assent to his right and power to sign their death-warrant if they have deserved death for crime, or to pardon them if he finds that in justice it can be done; but no analagous power can be recognized in a steward of higher powers to whom Jesus Christ has clearly and positively committed such tremendous and solemn official prerogatives! If the stewardship of divine mysteries in the Church does not mean this, let him who is informed on the subject tell us what it means. If it does mean this, let us believe it, and rejoice that the Head of the Church, who has passed from view, and is at the right hand of power and glory in the heavens, is still so graciously near to us by and through the stewards of His mysteries—so that we can still touch Him in His sacraments, see and hear Him as He teaches and rules among us—and regard His Church as indeed His body, in which we may hear His beating heart of love, and feel the flow of the warm blood of His life in His veins, as if He were as near to us as He was to Mary when she touched Him, to Thomas when he laid his fingers into His wounds, and to John when he lay on his bosom at supper.

There is a deep, strong, wide, and growing repugnance to this whole idea of official mediation. It is in some cases intelligent; then it is practical infidelity. In other cases it is unintelligent; then it is a prejudice agreeable to the natural heart and therefore easily imbibed.

This aversion to mediation rests on the pride and natural self-sufficiency of man. It is the fruit of a false individualism. Man would stand alone. Though he may still reverently acknowledge his relations to God, as required in the moral law; yet as to men, he regards it humiliating to confess those subordinations without which no organized society can exist in family, State or Church. When one says to him in reverence, "That is the President!" he answers bravely, "I am one of the men who make Presidents!" In the same spirit, when one says, "That is one of the Lord's anointed," he finds it easy to reply, "I am one of those by whose will he occupies his place!" This spirit says, we acknowledge nothing above us but God; and by that saying sweeps away all that lies between God and the individual man in the very nature of the organization of family, State and Church. Thus, in fact, God Himself is cast out and lost, because all the merciful media-

tions by which, and through which alone He is our God, are disowned—which shuts out all the condescending and adjusting attenuations by which He approaches toward us, and all our approaches to Him are cut off and rendered impossible.

In all of the three remedial offices of God's economy of salvation alike, are these mediations disowned practically, if not theoretically.

Look, for instance, at the prophetic or teaching office. It is plainly the order in God's economy to teach men by men, and through men. In no other way, so far as we know or can think of, is revelation possible. This mode God has adopted; and this mode the common sense of humanity has endorsed. Call them what you may, magi, scalds, bards, seers, or prophets, these have been, in all ages, and among all people, lofty spirits, first class men, by some means or power of office lifted higher than the general crowd, and who consequently first caught the dawn of the rising light—the watchers or signal men, whose feet were beautiful upon the mountains—and who became the heralds of the good news they saw and heard, to the dwellers in the vales of humbler life.

In opening His revelation upon the world, God did not disown this fact, but used it, and still uses it in its spread. His light first broke upon the minds of those whose aptitudes for it were strongest and best. The light reflected first where there were surfaces capable of reflecting it. Thus in the patriarchal age, God enlightened a family through its patriarchal head—afterwards a tribe by a family—still later a nation by a tribe. In the New Testament, Christ illumined first those nearest to Him, His own Apostles. Through them the circle widened from land to land, and from century to century, one generation being the bearers of light to the next; so that evermore the many were taught by the few. God revealed Himself to men through men. He does so still.

What is there strange, dangerous, or humiliating in this? What compromise of individual dignity, what surrender of right in confessing it—except it be the right of being self-willed, and willfully ignorant. All kinds of knowledge spreads in the same way. Science widens its sphere by the operation of the same law. We constantly accept, with implicit confidence, the principles of science which others have established, when we have not at all the ability or opportunity of verifying them for ourselves. We believe implicitly—and accept the results—and build on them, on trust of those whom we know have verified them.

To this men are not averse; because their selfishness is not curbed, but promoted by it. Men feel no sense of humiliation in accepting from the incumbent of a learned chair the truths he has verified, or the light he has gathered, or inherited by virtue of his genius. They feel no sense of shame in taking implicitly the opinion and advice of a lawyer, the directions and prescriptions of a physician, or the injunctions of one skilled in commerce, mechanics, or agriculture. In all these spheres it is implicitly acknowledged, and without any sense of individual humiliation, or fear of jeopardizing personal rights, that man must be taught by man—that man must believe in man—that some men are the superiors of others

legitimately and officially—the organs and representatives of interests not in like degree or manner conferred upon all men. Is not this mediation and intervention in its very essence?

But how is the matter changed the moment Christianity proposes to the faith and obedience of men the same reasonable order, founded on all precedents of organized society, and having its basis as a necessity in the very constitution of the order of the world! Then straightway is reiterated the rebel cry of Korah and his company, which has passed from one stubborn and disobedient mouth to another through all ages: "Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation is holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them: wherefore then lift ye yourselves above the congregation of the Lord." Surely the same fate awaits such! The Lord will judge, and "show who are his, and who are holy." If not the earth, the devouring fire of history, will swallow them up in due time. Nor will man prevail against the holy order of the Lord!

Need we describe the popular temper and spirit of the age in regard to this point. Do all Christians, to say nothing of the outside world, reverence the prophetic voice in the Church? Are not the most ignorant often boldest in subverting faith by individual opinion? How many are there who will hear nothing believingly except the echoes of their own views and notions. Instead of disciples they sit as jurors. They make their own minds or prejudices the measure and touchstone of truth. The truth of God as mediated by the wisdom of ages of the Church's History, when announced, is heard as the mere opinion of the teacher, and tried before what is regarded as a higher tribunal in the judgment of him who hears. The man who has never heard of councils, knows not even the length of ecclesiastical History, has never read, much less understood, the symbols of the Church, has no knowledge whatever of the history and laws of Scripture interpretation, and whose mind has not even cursorily travelled down the long and difficult highway of the wisdom and study of the Church—such an one, goes boldly and straight from his own brain to the translation of the word of God, interprets its profound mysteries, puts his own sense into it and then takes it out again; and this sense, in the face of councils, fathers, universities, and symbols, and all the wisdom that has been before him, he announces as the glorious gospel of the blessed God; and this he does without even a sense of the fact that he is justly chargable with an impudence in view which the holy angels blush! What name would be applied to one, who should, in the same spirit, present himself in the office of a physician, or lawyer—yea, before a shoemaker or potter, and in the same style present his own knowledge and skill as the ultimate wisdom of the business!

In regard to the priestly office, a like temper prevails. If we acknowlege the principle, that God approaches man through man; and then admit also that religion comprehends not only what man does, or can do toward God, but also what God does to man and

for man, we must confess the necessity of a priestly mediation between Christ and men, as one element of the Holy ministry. But must we not admit, that the entire one side of religion—and that the one first in order, the most important, the divine side—is made up of what God does to us? To go no farther, the sacraments are plainly God's acts manward. The very idea of a sacrament implies this. Sacramentum means an oath. For a man to take an oath is a religious act; but for him to administer an oath to himself is profanity. The one who administers the oath to him acts for God; and the oath is a mediation between God and him who takes it.

The sacraments are mediations between God and men. For the grace they bear, God can only be approached through them. But no one can administer these priestly acts for himself. This God does through an order of men. These then, in the nature of the case, must have functions to perform from God to men, which men themselves cannot perform. Here then lies mediation in the very central service of Christianity. Man then, by virtue of his office, administers myteries of grace which God does not Himself administer direct to men, and which men cannot administer to themselves. Here is a priestly function, acting in a true service of mediation.

But how intolerable, and utterly distasteful to the temper of the age is all idea of such priestly, or sacramental mediation! The least claim to it is treated as the most arrogant and dangerous conspiracy against the word of God. It is only on the ground of deference to this distaste, that the fact can be explained, that the very idea of it is almost entirely discarded in the Protestant mind; for it is no exaggeration to say, that earnest and honest faith in the virtue of official ministerial acts scarcely exists.

True, men are not yet so profance as to propose, in these respects, to act for themselves as their own priests; but they are bold enough to set aside as useless, or at least as non-essential, all those divine institutions which presuppose ministerial mediation. Some less bold, though alike devoid of this faith, retain their hold on these ordinances which involve such mediation, but demand ministerial services only as a decent ratification of what they have already themselves done. The minister is regarded only as presiding, as a kind of reverend presence, whilst they themselves transact their sacred business with God before him! What he does for them is in itself nothing; it only becomes something real by what they do for themselves. Instead of acting for God, he is regarded as acting only for the worshippers—their organ instead of God's. Instead of being steward of the mysteries of God, he is steward only over their acts; their servant, instead of Christ's servant. If in any sense he should claim to be standing and acting, by virtue of his office, between God and them, he would be abhorred as anti-Christ and blasphemous!

In regard to the kingly office there is, if possible, still less tolerance. Who feels any terror, before the censure and discipline of the Church? Who submits to it penitently and humbly, and without rebellion? Where are the ideas, once so familiar in the Pro-

testant Church, of the keys of the kingdom—the binding and loosing, the opening and shutting, the excommunication and absolution? Who fears the first, or takes comfort from the last? Yea, who tolerates the last! To ridicule it is popular.

In the popular mind ecclesiastical authority means assumption; ecclesiastical law means arrogance; ecclesiastical penalties mean tyranny. The keys are only a figure of speech; and absolution, such as in the Reformation churches was included in every service, is mummery!

The spirit and temper which underlies these errors, are not innocent caprices. They are directly and positively a stab at the heart of Christianity, a subversion of its fundamental conception. Mediation is the want toward which the whole heathen world has in all ages struggled. It is the basis and central substance of the Jewish foreshadowing dispensation. It underlies the Incarnation, the Church, the office of the Christian ministry, and is the basis of all true worship. It is, in one word, the centre and substance, the beginning, middle, and end, of the Christian System. It constitutes the hope of the world, as it does the life and meaning of the everlasting songs of heaven.

In a want of faith in this fact of mediation in the Church, is to be found the true and ultimate reason why so many persons care not whether they are in or out of the Church. If there is no virtue in the divine ministrations of the Church, why need men be in it? When faith in such mediation is gone, every solid reason for invoking its aid has gone with it. The Church is an empty show—a vain pretense!

This same want of faith in the divine virtue of the Church also accounts for the want of reverence which in Christians so greatly and sadly prevails. No real divine presence is recognized in its ordinances. Worship is only something which they do, and hence they claim to do it as they please. They see not in the solemn transactions of the sanctuary, the gracious operations, the divine acts of a condescending God, who, not in figure, but in very deed, dwells with men, and really meets them in his ordinances. They see not "the power behind the throne"—the awful and glorious presence, which is both concealed and revealed in the offices and services of the Lord's house.

Herein also we find the reason why many churches, especially city churches—are places for the exhibition of sensation scenes. "The preacher! the preacher!" this is the news in Athens! Men crowd in to be talked to, to be entertained—not to worship. Originality and variety are their spice of life. The sacraments and services of the Church are stale and stolid. A sensation Church, with its "sermons for the times," is the true Sunday Theatre. It is the preacher's power which is the true Hamlet in the play. Behind him they see nothing—feel no presence—believe really in none. The preacher is their church—his opinions eloquently expressed, or rather their own opinions echoed by him, are their sacraments, and the pleasurable sensations which they feel in their own itching ears, is their devotion, sacrifice and reasonable service.

ST. NICHOLAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. KRUMMACHER BY THE EDITOR.

Who does not know St. Nicholas, the saint of the children, and of childhood? And yet we may ask again—who does know him? He has had the fortune, in the process of time, to be transformed into a mythological personage. Through all the wide range of Christendom, in the Protestant as well as the Catholic Church, he makes his appearance every year on his birth day, November 10th, which is at the same time the birth day of Luther. He makes his rounds as a rider, with a long grey beard, upon a snow-white but mild and pious pony. Whenever the evening shadows fall, he halts, now here and now there, before the houses, and asks the parents whether their children have been pious and well-behaved.

Then, how the little folks listen with large eyes, when the mother comes in and tells them that St. Nicholas had just been at the door with a monstrous switch in his hand, but also with a very large bag filled with cakes and all kind of toys at his side, and had made very particular inquiries in regard to the behavior of the little boys and girls. If they have been good, and can be praised, he will come again, he says, on the sixth of December, and bring them many pretty presents; but that he would pass by the bad children, or if they did not faithfully promise to do better, he would even punish them severely!

How the children then endeavor, from that time forth, reverently to watch the eyes of their parents, and to please them by their gentleness and obedience; and with what longing and hope they count the days till the important time shall come, around which all their thoughts and wishes now cluster. The fifth of December comes! This is a solemn day to them. Their expectation rises as this day advances; and not without some shuddering, now with secret dread, now with a prevailing expectation of joy, and after, in the evening, perhaps many a premonitory sign of the wonderful man has frightened them, they lie down to their nightly rest. But scarcely has the first light of the new day streamed through the window of their chamber, when they are awake again, and venture with timid hands to feel about on the chair or table before their beds, to see whether they have received gifts, or been left empty. And now they really find that St. Nicholas has been there, and brought them presents. They also fancy *what* it is they have received; and how they now long for the full light of day, that it may discover to them the full riches of their gifts!*

*With us these benevolent visits of St. Nicholas have been transferred to Christmas Eve. ED. GUARDIAN.

This is the St. Nicholas of the Legend, and of childhood's fancies; yet not altogether the one of history, the facts of whose life are ornamented with many legendary features.

The true St. Nicholas of history, a co-temporary of the Emperor Constantine, was an only son of wealthy Christian parents, born in Patara, a seaport town in the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor. His father's name was Epiphanes, and that of his mother Johanna. By the Christian care of both brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, the boy at an early period of his life gave himself up unreservedly to the Saviour, and vowed himself, with all that he was and possessed, to Christ and His service for life.

In order to escape the temptations which are in the world, he went, according to the then prevailing ideas of perfect holiness, in the bloom of his youth, to enter upon a solitary life in a convent, and from the beginning distinguished himself above many others by his strict ascetic mode of life. After the death of his parents, he resolved to use his entire inheritance wholly in the service of Christian brotherly love and to the honor of God; and who has ever more conscientiously and faithfully fulfilled a vow than he? Wherever any want or need came to his knowledge, there, at least as far as gold and silver could do it, he was first found ready to assist. But the assistance he rendered in this way seemed ever to come direct from heaven; for he exercised every care that no one should know from whom the help afforded had come. His joy was fulfilled if only God was praised for the charity.

Moreover he was not satisfied to show his assisting love only in such cases where the misfortune was already upon the needy; but he was ever anxious to anticipate wants, and thus prevent misfortune. As a general thing, therefore, no actual evil needed to exist to incite him to charity. Any family anxiety, or any secret family perplexity, he was quick to discover, and his heart and hand were as quickly open to afford relief. Thus, for instance, on one occasion he sent a rich outfit for the three betrothed daughters of a poor soldier, in order to save him from embarrassing shame; and all this he did in such a delicate way, that nothing was left for those so richly presented but to lay the offering of their thanks at the foot of God's throne. According to the story, he, in the evening, caused the shoes of the perpelxed father to be filled with gold, in order thus to prepare for him an agreeable surprise in the morning as soon as he should rise. From the incident, whether correctly or not, we will not say, some derive the custom prevalent in many places, according to which the children, on St. Nicholas Eve, place their table, shoes or slippers made of sugar-dough, in order thus to give St. Nicholas to understand that they also expect to be remembered in his liberality.

This pious man also served his brethren in like measure with his spiritual gifts. He was a wise counsellor to the distressed, a sympathizing comforter to the sorrowful, a faithful and enlightened guide and pastor to such as were not yet well confirmed in the life of faith. But he was at the same time also an earnest exhorter,

and a powerful preacher of repentance to the erring and the hardened. He was exalted as a Patron of the children, not only because he was himself once a pattern of childlike piety and innocence; but still more because in later life he found his highest joy in having intercourse with children, in instructing them, in watching their childlike simplicity and artlessness in which there is often more wisdom than is found among the wisest of the wise.

The unpretending humility and modesty in which the man ever concealed himself, did not prevent his bright shining virtues from spreading beyond the narrow bounds of the convent, and manifesting their beauty in ever-widening circles. Among high and low he received the recognition he deserved, and was every where regarded with love and wonder. In Myra, the principal city of Lycia, the anchoring place where once, according to Acts 27: 5, the prisoner St. Paul, on his journey to Rome, landed, in order with his company to enter another ship that was coming from Alexandria, a bishopric had become vacant. When the neighboring heads of the Church had assembled there, to make provision for its supply, the eyes of all rested first and prominently on the brother from Patara, who had at that time already been promoted as Abbot of his convent. But on further consideration, they thought it not proper to overlook another, older, and scarcely less famous man, who was already presiding over a bishopric. But what occurred? Early in the morning on the day of election this man suddenly called his brethren in office together, and surprised them with the announcement that a voice had come to him in the night, which he could regard only as a voice from above, designating the one who should that morning first enter the Church as the one who should be placed over the vacant bishopric. The whole assembly recognized in this nothing less than the Spirit and command of the overruling Father in heaven. With the greatest intensity all now turned a watchful eye toward the path that led to the Church; and, behold! the first one, who already at the early break of day devoutly approached the Church, was Nicholas. The election now must needs fall on him.

As Bishop, Nicholas in a very short time gained for himself the reputation of being one of the most faithful, active and successful shepherds that had ever served the Church. Himself a zealous missionary, he had, in a short time, by his holy earnestness and winning love, conquered and won to Christ whatever of remaining heathenism lay around him. On account of his fearless confession he was cast into prison during the time of the Dioclesian persecution. However, by the Emperor Constantine, he was again set free, and restored to his district amid the jubilations of his people.

He is said to have been present at the council of Nice. Though this is somewhat doubtful, since the historical notices of that Synod do not place his name on the list of those present. Still it is possible that he might have been present, since he stood near, in his day, to many renowned men, and his name might easily have been overlooked by the annalist. In regard to a pilgrimage which he is said to have made to Jerusalem in honor of the Holy Cross, the

evidence is in like manner uncertain; so also in regard to the miracles which are attributed to him, on the ground of one of which, the stilling of a storm on the sea, he has been made the patron saint of all seafarers.

In the year A. D., 342, Nicholas closed his pious and active career in a peaceful and blessed death. Soon afterward his memory as the most prominent of saints began to be commemorated in the Eastern Church. In the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom we find already an annual invocation devoted to him. The Emperor Justinian built a Church in honor of him in Constantinople; and since that time many sanctuaries have been consecrated to his memory, and ornamented with his name. In the year A. D., 1087, Neapolitan merchants robbed the Cathedral of his relics, and carried them to their own country, to the town of Barum, in Apulien, where the St. Stephen's church still boasts of their possession. When here his bones were solemnly deposited, there flowed forth from them—so the legend says,—a fragrant oil! as symbol of the spiritual balsamic streams of comfort and peace, which had once in so rich a measure poured themselves forth from the activities of this pious man. From this time forward the fame of the Bishop of Myra spread still further toward the West. The Church of Russia, besides the Apostles, holds no other saint in so high estimation as St. Nicholas. Many Churches there are called by his name, and the Baptismal Books of Russia show no name, so frequently recorded as his.

The form, however, in which St. Nicholas to this day lives in the more enlightened Christian consciousness is not the same in which he reigns in the dreaming fancy of childhood, and hovers before the legendary faith. Before the view of the evangelical Church he has gradually glorified himself into a personal symbol of silently active, sympathizing, and self-denying brotherly love—the love which, in all its activities, seeks only the honor of God, never that of self, and which does not leave its left hand know what the right hand doth. In this peculiarity, as the embodiment and personification of the great idea of true heaven-descended CHARITY, St. Nicholas may also be and remain our Saint; and the cultus which we award to him, may consist in the imitation of his example.

BOOK NOTICES.

FRANK'S FRIEND; OR, THE RAMPART OF STRASBURG. By Rev. K. H. Caspari. Translated from the German. Philadelphia, Lutheran Board of Publication, No. 42, North Ninth St. pp. 82. This story by the author of "The Schoolmaster and his Son," is here well translated and beautifully gotten up by the Publishing Board. The story itself illustrates the awful results which flow from sin. All is truth-like; and all may have occurred as related, so that the story is not over-drawn. But we stand in doubt whether this is a good book for children. The ruling feature of the story they will not understand as the author, or as sensible adult readers, understand it. This is its principal defect, in our opinion. Then it has dark and terrible scenes before which children will more wonder than learn. The Book is favorably noticed by the Press generally; and we wish not in a brief notice to pronounce on its merits

THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH. A MONOGRAPH. By E. V. Gerhart, D. D., President of Franklin and Marshall College. Reprinted from the Bibliotheca Sacra. Andover. Warren & Draper, 1863, pp. 78.

The Bibliotheca Sacra is publishing, in successive numbers, articles on the different leading denominations. The one on the German Reformed Church prepared by Dr. Gerhart, was published in the January No. 1863, and is here presented in separate form in the shape of a formidable pamphlet! It is worthy of this honor, and deserves even to be republished in a still more durable book-form. It is a work which requires much patience and research to bring into so comparatively small a compass so much of the history, theology, genius and spirit of the German Reformed Church. Dr. Gerhart has done his work well. The character of the Article required him to present a great number of points and particulars; but the manner in which he has grouped, condensed and distributed his matter, so as to form a symmetrical, we may say, organic whole, is worthy of all admiration. One little acquainted with the Reformed Church, may obtain from this Monograph very satisfactory knowledge of its history, theology, and present status. It will live as a valuable article for reading and reference both in and out of the Church which it represents. We understand the edition is limited. Hence any one desiring to possess this valuable work will do well to apply early. It is to be had of the Author at Lancaster, Pa , at 30 cts. per copy.

HEIDELBERG. A steel engraving of the city of Heidelberg, and surrounding scenery, 24 by 12 inches.

This beautiful and artistic work presents a graphic view of the city, with the Neckar in front. The old SCHLOSS, a grand and celebrated ruin, is well delineated on the brow of the hill behind the city. The Kaiserstuhl rises in grandeur beyond. The Church of the Holy Ghost, celebrated in Reformation times, with its towering steeple, presents an imposing aspect. The bank of the Neckar opposite the city is also brought into the view. There are few more romantic and picturesque scenes to be found, than that of this renowned city and its surroundings; and we have never before seen so fine an engraving of the charming city of the Neckar. As the Ter-centenary commemoration of the Heidelberg Catechism has called fresh attention to this goodly city of Heidelberg, there are many who will be glad to possess a copy of this finely executed picture. We felt a thrill of joy the moment we saw it, and expect to confer a favor on many by informing them that it is to be had of I. Kohler, German Book Seller and Publisher, No. 202 North Fourth St., Philadelphia. It will be sent *post paid* to any one remitting $1, or $8 per dozen.

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Schiller's name is known wherever poetry has admirers. In Germany no Author, not even the illustrious Gœthe, enjoys a higher reputation, as a dramatic and lyrical poet, than Schiller. Millions regard him as the most popular and most illustrious representative of the German Muse. Although it is impossible to translate any poetry of a higher order in such a perfect manner, that all the freshness and melodious rhythm of the verse remains unimpaired, yet the present translation of SCHILLER'S POETICAL WORKS has been accomplished with so much care and correctness, and such an array of talent has been engaged in the work, that the elegance and beauty of the English version will prove, in a great measure, a compensation for the exquisite enjoyment which the perusal of SCHILLER in his own magnificent diction affords. We believe that SCHILLER will become a household favorite in this country as he has in Germany.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

From and after January 1st, 1863, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **M. Kieffer & Co.,** Chambersburg. Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The new Publishers propose a general renewal of its mechanical and typographical appearance. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the new volume appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality in the new Volume; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIV.---MARCH, 1863.---No. 3.

THE ALEMANIAN POET:—JOHN PETER HEBEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Whoever has read any of Hebel's Alemanian Poems, as they are called, will never forget them. If fidelity to nature ensures the truest poetry, he stands head and shoulders above all other poets. His poems are glorified, idealized pictures of nature, and everday life. Judged merely on their merits as poems, they are in the highest degree beautiful; but their interest is greatly increased by the fact, that they are written in the provincial language or dialect of the common, uneducated people. The Alemanian dialect prevails in the bend of the Rhine, between Frickthal and what was formerly Sundgau, and farther out, in many modifications, to the Vogesen and Alps, and through the Swartzwald in the greater portion of Swabia.

This dialect reminds one somewhat of what is known among us as Pennsylvania German; though most of its words are not known in our Pennsylvania dialect. Still it bears a striking similarity to it in its simplicity, heartiness, and adaptedness to express the droll and humorous, as well as the tender, touching, and sacred. Hebel has illustrated how well the peculiar life thoughts and feelings of the rural population, can be expressed in the dialect which they use in everyday life; and we very much doubt whether this can be successfully done at all by the use of the perfect and polished language, in which that kind of literature is embodied which is the fruit of scientific reflection. There is such an intimate connection between life and language, that the first will only live and feel at home, in the forms of the last, which is its true correlative.

For the satisfaction of the reader who may never have met with this dialect, and at the same time as a specimen of the charm of this poetry, we give a few stanzas from

DER SOMMERABEND.

O, lueg doch, wie isch d' Sunn so müed,
Lueg, wie si d' Heimath abezieht!
O lueg, wie Strahl um Strahl verglimmt,
Und wie sie's Fazenetli nimmt,
E Wülkli, blau mit roth vermüscht,
Und wie sie an der Stirne wüscht.

'S isch wohr, sie het au übel zit,
Im Summer gar, der Weg isch wit,
Und Arbet findt sie überal
In Hus und Feld, in Berg und Thal.
'S will alles Licht unn Wärmi ha,
Und spricht sie um e Segen a

Meng Blümli het sie ustaffirt,
Und mit charmante Farbe ziert,
Und mengern Immli z'trinke ge,
Und gseit: Hesch gnug und witt no meh?
Und 's Chäferli het hinte no
Doch an si Tröpfli übercho.

For the uninitiated we furnish a free translation:

"O only look how tired the sun is; look how he retires to his home! O look, how one beam after the other vanishes; and how He takes his 'kerchief, a little cloud, mingled with red, and wipes his forehead with it.

"'Tis true, he has also a bad time of it; it is summer, and the way is long; and he finds work everywhere in house and field, on mountain and vale. Everything wants light and warmth, and applies to him for his blessing.

"He has dressed out many a flower, and adorned it with charming colors. He has given drink to many a bee, and said: Have you enough, do you want more? And the little bug, which came afterwards found also a little drop left for itself."

A selection of Hebel's poems in the edition of German classics is preceded with a brief sketch of the Poet's life, which we here translate. The reader will be pleased to have farther acquaintance with the genial man.

Hebel stands on the German Parnassus as upon a separate rock, exalted, but alone. His ALEMANIAN POEMS have so much that is peculiar to themselves, that they form a particular order of poetry. Other poets found their forms of poetry prepared for them; Hebel created his own.

The birth-place of Hebel is Hausen, a village near Schopfheim in Baden. His father, a poor Gardener, later a soldier among the Swiss in tne French service, was an honest and earnest man. His mother, who also sprang from the peasantry, was a genial and pious woman, who brought up our Hebel with the greatest care, deeply and firmly infusing into his mind, piety, correct principles, and nobility of spirit.

He early lost his father; and his mother earned her bread at the forge of Hausen, in which her son, as soon as he was old enough to work, assisted her.

In the miserably conducted school of the little village, he manifested such decided abilities, that his affectionate mother gladly embraced an opportunity which offered itself, of sending him to a friend of his father in Basel, where he could be placed in the school of that city. The noble man, to whom Hebel is so greatly indebted, and who for a time performed toward him the duties of a father, was Iselin, an under officer, and once a fellow soldier of Hebel's father. Soon afterwards Hebel lost also his kind mother; but just at this time the orphan had the good fortune to become known to Preuschen, a member of the Church Council in Karlsruh, who took an interest in him, and sent him to the Grammar School at Lorrach. From thence he took him to himself at Karlsruh, where he completed his studies preparatory to the University, 1775–78. In this latter year he entered upon the study of theology in Erlangen.

In 1780 Hebel returned to Karlsruh, sustained with honor his examination as a candidate of theology, and parentless and poor as he was, he gladly embraced the opportunity of becoming private teacher in a family and entering upon a vicarate therewith connected offered him by Pastor Schlottenbeck in Hertingen, a village not far from his native place. During his years of study in the schools and University, Hebel made honorable progress in philosophical studies. These now served him well, securing for him in 1783 the position of Preceptor in the Grammar School in Lorrach. Here Hebel lived in the midst of paradisaic nature. A walk of two hours through the most charming scenery led to Basel. Still nearer rolled the Rhine. In the distance rose the hills and crests of the Schwartzwald, and still more remote were seen the Swiss Alps. Beside the duties of his calling, Hebel lived in the midst of nature, devoting himself to the enjoyments of intimate friendships and the muses. Here the Alemanian Poet first successfully spread his wings.

In 1791 Hebel received a call as teacher in the Gymnasium of Karlsruh, and at the same time became sub-deacon in the Church of the Court in that city. He preached with acceptance, and soon found himself contented and happy in his new relations. Especially did his teaching, in which he had now attained great ability, find much favor, and he devoted himself to this part of his work with ardent zeal. His devotion to his calling did not remain unnoticed or unrewarded. As early as 1798, Hebel was promoted to a professorship and principal of the Institution.

About this time the greater portion of his Alemanian poems had already been published, partly in single poems, and also in a collection, and were the property of the people. But the watchers on the German Parnassus as yet knew not his name; till at length Jean Paul (in a letter to the Publisher of a paper devoted to elegant literature, which at that time had great influence) got pretty keenly upon the scent of it. Jean Paul, who at the first glance saw Hebel's great poetical merits, placed him at once by the side of Herder. He says of him with justice and beauty: "The

soft golden evening light of a beautiful and peaceful soul lies upon all heights, which he causes to pass before us. He compensates for poetical flowers by poesy itself. He places with the one hand to his lips the Swiss Alpinehorn of youthful longing and joy, whilst with the other he points to the gleaming evening glory which lies upon the high glaciers, and begins to pray when the vesper bells call over to him from the mountains."

Hebel's calling as a poet was from this time forth universally acknowledged, and the Princes of the poets Herder, Goethe, Jakobi, aided in making his fame known, and were also among the first to discover and appreciate his merits. In 1805 his Prince, the excellent Charles Frederick of Bavaria, honored him with the title of Member of the Church Council, and three years later he entrusted to him the conduct of the Gymnasium as Director. The man of the people did not suffer the high duties of his new position to prevent him from publishing his literary contributions, for the cultivation of the people, in the literary journals of the time. In the Bavarian Country Almanac —known under the name of the Rhine-Housefriend for citizens and farmers—he published a treasure of the most valuable matter clothed in the simplest style, in the form of pleasantries, anecdotes, stories, &c., by which he accomplished untold good among the common people. The people, ever grateful for what is furnished for their improvement in a form suited to their capacities, were so delighted with his writings in this Almanac, that the demand for the numbers of past years ever increased, so that new editions had to be printed; and immigrants from Bavaria and Würtemberg in America called for it, and it had to be regularly furnished to them in their new and distant homes.

In 1814 Hebel was made a Member of the Consistory; and in 1816 his Prince elevated him to the office of Prelate and Commandeur of the Zähring Order of the Lion To these honors the theological Faculty of Heidelberg yet added that of Doctor of Theology. The zeal of the aged man for the instruction of the people induced him now to undertake the publication of his Biblical Histories, which were introduced into all the schools of Baden as text books; and which, like Huebner's Biblical Histories, will continue to prove a blessing long after Hebel's remains shall have turned to ashes in the grave. They appeared in many editions at Gotha, Stutgardt and Tübingen.

Even in old age Hebel enjoyed good health, and gave promise to his friends of yet longer life, and many more blessed labors. Yet only too soon was this hope disappointed. In the autumn of 1826 his calling led him to Manheim, to attend the School examinations in that place. He returned unwell from Manheim on the 16th of September; and with increased indisposition, he stopped with his old friend Zeyher, the Garden Director in Schwetzingen. His ailment, which was a disturbance of the digestive organs, soon gave signs that it would prove fatal. On the fifth day he fell asleep in the arms of his friends, who had gathered there from all parts of

the land. He died September 22nd, 1826, early in the morning. His grave is in the church-yard at Schwetzingen.

A word in regard to Hebel's appearance and characteristics. In bodily appearance he was well-formed, not large, but strong and symmetrical. His face was not beautiful, but interesting. His dark fiery eyes, lofty forehead, bent nose, and face lying in folds of skin, gave his countenance a peculiar appearance, which marked him at once as no ordinary man. The main features of his character were the childlike, the serene, associated with a deep inward love of his race. Every one felt himself drawn toward him. Wherever he was, the happy social man, attracted all persons toward him. His wit, his originalities, his droll narratives, his interesting fascinating conversation, rich in all manner of instruction, though presented in the most unpretending form, charmed all his hearers. His honesty and correctness of life were matchless; and the punctuality with which he attended to his duties in all the relations of life, as scholar, officer, and friend, secured him the esteem of every one. True piety, without any vain pretension, was the crown of his life. Hebel was never married.

We must reluctantly close our article on the Alemanian poet. Our only regret is, that we are not able to transfer to our pages the portrait of Hebel as it adorns the selection of his poems in the German Classics. Never was a homely face so charming and beautiful as his. The sight of it creates an almost unconquerable desire to see the genial old man; and hear him talk. No body's grandfather ever looked so childlike and pleasant. He looks as if he loved all things; and his face seems to mirror forth the beautiful, the true, and the charming in nature, human life, and Christianity. His eyes, his cheeks, and the set of his mouth look, as if he was just about to say: "I am glad that I am looking at you; are you not glad that you are looking at me? Let us now be good friends forever!"

Murmuring at Providence.—It is foolish as well as wicked to rebel against the allotments of Providence. It is like the eagle beating his breast against the iron bars of his cage, until he falls down all bleeding and exhausted. It does no good, but much harm. We cannot change our condition by murmuring at it, but we can make ourselves and all round us very miserable. God knows where we can do most for him, and He puts us in the *very place* that is best for us and for all. It is a hard trial—one of the hardest, no doubt—for an active and devoted servant of Christ to be rendered unfit for work. But we are very unwise to murmur at it. Those who are deprived of the privilege of laboring for Christ may suffer for him, and by their suffering in a Christian spirit, do more good than they could in any other way.

THE SONG OF OUR FLAG.

AIR:—*The Bells of Shandon.*

BY THE EDITOR.

We know no banner,
But the old and true;
With thirty-four Stars,
In its cloudless blue.
Hiss! that new burlesque—
That foul Treason Rag!
Sing—march—to the tune
Of the good old Flag.

NEW SONG.

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Our glorious Flag,
Whose folds so wild would
In days of childood
Fling o'er my fancy,
Their magic spell.
See our flag yonder!
On that I ponder,
And still grow fonder,
Proud flag, of thee.
Thy bright stars gleaming,
Thy broad stripes streaming,
In all my dreaming,
I seem to see.

I've seen ovations,
And jubilations,
To flags of nations,
In every clime,
But the wild roaring,
Of their adoring,
To me imploring,
Had naught sublime.
For memory dwelling,
On thy proud swelling,
With sweeter telling,
Still spoke of thee—
Thy bright stars gleaming,
Thy broad stipes streaming,
In all my dreaming,
I seem to see.

I've seen flags glorious,
Borne back victorious,
From fields notorious,
For blood and strife;
For whose maintaining
The brave, disdaining
Dread missiles raining,
Gave up their life.
Of these flags gory;
I've heard the glory,
In song and story,
Told tenderly:
But thy stars gleaming,
Thy broad stripes streaming,
In all my dreaming
I ever see.

Devices olden,
With trimmings golden,
Seem to embolden,
The claims of these;
Such empty tender,
Of royal splendor,
In all surrender,
With greatest ease.
See our flag yonder,—
On that I ponder,
And still grow fonder,
Dear flag, of thee:
Thy bright stars gleaming,
Thy broad stripes streaming,
In all my dreaming
I ever see.

Flag of our nation,
The best oblation,
Of adoration,
I offer thee.
Tyrant and tory,
Have learned thy story—
The tale of glory,
And Liberty!
And children wondering,
And heroes pondering,
And cannon thundering,
Shall honor thee!
Thy bright stars gleaming,
Thy broad stripes streaming,
In all my dreaming,
I ever see.

THE PHEBE FAMILY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

It appears that the ancestorial mother of the Phebe family was very nearly related to the Apostle Paul, and to all the "first families" of the early Christians. St. Paul speaks of her as "*our sister.*" Of course this is not to be understood of blood relationship. Some now-a-days seem to think that their own blood relations are the best people in the world; but this was not so among the early Christians. They saw this matter in a different light.

The early Christians regarded Jesus Christ as the head of a new family, higher than mere earthly families. All that were baptized, and by the Spirit renewed, and thus truly united to Jesus Christ, they regarded as born anew by a higher birth than that of nature, and thenceforward as members of the higher family in Christ, and relatives of each other. Hence they called each other "brothers" and "sisters." St. Paul had reference to this when he called Phebe "our sister."

This new relationship was higher and more enduring than that which existed merely in nature. It rose above all national ties; so that there was "neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian." It rose above all social grades in society; so that there was "neither bond nor free." It even rose above marriage ties; the tie which bound the saint to Christ having been regarded as so high and holy in its character, that one belonging to this family of Christ could not enter into marriage union with one who belonged to the world, without dishonor to the holy bond which united the members of the new family to Christ. "Only in the Lord!" was the word. They believed that a saint could no more be bound in marriage ties to one out of Christ than Christ could unite Himself to Belial, or light could be united with darkness. Strange as it may seem, though one was a Jew, a Greek, a Barbarian, a Scythian, a slave or a freeman; rich or poor, if only he was in Christ, he belonged at once to the "first families;" and to join himself with even the richest or highest outside that circle was to dishonor his own family. Thus a high order of relationship existed between St. Paul and Phebe, as well as between her and all the saints of that time.

Such is the import of the words "our sister." The natural relation of sister is a very intimate and endearing one. There is no earthly love so pure as that of a sister. There is no name which awakens and preserves such pleasant memories and associations. Home, father, mother, infancy, childhood are all associated with it.

But all this is natural, and of the earth. What must the name be, what power must it have, in its spiritual, heavenly sense! In such a family stood Phebe. To such a high relationship did she belong —an honor to the family through all time.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that this idea of relationship is still diligently preserved and cherished among all the members of the Phebe family. They keep up this family feeling, and are jealous for the family honor. With them blood relation is a subordinate interest, the higher relation in the family of Christ is paramount.

We have seen members of this family, who were rich, educated, and polished, pass by those whom the world regards as "first families," and really prefer to be found with the humble and poor, who had the life of Christ in them. These they acknowledged on all occasions as their "sisters," and took delight in showing them consideration and help, however much the world neglected them, or however carelessly passed them by.

Their preferences in this respect have reminded us often of the conduct of Christ Himself. On one occasion, as we read, whilst he was teaching the people the things of His kingdom, his mother and other near relatives came and desired to speak with Him. Their desire was made known to Him. But He felt Himself to be engaged in a higher matter. "He answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren. And He stretched forth His hands toward *His disciples*, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!" By this He meant to say, that He was bound to His own children by higher and better bonds than those which bound him to His own kindred. Hence He added: "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." In this same spirit He said on another occasion, that whosoever loveth father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, *more* than Him cannot be His disciple. These we may love—much love—but Him, and his children more.

This the members of the Phebe family have always done. They break through all natural ties, and if necessary set them aside, that they may find one another. Scattered over the Church, as they are, they remain united by this high and holy bond of love; and whenever, and wherever they are brought into contact with each other, whether in circumstances of joy or sorrow, they greet one another with a sacred brotherly and sisterly love. So cordial is this fellowship, that we have seen members of this family meet, who had never seen one another before, and yet they were at once as intimate and confiding as if they had known each other for years.

May this large and increasing family still further spread. That will be a happy age when they shall fill the whole earth. For all, as the name implies, are the children of light and love.

DOING GOOD.—We should be doing all the good we can to one another while we are together, which will be but a short and uncertain time.

MEDITATION.

TO WHOM?

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. SCHAFF, BY S. T.

Lord, to whom shall we go? Jno. 6: 68.

Hast thou learned, O my soul, this solemn question, which Peter in the name of all the Apostles here addresses to the Lord, when many inconstant ones forsook Him? The question in which he forever renounced the world and avowed his faithful adherence to Christ, the Son of God, without whom from henceforth he could and would not live? O my soul, God has created thee for Himself, and thou art without rest until thou restest in Him. Restlessness is thine inherited portion, since thou art fallen. It is thy punishment, at the same time also the entire ruin of thy former greatness, and a surety of thy higher destiny. Well for thee, if thou hast come to the knowledge of thy restlessness and hast turned thyself with full confidence to Him to whom wind and waves yield obedience. The earth is beautiful, nevertheless only the footstool of the Lord of glory. The firmament with the sun, moon and stars is full of grandest majesty, but even this is only a dim reflection of Him who rules above their shining brightness. Innumerable are the treasures of earth, yet a single soul is worth ten thousand times more than they all. And on this account what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Nothing visible can satisfy thee, my soul, for thou art invisible. Nothing temporal or perishable is able to quench thy thirst, for thou art, even if fallen, still a daugher of the King of heaven.

> The eternal will the eternal seek;
> Its thirst in life's pure stream will slake,
> Which clear as crystal ever wells
> From under the throne where Jesus dwells.

God alone is thy origin and thy aim; His love thy home; His grace thy glory; His intercourse thy peace. But how shalt thou come to God, without Him who is the way, and the truth, and the life. Without Christ God is an angry judge and a consuming fire; in Him, however, a reconciled Father and the fountain of all good. Dost thou wish for forgiveness of sins, which debar thee from God: Christ has obtained it for thee by his expiatory death upon the cross? Dost thou long after peace of conscience which the world cannot give and the world cannot take away: He is the Prince of peace, who speaks to the believing soul: Peace be with thee. Seekest thou after unfeigned love to God, charity to thy fellowmen, after a cloak of righteousness, in which thou mayest be able to

stand before the divine judgment, after a hope that can sustain thee in all trouble, and in the hour of death wipe the cold sweat from thy brow, bearing thee over death and hell into the mansions of the blessed: He, from his infinite mercy, through the Holy Ghost will give thee all these without money and without merit. To the question then: To whom shall we go? thou hearest the unerring word of God: To Christ who is the salvation and life of a lost world! Let others go elsewhere, to the congregation of the ungodly, to the house of feasting, to the corruptible and corrupting pleasures of this world: all these are highways to eternal ruin. Trouble not thyself about the *many*, who are staggering down the broad and giddy road, after a short dream, to awake amid the terrors of the second death. Follow thou after the little flock upon the narrow, but safe path of life, which prophets, apostles, martyrs and saints have trod, and after having overcome sin, Satan, death and hell attained to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven.

A NATIONAL LITANY HYMN.

God, most mighty, sovereign Lord,
By the heavenly hosts adored;
God of nations, King of Kings,
Head of all created things:
By thy saints with joy confessed,
God o'er all forever blessed:
Lo! we come before Thy throne
In our Saviour's name alone.

Thee, O Christ, we worship, bless,
Head of all Thy Church confess;
Hear the praises, and the plaints,
Of Thy needy sighing saints.
Let Thy blood our ransom be;
Save us as we trust in Thee.
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our Land.

By Thyself, the Source of grace;
By Thy Headship of our race;
By Thy coming from the skies;
By Thine awful Sacrifice!
By Thy reign o'er all on earth,
For its new, and second birth;
In Thy merits let us stand,
Save, O Lord, and bless our Land.

From all public sin and shame;
From ambition's grasping aim,
From the pride that brings a fall,—
Sins of sense whose dregs are gall:
From the love of vanity:
From forgetfulness of Thee:
From the judgments of Thy hand,
Spare Thy people, spare our Land.

From rebellion, war, and death;
From the pestilential breath;
From dread famine's awful stroke;
From oppression's galling yoke;
From the earthquake's stunning blow;
From all public fear and woe;
Spare us, spare us, Lord most high,
Hear Thy people's humble cry.

On our fields of grass and grain,
Drop, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land,
Crown the labors of each hand:
Let thy sure protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our Land.

Let, O Lord, our Rulers be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained:
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace:
Thus, united we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy Land.

God, the Father, let Thy love
Shine upon us from above;
God, the Son, our Saviour, plead,
With Thy Blood for all we need:
God, the Holy Ghost, impart,
Healing power to every heart:
Triune God!—O hear our plea,
Save us as we trust in Thee.

TOBIAS WITT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ENGEL, BY THE EDITOR.

Tobias Witt was born in only a tolerably sized town, and had never travelled much among the neighboring villages. Yet he had seen more of the world than many a one, who has spent his fortune in Paris or Naples. He was fond of relating all manner of little stories, which he had gathered here and there from his own experience. These stories had little poetical merit, but were on that account only the more practical; and the most singular thing about them was that two of them always belonged together.

One time a young acquaintance, Mr. Till, praised him on account of his wisdom. Hey! said old Mr. Witt, and smiled: Were I only so wise?

All the world says so, Mr. Witt. And as I would also like to attain to it—

Hey! well, if you desire to become such, that is easy. You must only carefully observe how the fools do.

What! How the fools do?—

Yes, Mr. Till! And then you must do otherwise than the fools do.

As for example?—

As for example, Mr. Till: There lived here in my youth an old Mathematician—a lean, peevish little man; Mr. Veit was his name. He always walked about muttering to himself. In his whole life he talked with no one. And to look into any one's face, this he did still less. He always looked darkly into himself. What think you now, Mr. Till, that the people called him?

What? a profound man?

Yes, you may be sure—a fool! Ho! thought I to myself—for I did not like the title—we must not do as Mr. Veit. That is not a good way. To look into one's self, that will not do. Look the people boldly in the face! Or to talk with one's self, even—fie! rather talk to others. Now, what think you, Mr. Till, was I right in this?

Well, yes! of course!

I dont know. Not just exactly. For there was another one around there at the same time. This was the dancing-master, Mr. Flink. He looked the whole world right into the face, and talked with every thing that had ears, round and round. And this one, Mr. Till—what think you the people called him?

A pleasant man?

Nearly right! No; they called him also a fool! Ho! thought I again, this is droll! How then must I do, to be regarded wise?

Neither altogether like Mr. Veit, nor yet altogether like Mr. Flink. First, I must look the people nicely and boldly into the face, like the one, and then must look nicely and considerately into myself, like the other. First, I must speak aloud with the people, like Mr. Flink; and then quietly with myself, like Mr. Veit. Do you see, Mr. Till? So I did; and this is the whole secret.

At another time a young merchant, Mr. Flaw, visited Mr. Witt, and complained very much of his misfortune. Hey! what? said Mr. Witt, shaking him: You must seek fortune, Mr. Flaw; you must be intent upon it.

This, I have done for a long time, said Mr. Flaw; but what good does it do? One stroke ever follows upon another! For the future, I will rather lay my hands into my lap, and stay at home:

Not exactly—not exactly, Mr. Flaw. Follow fortune you must ever, but only be careful how you hold your face.

What! how I hold my face!

Yes, Mr. Flaw! how you hold your face. I will make the matter plain to you. When my neighbor here on my left was building his house, the whole street in front was lying full of joist, and stone, and rafters. Then our Burgomaster, Mr. Trick, came walking along. He was at that time still a young officer, full of blood. With hands extended away from himself, he ran into the stuff, having held his head so high that his nose was pretty much on a level with the clouds! Bump! There he lay! He broke one leg; and to this day he still limps. What now, do I wish to say by this, Mr. Flaw?

Well, the old doctrine! Thou shalt not hold thy head too high!

Right! And yet not altogether this. For not long afterwards there came another walking along that way. This was the village Poet, Mr. Schall. This man must have had verses on family cares in his head. For he glided very thoughtfully along, looking into the earth as if he intended to creep into it. Crash! A rope broke; and a joist came down before him like a thunder clap. The poor creature fell down fainting, became sick, and had to lay in bed for weeks. Consider well now what I mean, Mr Flaw—how must we hold our face?

You mean, nicely at a medium?

Yes, certainly; that we look neither too pertly into the clouds, nor yet too timidly into the earth. If one casts his eyes about calmly up and down, and from one side to the other, one will go nicely forward through the world, and a misfortune will not so easily happen.

Yet once more was Mr. Witt visited by a young beginner, Mr. Wills. This one wished to borrow a little money from him for a speculation. Not much will be made by it, said Mr. Wills; this I see at once; but it will flow of itself into my hands, as I may say. Hence I wish to take it along.

This tone of speaking did not at all suit Mr. Witt. And how much, Mr. Wills, do you think you might need?

Oh, not much! A small sum. The little matter of a hundred dollars, about.

If it is not more, this I will give you, right willingly! And, that you may see that I mean well toward you, I will yet give you something else into the bargain, which is worth, between brothers, a thousand dollars. It may make you rich!

But how, my dear Mr. Witt? into the bargain?

It is not much—only a little story. In my youth I had here a wine-merchant as a neighbor, a very droll little man, Mr. Grell was his name. This man had accustomed himself to use a peculiar speech. This ruined him!

Hey! you dont say? That was?

When any one asked him, at times, how is it, Mr. Grell! what did you make in that bargain? Oh, a trifle said he; the little sum of fifty dollars, about. What is that? Or when one said to him: Well, Mr. Grell, you also lost something by that bankruptcy? Oh pshaw! it is not worth talking about, he said again. A trifle of a hundred or so. This man was in good circumstances. But, as I have said, this one mischievous way of speaking lifted him fairly out of his saddle. He had to go overboard. How much was it Mr. Wills, you wished to borrow?

I?—I asked for one hundred dollars, Mr. Witt.

Yes, right! My memory fails me.

But I had also another neighbor, the grain dealer, Mr. Tomm. He, by another manner of speaking, built the large house he lives in, with the back-buildings and the warehouse. What think you that was?

Hey! for goodness sake, that I would like to know. That was?

When he was sometimes asked: How goes it, Mr. Tomm? What did you make in that bargain? Ah, a great deal of money, he would say, and then one could see how his heart laughed in his bosom—a full hundred dollars! Or when one said to him: What is the matter? Why are you so downcast, Mr. Tomm? Ah, he would say, I have lost much money! much money! Fully fifty dollars. He had begun small, this man; but, as I have said, this large house he built, with the back-buildings, and warehouse. Now, Mr. Wills, which mode of speaking do you like best?

Hey, that is easily understood. The last!

But—not fully up to my idea of things did Mr. Tomm show himself. For he also said: Much money! when he gave to the poor, or paid his tax to the government. In that case he should only have spoken like my other neighbor, Mr. Grell. I, Mr. Wills, who lived right in the middle between these two modes of speaking, was careful to observe both; and hence I am accustomed to speak, according to circumstances, sometimes like Mr. Grell, and sometimes like Mr. Tomm.

No, I declare, I agree with Mr. Tomm. The house and the warehouse pleases me.

You wish therefore?

Much money? Much money, my dear Mr. Witt. A whole hundred dollars.

Do you see, Mr. Wills? You will be all right. That was ex-

actly the thing. When we borrow from a friend we must speak like Mr. Tomm; and when we help a friend in time of need, we must speak like Mr. Grell.

THE FUNERAL BELL.

Hark! again in solemn tones the bell—
The curfew bell doth toll;
Pealing forth its dirge-like funeral knell,
For an immortal soul:
Proclaiming its enfranchisement
From clay—the earthly tenement.

On the tranquil breeze now loudly ring
The slow and measured strains;
O what a baleful message doth it bring
Oe'r hill and rural plains?
What twig is snatched from off the stem,
For which doth peal this requiem?

'Tis perchance a youthful, untried one,
Where Hope still warmed the breast;
Or aged pilgrim, travel worn,
Hath laid him down to rest.
How sad and stricken are they now
Who wiped the death-damp from the brow!

Fainter, fainter, comes the mournful sound
Vibrating on the air;
Soon 'twill cease and leave yon lonely mound
The silent records bear.
The hearts of few forget it not
Till they in turn will be forgot.

All is hushed! in dreamy peace again
The last tones die away,
Leaving us remember still with pain
Frail creatures of a day.
Methinks I hear the vesper sigh:
"O when shall my last hour draw nigh?"

"When a few more cherished hopes are crossed,
A few more tears are shed,
For the early loved and early lost,
Whose days on earth are fled;
And past the years, aye, short and few,
Then thou shalt sleep beneath the yew."

Sweet will be the peaceful, valley clod,
When once from earth-taint free.
Grant my pray'r, my Saviour and my God,
And let me rest in Thee;
And bear, when silvery cords are riven,
The palm-leaf to the ransomed given.

E. M. K.

MONEY!

BY THE EDITOR.

What a mystery is money! In one sense it is nothing, and in another it is a great power. How it stirs up human activities. How it puts up one and puts down another. How anxious are those destitute of it to possess it; and how sadly do many use it who have it.

We have just read, in a newspaper, the following item:

"Baron Rothschild has just erected, in his house in London, a stair-case which cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Is not that a text to study? Methinks a sermon might be preached from it. But what should be said on such a text? That would depend upon the views of the preacher. Perhaps one would say: 'This stair-case is no doubt a very exquisite artistic affair; and it is a very generous thing in this rich man to patronize the arts so munificently. He has afforded some artist an opportunity of displaying his genius; and his work will stand for the admiration of thousands.'

It is not altogether vain to contend, that works of art have their place; and the devotion of large sums of money for purposes of art is not altogether unjustifiable. Paintings, statues, architectural buildings, costing large sums of money, may not be condemned. They are models of taste, which, lifted above the merely useful around them, may exert an elevating influence on minds and hearts, which would otherwise become too grovelling.

But a *stair-case* in a private dwelling! We must confess this strikes us as a rather narrow interest. It seems too private and selfish to be easily justifiable. True, the money is his own; but a man has not exactly a right to do what he pleases with his own. He is accountable, not only to God, but also to his fellow men. He is properly held to an account. No law of God, and no just sense of human responsibility, will allow a man to consult his own self alone in the use of any talent with which he may have been endowed. Had he erected some public monumental work of art, he could have laid some claim to generosity at least; but all such ground of justification disappears, when he lays down so vast a sum as a mere means by which his own feet may ascend from one story of his mansion to another!

We are no utilitarian. We do not hold that the useful alone has claims on us. We are not of those who would condemn the ornamental as profane in all cases. But there is something in us which protests against an expenditure like this. To us these one hundred and fifty thousand dollars laid under the rich man's feet, seem as much out of place as the wise man's "jewel in a swine's snout."

Read, as in this case we do, in one paragraph how the poor are starving in Lancastershire, and in the next how Rothschild has made a stair-case for his wealthy feet costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—and then say, whether it is not "man's inhumanity to man," that "makes countless thousands mourn." Has any man a right, with the wants and woes of the world crying around him, to use his money merely for himself to tread on! If a man whom God has gifted with extraordinary talents should use those talents merely to write a eulogy on himself, the prostitution of his talents would at once be seen and acknowledged by every one; but would such an act essentially differ from that wanton abuse of the money-talent under review? In no sense whatever. In either case self rules.

The interest alone of this amount of money would be $9,000 a year. The sum would be sufficient to endow a respectable college or seminary. The interest of it would build a good church every year in some destitute region. The interest would comfortably maintain from forty to forty-five poor young men in a course of preparation for the holy ministry. This money would establish and endow an orphan asylum. In short, what an amount of positive good would it not accomplish? What right has any man to lay such a power for good under his feet!

The papers in our own country are not yet through passing round the shameful and disgusting act of a miser in Lancaster county, Pa., who had hoarded some forty to fifty thousand dollars of gold and silver in his house, to be found by his executors! Such facts are commentaries on the deep depravity of human nature. They show how entirely the natural heart is alienated from God, loving and worshipping the creature in the very presence of the Creator, who is God over all, and blessed forever.

The gold and the silver are the Lord's. It is His by every right. It is plainly declared, that, as a fruit of the triumph of Christianity, it shall be freely laid at the feet of Christ, to be used in the spread of His glory over the earth. As Christ's spirit conquers human hearts, it will conquer all human possessions. For willing hearts, blest by His grace, will cheerfully lay their gifts before him, even to the extent of personal self-denial. But how much remains, in this respect, for the spirit of Christianity to win! How extensively still does the spirit of Judas hold the purse, counting all waste which is not for its own dear self!

True, there is much given to the cause of Christ year after year. But mostly with such a stinted hand as to be the mere drippings of abundance—the mere rakings after the harvest has been gathered in. When large sums are given, as is occasionally the case, the very surprise which it creates is an evidence that such gifts are the exception, and not the rule. Thousands of wealthy men, even in Christian lands, lie down in the bosom of their accumulated riches and die, having had no will in life, and leaving no will at death, that shall secure some portion of their wealth to good and pious purposes.

There is yet much for Christianity to conquer and sanctify in the money-loving spirit of even professing Christians. How few fulfill the vow, contained in the communion prayer, by which we profess to "consecrate ourselves, on the altar of the Gospel, in soul and body, *property and life*, to His most blessed service and praise."

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The bells—the bells—the Christmas bells,
  How merrily they ring!
As if they felt the joy they tell
  To every human thing.
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
  Are swelling soft and clear,
As wave on wave, the tide of sound
  Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,
  They're ringing in the morn!
They ring when in the eastern sky
  The golden light is born,
They ring when sunshine tips the hills,
  And gilds the village spire—
When, through the sky, the sovereign sun
  Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
  How merrily they ring!
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
  A kindlier life they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
  The rich, on downy bed,
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
  Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
  O'er many a mile they sound!
And household tones are answering them
  In thousand homes around,
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
  With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tones
  With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
  They're calling us to prayer;
And hark, the voice of worshippers
  Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
  And glorious hymns to-day,
TE DEUMS loud—and GLORIAS:
  Come, to the church—away.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Guardian is devoted to the intellectual as well as religious interests of the young. Both these interests lay near the heart of our illustrious chief. "Promote," he says in his farewell Address, "as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge." In his will he bequeathed the sum of $4000, as he says, "for the purpose of educating such orphan children, or the children of such other poor and indigent persons as are unable to accomplish it with their own means." During his life he gave, for many years, £50 annually for the instruction of poor children in Alexandria. He gives also, in his will, $22,000 for the founding of a University in the District of Columbia; and to an Academy in Virginia $10,000. In several instances he offered to pay the expenses of young men through a college course.

If, moreover, at this period of dark and dreadful Rebellion against his, and our beloved land, we look around us for an example to imitate—for one who was a true patriot, and a true Christian—one who united both these in one beautiful, consistent whole, and who thus presented a character in which all the claims of the State and the Church, of patriotism and piety, of God and man, were duly balanced and fitly honored—we find such an one, in the glorious past of our national history, exhibited in the person of our unequalled and illustrious chief.

We may reprove, instruct, correct and edify ourselves by reviving and reviewing both our patriotism and our piety in the light of his life. Especially may we do well, amid the noise and terror of the restless present, to call up this calm, earnest, and commanding form, from the solemn and silent past! Under God, amid the confused and confusing cry of Rebellion and Treason, we may well turn for comfort, help and peace to the purer days, and purer principles, and the purer men of old, and especially to him, who was the Gideon of our battles and the Solomon of our Councils, and say, with that hope and confidence in which still lies the nerves of our national strength: "The ancient and honorable, he is our head."

In doing honor to our great and good Washington, we do but honor that God of our Fathers who raised him up for his mission, endowed him with virtues and graces worthy of being honored, and gave him such glorious success in laying the foundation of this great and free country, so long happy and prosperous, now so ungratefully and wickedly assailed.

To do honor to this man, moreover, is just to do what it is not

possible to refuse doing. He holds a spell over us. The very mention of his name, is a command to do reverence. It is said, that on one occasion, when Washington was invited to dine at Alexandria as a farmer among farmers, it was agreed before hand, that in the capacity of a farmer, it would be appropriate to receive him as an equal, and that they would, therefore, not rise on his entrance into the room; but as he entered they all rose involuntarily! There was something in his mien and movement, that proclaimed him a nobleman of nature. All felt it. We feel it still. The reviving of his memory always inspires it.

The question naturally arises, What is the secret of this power over the hearts of the people? It is answered, He was a great man; but this does not answer the question. For we must ask again, in what was he great! He was not great in headlong impetuous bravery; for he was extremely cautious, and always endeavored to save his men. He was not great in a studied aim at a brilliant, meteor-like career, after the fashion of Boneparte; for he was rather quiet and sober in his movements and aims. He was not great in learning; for, in his education, his scholarship, and even his intellectial capacities he was not equal to hundreds of others. He was not extraordinarily profound in his knowledge of scientific statesmanship; neither the Declaration of Independence, nor the Constitution are from him. Neither was he great in eloquence; for other spirits of the Revolution left him far behind in the divine art of swaying minds by "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Where then do we seek the true secret of his greatness? Where is the charm which causes all men to reverence and love him?

It is to be sought in the fact, that to medium powers of mind, there was added, in an extraordinary degree, goodness of heart, honesty of purpose, and purity of life! His life was a beautiful, harmonious whole, every part of which was pervaded by the holy light of the pure, and the good. In one word, *Washington was a Christian.* This we will endeavor to prove. Happily, we are at no loss for material, from which to establish his religious character.

But first of all, what do we mean by religion, or a religious character? If saying some things which sounds like religion—if allusion to it in flourishes of rhetoric—if reference to a Supreme Being, or to an over-ruling Providence in a letter, a speech, or a public document, is religion, then who is it that is not religious! Then Franklin, Paine, and Jefferson, were religious.

There is a kind of religion of *philosophy*, which acknowledges, Indian-like, the existence of a Great Spirit, and pagan-like, the existence of a great first-cause, an universal spirit, or world-soul, which it calls, indifferently, "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." Such religion every natural man can make for himself!

There is also a kind of deistic religion—or religion of *poetry*, which seeks grace in nature, and regards the fancies and feelings which arise from a contemplation of God's works as religion; thus, turning creatures of God into mediators, and mere acts of his creative

power into sacraments and means of grace. Such religion is found as well among Pagans and Turks, as in Christian lands.

There is also a kind of *sentimental* religion, confined entirely to frames and moods, manifesting itself only in feelings and fancies, but having no power either over the principles or the life of the man.

None of these types of religion do we claim for Washington. His was not religion in *general*, but the CHRISTIAN religion in particular. He was a believer, not only in God, but in God in Christ, in God the Holy Spirit, in God in the Church, in God in the Holy Sacraments, and in God in the heart and life. He was a believer in that religion which centres in Christ; which manifests itself in general uniform habits of piety, running through all the feelings of the heart, and the acts of life, giving to them consistency, harmony, beauty, and attractiveness. Such religion spread its hallowed light over all that he thought, felt, said or did. His spirit of piety consisted not in a mere passing compliment to religion; it sprang in a living way from that Saviour, whom he not only acknowledged, but honored and served.

As there was a considerable prevalence of deistic religion and positive infidelity in Washington's time, and frequently in high places, it is necessary to show, that he did not, in this respect, in the least partake of the element which surrounded him.

Chief Justice Marshall says, "He was a sincere believer in the *Christian* faith, and a truly devout man." Jared Sparks, in his Life and Writings of Washington, says: "After a long and minute examination of the writings of Washington, public and private, in print and in manuscript, I can affirm, that I have never seen a single hint, or expression, from which it could be inferred, that he had any doubt of the Christian revelation, or that he thought with indifference or unconcern of that subject. On the contrary, whenever he approaches it, and indeed when he alludes in any manner to religion, it is done with seriousness and reverence."

In his circular letter to the Governors of the States, on disbanding the army, he praises "above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation." In the same letter he says in conclusion, "I now make my earnest prayer, that God would have you, in his holy protection, that he would be most graciously pleased to dispose us all to do justice, love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the *Divine Author of our blessed religion*, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation."

In 1789, on his election to the Presidency, addresses were sent to him from almost all the religious denominations in the land, congratulating him, expressing their confidence in his integrity, and promising him, and the country their prayers, and their faithful obedience. In replying to these addresses, he recognizes these religious denominations as auxiliaries to good government, speaks of their benefit to the community and to mankind, wishes them suc-

cess, and often concludes with a prayer for the future happiness of their members, both in this, and in the life to come. In his reply to the German Reformed Church, he says: "I am happy in concurring with you in the sentiments of gratitude towards Almighty God, which are expressed with such fervency of devotion in your address." He says, he thanks them for promising to unite reverence to the government, and obedience to its laws, "with the duties and exercises of religion." He closes with the prayer, "May your devotions before the throne of Grace be prevalent in calling down the blessings of heaven upon yourselves and your country."

To the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church he beautifully says: "You, Gentlemen, act the part of pious Christians and good citizens by your prayers and exertions to preserve harmony and good will towards men, which must be the basis of every political establishment; and I readily join with you, that, 'while just government protects all in their religious rights, true religion affords to government its surest support.'"

To the Presbyterians he says, "I reiterate the professions of my dependence upon Heaven, as the source of all public and private blessings."

To the Methodists he says, "I shall always strive to prove a faithful and impartial patron of genuine, vital religion."

In another place he says: "Religion and morality are the essentials pillars of society." And again, "No man, who is profligate in his morals, or a bad member of the civil community, can possibly be a true Christian."

In addition to these expressions of his religious principles, I must yet quote one golden paragraph from his celebrated Farewell Address. "Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oath, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

What we need particularly to notice in these extracts is the fact, that he alludes to the "Christian" religion—to the "divine author of our blessed religion," "true" and "vital" religion—he speaks of it "above all," as the "pillar" of government, and as "indispensable"—and he says distinctly that neither intellectual refinement in the way of "education," nor politics, have any basis where there is an "exclusion of religious principle." He says also that no true patriot can be an enemy to religion. It must be remembered also

that whilst he said this, he did it in the face of the infidelity of a number of prominent politicians, with whom he was compelled to stand in close relation in the affairs of the Government. He bore witness to Christ and His holy religion in the presence of bold and powerful enemies. As he was habitually prudent in his utterances, we may only the more clearly see in his firmness and freedom in the confession of his faith, by what sincerity and conviction he was actuated.

It remains now to show that these professions of principles harmonize with all the acts of his life; that his allusions to religion, and his advocacy of its principles, were not merely passing compliments, and empty cant, but the outflow of the deepest life of his spirit.

If he spake of Christ, and the Christian religion, and gave to it, in its distinctive character, his open and decided preference, did he make a profession of religion by union with the Church? Yes! George Washington was a member of the Church. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, which, in his youth, was the prevailing Church in Virginia. During his retirement at Mt. Vernon, after the French war, he took an active part in both the congregations of Pohick and Fairfax; in each of which he acted as a member of the consistory. He held a pew in each church and attended at both, (It seems that there was not worship in each every Sabbath,) though the distance to the first was seven, and to the latter, ten miles.

While in New York and Philadelphia he was never absent, except when indisposed, from the morning service. In Philadelphia he attended Christ's church. In 1793, while the yellow fever raged in Philadelphia, he removed with his family to Germantown. There he and his family regularly attended the German Reformed Church, whenever the service was conducted in the English language, occupying the front seat. It was also *his own* practice to attend the German service, which may perhaps show that he had some knowledge of that language.

We are told that in his first military campaigns he was careful to have religious service regularly performed in the camp. This was daily the practice even in the midst of the active scenes at the Great Meadows. "During the French war, when the government of Virginia neglected to provide chaplains for the army, he remonstrated against such an impropriety, and urged his request till they were appointed." If all this had not its ground in a deep reverence for religion, and a sense of dependence on God, then it was rank hypocrisy, and daring profanity, of either of which Washington was entirely incapable. It is, however, in entire and beautiful harmony, with his public profession of religion, and his identification with the Church.

On a day appointed by the House of Burgesses, as a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer," he writes in his diary, "Went to Church, and fasted all day"—a beautiful instance of his humble earnestness. This diary was kept for many years with much ex-

actness, and "a Sabbath day rarely occurs, in which it is not recorded that he went to Church." If there was an omission, it was caused by the weather, badness of roads, or indisposition. And yet the nearest church, as already stated, was seven miles, the other ten miles, from his residence. While attending to the first Congress he adhered to the same practice.

On the 9th of July 1776, he gave the following characteristic orders: "The honorable Continental Congress having been pleased to allow a Chaplain to each regiment, the colonels or commanding officers of each regiment are directed to procure chaplains accordingly, persons of good characters and exemplary lives, and to see that all inferior officers and soldiers pay them a suitable respect. The blessing and protection of Heaven are at all times necessary, but especially so in times of public distress and danger. The General hopes and trusts, that every officer and man will endevor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

In his orders of August 3rd 1776, he says: "That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sunday, except at the ship-yards, and on special occasions." Again, in his orders to the Brigadier Generals, May 29, 1777, he says, "Let vice and immorality of every kind be discouraged as much as possible in your brigade; and, as a chaplain is allowed to each regiment, see that the men regularly attend divine worship. Gaming of every kind is expressly forbidden, as being the foundation of evil, and the cause of many a brave and gallant officer's ruin."

On the 17th of December, 1777 he orders thus: "To-morrow being the day set apart by the honorable Congress for public thanksgiving and praise, and duty calling us all devoutly to express our grateful acknowledgments to God for the manifold blessings he has granted to us, the General directs, that the army remain in its present quarters, and that the chaplains perform divine service with their several regiments and brigades; and earnestly exhorts all officers and soldiers, whose absence is not indispensably necessary, to attend with reverence the solemnities of the day."

His orders to the army at the close of hostilities are very touching. He says, "the proclamation will be read to-morrow evening at the head of every regiment and corps in the army; after which the chaplains with the several brigades will render thanks to Almighty God for his mercies, particularly for his over-ruling the wrath of man to his own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations." April 18, 1783.

It has been observed, and by some regarded as singular, that at a certain period of his life he ceased attending to the participation of the holy communion of the Lord's Supper. The matter, however, seems easy of explanation. No doubt his great reverence for this sacrament, led him to feel that it was not possible for him, amid the tumult of the war, to make such preparation for it, as he felt that its solemnity required.

He did, however, commune once during the war; and it was under circumstances which render the incident doubly interesting. "While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped at Morristown, in New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the communion (then observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. On a morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of the church; and, after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canon of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination?' The Doctor rejoined: 'Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatever name.' The General replied, 'I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but, as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities.' The Doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."*

From what has already been said of his regular habits in attending divine worship, we may judge of the manner in which he regarded the Lord's day. When he lived in Germantown his house was all closed up on the Sabbath until the bell commenced ringing for church, when he was seen to emerge with his family, to go to the Church. While he was President he received no company on Sunday, except that of an intimate friend, Mr Tumbull, who was sometimes with him an hour in the evening. The morning he spent at Church, the afternoon alone in his own room, in the evening he was with his family; at which time he read to his family either the Bible or a sermon. His nephew, Bushrod Washington, in answer to a letter informing him of his election as a Vice President of the American Sunday School Union, says, "The Sabbath was never violated at Mount Vernon, during the life and with the permission of its former and truly Christian owner" This is much said. The respect which this great man manifested toward the Lord's Day, shows how important he regarded it to the social, civil, and religious interests of man.

Any one who reads his letters, addresses, dispatches, and orders will be surprised to find how often, and how constantly, he expresses his entire dependence upon the over-ruling Providence of God. This is the secret of his great anxiety to have a chaplain in every regiment, and his repeated directions to his subordinate officers to see that all the men regularly attend "divine service," and "reverence the solemnities."

Speaking in a letter in 1778 of the progress of the war, and of

* Sparks Vol. 12, page 155. See his ideas of religious toleration.

the success of the Americans against a powerful enemy, he says, "The hand of Providence has been so conspicious in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel, that lacks faith; and more than wicked, that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations."

His letter to his wife, informing her of his appointment by Congress as Commander-in-chief, he concludes by saying, "I shall rely confidently on that Providence, which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me."

Again: "We have abundant reasons to thank Providence for its many favorable interpositions in our behalf. It has at times been my only dependence; for all other resources seemed to have failed us." In a letter to General Armstrong, he says, "I am sure there never was a people, who had more reason to acknowledge a divine interposition in their affairs, than those of the United States; and I should be pained to believe, that they have forgotten that agency, which was so often manifested during our revolution, or that they failed to consider the omnipotence of that God, who is alone able to protect them."

Passages of this kind are of constant recurrence in his writings —passages, in which he does not merely allude to, and express his own dependence on Providence, but where he labors to convince others, and induce them to see and confess, that the help of God was their strength, and that His favor should be devoutly and gratefully acknowledged by them.

In beautiful accordance with his feeling of absolute dependence upon Providence, was his constant habit of resort to the *Throne of Grace.* Washington believed in the efficacy of prayer, and was in the constant habit of praying himself. We know that the mere fact of a person's praying at one time or another is no evidence of itself that the person is pious; else had Tom Paine been pious, for he prayed once in a storm on Lake Erie; then also would all sailors be pious, and all persons overtaken with sudden sickness, who, as the prophet says, "howl upon their beds." With Washington, however, it was a regular habit, and in harmony with his general religious character. There is as much known of his habits of prayer, as can possibly be known of any one who does not pray in the market places, and on the corners of the streets, to be seen of men.

A lady, who resided in his family for twenty years, and who was his adopted daughter, says, in speaking of his evening habits, "It was his custom to retire to his library at nine or ten o'clock, where he remained an hour before he went to his chamber. He always rose before the sun, and remained in his library until called to breakfast. I never *witnessed* his private devotions. I never *inquired* about them. I should have thought it the greatest heresy to doubt his firm belief in Christianity. His life, his writings, prove that he was a Christian. He was not one of those, who act or pray, that they may be seen of men. He communed with his God in secret."

His nephew, Mr. Lewis, says, that he had "accidentally witnessed

his private devotions in his study both morning and evening; that on these occasions, he had seen him in a kneeling posture, with a Bible open before him; and that he believed such to have been his daily practice."

During the war, "one morning at day-break an officer came to the General's quarters with despatches. As such communications usually passed through my hand, says one, I took the papers from the messenger, and directed my steps towards the General's room. I heard a voice within and paused, and distinctly recognized the voice of the General. Listening for a moment, when all was silent around, I found that he was earnestly engaged in prayer. I knew this to be his habit and therefore retired."

General Cobb says, that, "Throughout the war it was understood in his military family, that he gave a part of each day to private prayer and devotion." General Sullivan makes the same remark.

During the first Congress, of which Washington was a member, a gentleman, who was desirous of knowing which one was Washington, asked Secretary Thompson how he should be able to know him? Mr. Thompson replied, "You can easily distinguish him when Congress goes to prayer: Washington is the gentleman who kneels down." When Bishop White made the first prayer in Congress, Washington was the only one observed to kneel. Indeed in all his public and private life, there was a simplicity of earnestness, connected with an humble dependence on God, and a sincere devotion to the highest interests of men, of which the world affords no human parallel.

He always asked a blessing at his own table; this he did in a standing posture. If a clergyman was present he asked him to do it.

Mr. Watson, in his Annals of Philadelphia, relates a beautiful incident, which is here in place. "The late Isaac Potts, well known for his good sense, hospitality and urbanity, who resided at the Valley Forge near Schuylkill river, a preacher to Friends, and with whom my informant spent a few days in March 1788, informed him that at the time our army was encamped there, he one day took a walk up Valley Creek, and not far from his dam he heard a solemn voice, and walked quietly towards it; he observed General Washington's horse tied to a small sapling, and in a thicket he saw the General on his knees, praying most fervently. He halted, as he did not wish to disturb him at his devotions, and as the General spoke in a low voice, he could only now and then understand a word, but not enough to connect what he said; but he saw the tears flowing copiously down his cheeks! He retired quietly and unobserved." The Quaker came agitated to his family, and as he mentioned the incidents to his wife, he burst into a flood of tears. Long afterwards he related it, always with deep emotion, and drew forth tears from those who heard it—a proof positive that the incident was true, and that it had deeply affected him at the time. He added, in relating it, "If there is any one on this earth that the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington."

The Rev. I. Eastburn saw him in like manner at prayer near the Battle of Princeton. A female testified that she had discovered it to be his habit, while at Valley Forge, to retire to a short distance from the camp for prayer.

In proportion as Washington's spirit was imbued with reverence for God—a feeling which, as we have seen, he constantly manifested in various exercises of religious adoration and worship,—did his heart feel itself wounded at the absence, or the opposite of these feelings in others. He could not endure to hear the sacred name of God *profaned;* neither would he suffer it to be done, within the circle over which his influence and authority extended.

While he was yet comparatively a young man, in his capacity as Colonel, he gives the strictest orders against profane swearing, and declares that the guilty shall not go unpunished. "The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, without a court-martial. For the second offence, he shall be more severely punished."

Long after, at the beginning of the revolutionary war, he manifested the same abhorrence of profanity, alluding to it frequently in his orders. "The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it." Aug. 3rd, 1776. Let all profance black-throats hear it; Washington says they have neither sense nor character!

In his order of July 29th, 1779, he says: "Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom, *swearing;* notwithstanding which, with much regret the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded, by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers. Whenever he is within hearing of them, the name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking; for the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful." Thus earnest, as well as constant, are these admonitions and reproofs; showing both how deeply it wounded him, and how daring he felt it to be to that God who has said, "I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain."

Much might be said of various graces and virtues which adorned his character, which, though they are not conclusive evidences of Christian character, are nevertheless in his case radiant with new

beauty from the indwelling light and life of Him, whom he was wont to call "the divine Author of our holy religion." There is no time left us to speak of these. We may, however, remark that from such review of his writings as we found it necessary to make in the preparation of this article, we find that prominent in his character were—earnestness, tenderness of heart, benevolence, mercy, temperance, modesty, humility, reverence, gravity, truth, dignity, and quietude of spirit.

In regard to his evenness of temper an incident is related worthy of record. If it be true that he became excited unduly, his humble confession of his fault shows the true greatness of that humility which underlay it all.

"When Stuart was painting Washington's portrait, he was rallied one day by the General for his slow work. The painter protested that the picture could not advance until the canvass was dry, and that there must yet be some delay. Upon arriving the next morning, Stuart turned his canvass and discovered, to his great horror, that the picture was spoiled. "General," said he, "somebody has held this picture to the fire." Washington summoned his negro valet, Sam, and demanded of him, in great indignation, who had dared to touch the portrait. The trembling Sam replied, that chancing to overhear Washington's expression of impatience at the slowness of the work, and the response of the artist that it must be dry before he could go on, he had ventured to put the canvass before the fire. Washington, with great anger, dismissed him, and told him not to show his face again. But the next day, after Stuart had arrived and was at work, Washington rang the bell and sent for Sam. He came in abashed and trembling. The President drew a new silver watch from his pocket and said, "Come here, Sam. Take this watch, and whenever you look at it, remember that your master, in a moment of passion, said to you what he now regrets, and that he was not ashamed to confess that he had done so."

On the night of the 19th of October 1781, a hasty and joyous messenger came into Philadelphia; and soon after, an aged watchman, going upon his round with quick glad step, sung out: "Past one o'clock—and Cornwallis is taken!" The nation was in extacies of joy. Now, mark the Christian magnanimity of him, who shares most largely in the honor. "While the troops of Cornwallis were marching out of town, with cased colors, and drums beating the sad sound of defeat, Washington turned to his troops and said: "My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumph you have gained, induce you to insult a fallen enemy; let no shouting—no clamorous hazzaing, increase their mortification. It is a sufficient satisfaction to us, that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us!"

The next day he ordered that all who were under arrest should be set at liberty, and closed his order thus: "Divine service shall be performed to-morrow in the different divisions of the army; and the Commander-in-chief recommends that all the troops that are

not on duty do assist at it with a serious deportment, and that sensibility of heart, which the recollection of the surprising and particular interposition of Divine Providence in our favor, claims."

The first thing he did when the war was at an end, was to visit his aged mother! Covered with glory as with a garment, he rushed to his mother's arms, with all the simplicity of a child who has found a pearl! They talked of old times and old friends, but not a word of his renown! When, after he was absent again, the undulations of a nation's praise, rolled up to the holy retirement of HOME and MOTHER, and neighbors crowded upon her with his praises, she meekly said: "Here is too much flattery; still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him; he will not forget *himself*, though he is the subject of so much praise!" Oh what a world of holiness is a pious mother's heart!—the world, with all its subtlety cannot, thrust itself in between it and its child.

Years after this, when the Great Lafayette visited Washington's mother, she listened calmly to the praises which he lavished upon her illustrious son, and only replied: "I am not surprised at what George has done; for he was always a good boy." Hear it, boys! He was always a good boy. Give us good boys, and we will have good men!

After he had been elected President, he went once more to see his mother. When he was about to leave her, he said that as soon as he could be relieved of those cares which necessarily attend the outset of a new government, he would visit her again. She interrupted him: "You will see me no more! My great age warns me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God that I may be somewhat prepared for a better! Go, George, my son! and perform your duties, and may the blessing of God, and that of a mother, be with you always." She cast her arms around his neck, and resting his head upon the shoulder of his aged parent, he shed tears of filial love! They parted—to meet in heaven!

The end, which comes to all, came also in due time to him. Tread silently! Tread softly! Tread reverently. 'Tis the "chamber where the good man meets his fate, quite on the verge of heaven!"

> "The last end
> Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
> Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
> Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft!"

On the sunny banks of the Potomac, nine miles from Washington city, is Mount Vernon, and there, in the side of a little hill, is the Tomb of Washington. A small arched excavation, with a brick breast-work, over-hung with wild vines, and an iron-grated door in front, marks the good man's resting place.

In front of it, towards the south, lies a deep wooded valley. To the left, along the slope of the hill is a thicket, where the grape vine and green brier, creeping upon the wild shrubbery, make many a shaded summer bower. To the north, and around the hill is the family mansion, where the great man spent but a few

days of happy retirement. To the east, and far below, the deep blue Potomac rolls by in tranquil glory. Fit scenes are these to embosom the hallowed spot, where the father of his country sleeps; and where thousands of grateful hearts find their dearest earthly shrine.

From all these scenes of beauty the visitor turns, in silent reverence, toward the tomb itself. A marble pannel above the door attracts his attention. It has an inscription upon it. What?

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE: HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE: AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH, AND BELIEVETH IN ME, SHALL NEVER DIE."

Jesus, the Saviour, is the author of the Epitaph of Washington! He died the last year in the *century*, the last *month* in the *year*, the last day in the *week*, and the last hour of the *day*, 12 o'clock, Saturday night, December 31st, 1799. He died? We call it death. It is so when viewed from the mortal side Viewed from yonder side it is *birth!* As "an angel's arm could not snatch him from the grave, legions of angels cant confine him there."

So sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all his country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck his hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands his knell is rung,
By forms unseen, his dirge is sung;
His honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps his clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

We have already detained the reader beyond our ordinary habit; and we make no application of the subject. If you have not instinctively applied the facts and principles elicited as we passed along, our end has not been attained, and could not now be secured by any after reflections on our part. Have we not before us the picture of one who was at once a patriot and a Christian? Is not such a life a proper subject for study at a time when impiety has grown to Treason, and Treason has ripened in Rebellion? May the God of our Fathers show mercy to the Fatherland; and imbue the minds and hearts of Rulers and citizens with the humble piety and pure patriotism of the Father of his country!

Kindness to Parents.—Sweeter praise can never be than that of a dying parent, as he blesses the hand that led him from sorrow to sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold brow, damp with the spray of Jordan. And dear the thought as your tears fall upon the sod that covers the gray-headed father, that you were very kind and loving to him; that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly, have they been, from the time that Adam and Eve gazed on their first-born, as he slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and the cherub arm were all mysterious to them.

DEATHS OF THE APOSTLES.

Which of Christ's disciples suffered martyrdom? What deaths did they die? and what are their emblems?

There are various accounts. We can only offer that which appears to be the best supported by historic testimony.

Paul, beheaded at Rome.

Peter, crucified at Rome.

Andrew, bound to a cross till he died, at Patras.

James the Less, thrown from a pinnacle of the temple, and beaten to death by clubs at Jerusalem.

John, banished to be hanged against a pillar at Phrygia.

Thomas, run through the body at Coromandel.

Matthew, by the sword in Ethiopia.

Matthias, first stoned and then beheaded at Colchis.

James the Elder, beheaded at Jerusalem.

Simon, supposed to have suffered martyrdom at Mauritania.

Jude, shot to death with arrows in Persia.

Bartholomew, frayed alive in Albania.

The emblems by which the figures of the apostles may be identified are said to be—

Paul, a sword; Peter, the keys; Andrew a saltier, *i. e.* a St. Andrew's cross; James the Less, a fuller's pole; John, a cup and winged serpent; Thomas, a lance; Philip, a staff, the upper end forming a cross; Matthew, a hatchet; Matthias, a battle-axe; James the Elder, a pilgrim's staff and a gourd-bottle; Simon, a saw; Jude, a club; Bartholomew, a knife.

The truth of Holy Writ is confirmed by the deaths of the apostles, as not one of them died by poison, although the administering of poison was at that period so prevalent a crime.—Mark. xvi. 18.

Heraclion, who is quoted by Clemens Alexandrinus, maintains that Matthew, Thomas, Philip and Levi, were exempt from martyrdom.

It may be well to observe, that Levi was one of the names given to Judas, to distinguish him from the apostate. He is therefore called Jude, Judas, Levi, Lebbeus and Thaddeus.

Peter is also known by the names of Simon and of Cephas.

Simon is sometimes spoken of as Simon the Canaanite, and as Simon Zelotes.

Bartholomew is supposed to be the same person who is elsewhere called Nathanael; for St. John never mentions Bartholomew in the list of Apostles, and the other Evangelists in their lists make no mention of Nathanael.

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BY MABEL.

Blessings, O Father, pour—
Rich blessings on his precious head.
Guard and guide him evermore,
And may Thy Holy Spirit shed
Bright beams upon his thoughtful hour;
That all his pure and lofty theme
May with thy Spirit's influence teem.

Beloved Father!
I ask not fame's bright gilded name
To crown his holy mission here—
To win Thee souls, be this his fame;
His praise, to dry the orphan's tear.
Fortune, power; be his spirit tried
By these, or absence, at thy will;
But let Thy peace with him abide,
Guarding his inmost life from ill
With its pure pinions still.

Let such a sense of Thee
Within his bosom ever dwell,
That wheresoe'er he move or be
His pious walk and mien may tell
His cup well filled beyond the skies,
Where fountains of pure waters rise;
And when Thou call'st him from his sphere
Fill his last hour with joyful trust,
That so with lamp still burning clear
All wavering, doubting thoughts be hushed;
And he his Saviour meet,
And be forever blest.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Diary kept during the Rebel Occupation of Frederick, Md. New York, Anson D. F. Randolph, pp. 43.

This is an interesting pamphlet prepared by Lewis H. Steiner, M.D., Inspector of the Sanitary Commission. It will be read with great interest years to come as furnishing a graphic picture of those days of darkness during which the Rebels swept through that part of Maryland. His description of General McClellan's entrance into Frederick is intensely interesting. The whole pamphlet abounds in lively and graphic dsecriptions.

THE INDEPENDENT.—This weekly Religious, Literary, and Family Journal, edited by REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, REV. JOSHUA LEAVITT, D. D., and THEODORE TILTON, having a circulation, it is stated, more than double that of any similar newspaper in the world, gives notice in its issue of the first of January, that its subscription price will not be increased nor its size diminished—that the same terms, viz: Two Dollars per Annum, will be continued notwithstanding the great advance in white paper. The same array of distinguished contributors, including HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, REV. MESSRS. HATFIELD AND CUYLER, HORACE GREELEY, WHITTIER the Poet, and others, also, a SERMON by MR. BEECHER, will continue to enrich its columns.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

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A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

APRIL, 1863.

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☞ Continued on 3d page of cover.

The Guardian.

VOL. XIV.---APRIL, 1863.---No. 4.

PAUL'S OLD CLOAK.

BY D. G.

"The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."—PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

This, by some, may be regarded as a trivial circumstance, a thought of the Apostle by the wayside, and so far out upon the edges of revelation as scarcely to bear a repetition. We cannot agree with the feeling that gives expression to this sentiment, either in whole or in part. Though it be not as central in the system of Revelation as many other parts, it is nevertheless a real and essential part of it, and as such, necessary to complete it as a whole. The eye is not the heart in the human system, yet the eye is not regarded as unessential because it is not the heart.

We know of nothing that God has made which is trivial in the usual sense of that term. To say or feel so, is to disparage the wisdom of God in their creation; and who are we that we should thus sit in judgment upon the products of the Almighty! and especially when our thoughts concern the Revelation which He has seen fit to make to man through the inspiration of His Spirit. Of all God's creations, this must be regarded the highest and most perfect—a product most literally filled with His wisdom, and therefore infallible in every part. Can we suppose anything to exist there which is unnecessary? Can we believe that anything was permitted to find its way there,—which is so trivial as to lower the dignity of other portions which are professedly of great weight and essential importance—too external and accidental to be mentioned and dwelt upon in an earnest way? Surely not.

Connected with the inward harmony of divine thought, which this passage in the chapter was essential to complete, there is also

the idea of the useful, the profitable, the edifying, which it plainly carries in it. There was some point beyond the mere finish which it would give to the chapter, in the Apostle's mind, to be reached by it; and this was not the mere individual advantage which the apostle would derive in coming again into possession of his cloak, books and parchments. If the intrinsic value of these things is alone considered, it might be a small thing indeed; and still more trivial to think that the benefit would be limited wholly to the apostle alone.

We cannot regard this passage as referring to the intrinsic value of the things here mentioned, nor as referring in any sense exclusively to the person of St. Paul. To limit it thus, would preclude all good reason for its being recorded permanently in the word of God. If beyond the Apostle's person it have no meaning, then why should it be where it is at all? If these things belonged exclusively to his private life, then why this public mention? Then it must also follow, that from the time at which he actually received these things, these words have been so much useless lumber in the Divine Revelation—without meaning, object or force of any character for any of the ages which have since read them and then passed into eternity!

We cannot so think or feel. The very thought would be a stab at the divinity which blazes from the Bible. There is a higher value than the intrinsic attaching to these things, and a larger number than merely the Apostle to whom their benefit is designed to accrue. *Therefore* they stand in the sacred canon of Scripture—and therefore they speak to all nations and individuals that are blessed with the Word of God.

Let us mention some of the profitable lessons which they inculcate.

The Apostle was now in Rome prosecuting his work with the same earnestness that ever characterized him. From this point he wrote this request to Timothy—his son in the Gospel—to bring with him, as he passed through Troas, his cloak, books and parchments.

The first useful lesson taught here is *economy.* Be careful of small things—the great are more capable of caring for themselves. A cloak, though it be of trifling worth in itself, or to the person who may own it, is yet not to be recklessly thrown away. St. Paul sends for it at a great distance, and was willing to go to considerable trouble in order to get it back. That he was poor and therefore needed it, there is no doubt. But this fact can make no difference in the principle. If he had been rich, he would have been in fact under no less obligation to be economical. The reckless waste of anything is sinful. It is throwing away what might be saved, and given away as a charity, to some good cause or purpose. We own nothing for which we are not responsible, and nothing which is not designed to accomplish some good end either in regard to ourselves or others. To waste it is not to benefit ourselves, or to do good to others, but to thwart the purpose of God

in its bestowment. This is sinful, wicked, however easily we might afford it so far as we ourselves are concerned. Morally, no one can afford it, because it is wrong, and no pecuniary ability can justify a man in doing a wrong either to himself or others. If we are wealthy, and therefore able to be liberal in our gifts to the cause of God, we are still obligated to be economical in order that our liberality may be still greater. If we are poor—though we may feel the duty to economize more sensibly—it is yet in fact no greater. If we expect God to bless our basket and store, we must learn to be careful with what we have. Riches are no less a blessing of God than poverty, but it is seldom that we see the wasteful grow rich, whilst it is very common to hear of the liberal, on the principle of charity, growing into great wealth. Charity has a promise, but prodigality a curse. That which is wasted in a wanton way is destroyed, whilst that which is given in charity, is like bread cast upon the water, which will return in due time and increased measure into the lap of the giver.

These facts are practical, however ornamental the passage of Scripture may be supposed to be, out of which they grow—and useful, especially in the present times. To be wasteful now, is to be more wicked than in many other times, because it is to sin against many and very solemn admonitions. But to be economical now—pleading these admonitions, as an excuse for a want of liberality to the cause of God, is to sin no less deeply before God. This is to hold the truth in unrighteousness—it is to comply with the duty of economy, in order that we may neglect the duty of charity, instead of qualifying ourselves more fully to be liberal with God and His cause.

This duty to be economical, is often thus made a mere pretext to set back the claims of religion and ease conscience. No effort to gain worldly wealth is more sure to be disappointed than this. This is to waste God's gifts upon the worst feelings of our nature, our avarice, vanity, pride. It has honesty, conscience and God against it; and if it is permitted to succeed in the mere item of accumulation of silver and gold, the sequel will be made to show, that its entire absence were better—far better, than its presence. Economy, as a duty, and with a view to do good, be generous and act out the noble grace of charity, is a distinguished virtue, at all times, but especially when times are pressing and liberality is needed; but economy as a cloak of covetousness, is very different from St. Paul's cloak, and carries in it the power of a great curse. In this care of little things, on the principle on which St. Paul acted in reference to his cloak, is shown the true moral greatness of the man; for he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greatest.

This care for the cloak may illustrate an attachment to old things, whatever their intrinsic value, which is always highly commendable wherever it exists. Paul's cloak was his defence from many a a storm while engaged in making his long missionary journies. It had become dear to him by the service it had already rendered,

and still more so by the sacred associations which were connected with it. To him it looked like an old, well-tried friend, reminding him of stripes, prisons, stones, shipwreck and robbers, and also of bright visions and cheering discoveries of God's grace. He could not think of losing it. No other could serve the same purpose for the remainder of his days. These associations seemed to enter the very texture of this old cloak, to fill up its crevices and make it more compact, warm and comfortable.

There is more morality in this than we at first perceive. It indicates a warm and grateful heart, an ardent and faithful attachment, a deep aesthetical nature. You can trust the friendship of such a man. Thus we become attached to old pictures and old pieces of furniture. On this principle, you could not get the aged father, whose aesthetical nature is developed, to exchange his old mansion, however far behind the style and dilapidated, for a new one, however grand and attractive; nor would he allow you to remove those old pieces of furniture for new ones of a modern make. The reason is, that the old becomes sacred—the occupant and the mansion have grown old together. They have a common history which runs back through many years, and a thousand sacred reminiscences, which the new have not. He that lives simply in the worldly principle, may understand very little of this, and appreciate less; but for him whose moral and spiritual nature is cultivated, it is a very different thing. In every nook and corner of the old homestead, there is a box of precious ointment for the aged—more precious than all the grandeur which you might cast around them.

Thus history itself becomes a sacred interest. We love that which reaches far back, perhaps into happier days, and brings up to our minds the home scenes of former times—the smiles that sat upon the face of loved ones—the social meetings and pleasant partings—the joyous songs, and solemn prayers; and if they be scenes of sadness, whose memory is kept alive by old things, it makes them only the more sacred. Who would exchange the plain and unadorned room in which a tender child, a brother or sister, or a companion, struggled in pain and finally died, for one barren of all these impressive associations, however beautiful and grand? The aged would turn away from the last with an inward loathing, and say—"This may suit those who have no heart history—who live only in the present; but give me the chamber, the mansion, the old tree, whose every nook, and chair, and window and bough has a voice from the silent past for the deepest ear of my nature." Here are heart communings, which the new would break—here are media leading to the past which the modern do not and cannot have.

All this is highly commendable, especially in the aged—and all this is commended to us, under an inspired form, by the attachment of Paul to his old cloak.

Thus we are attached to old churches—old Bibles—old Hymn Books—old tunes—and old prayers. To allow ourselves to grow

indifferent in regard to these, is a bad indication—it is to break the bonds of healthful conservatism, and to fall, without hope of salvation, into the fatal powers of fanaticism. It is supposed by some, that to change these as often as possible—to have new books, and new tunes, and varied prayers, would be more attractive, and carry with them a greater power. We regard this as a great mistake—a view that is ignorant of our true nature. These may attract for the moment; but they have no true, lasting power. They are like the voice that speaks from the throat, but not from the deep, expanding chest. The past speaks not through them—they come from no scenes of sacred association—nor can they receive any hearty response from within. It is the old that enshrines true power, because the old carries in it all the varied riches of the past, and this is demonstrated wherever it is steadily maintained. Suppose the old phraseology of the Bible were thus changed. Would the new be stronger? We know the attachment there exists even to its obsolete words. Though their original meaning is fled, yet we like their form and are attracted by their sound as no new words could attract. Paul would not be willing to exchange his old and well-worn cloak for any of modern style, that might have been pressed upon his acceptance. He would have said: *The old is better.*

Thus it is with the Catechism of the Church, especially the Heidelberg Catechism. It has come down from the Reformation, three hundred years—and has grown sacred by age. Who would dare suggest a change, even in any minute particular? It is three hunded years older than its critic. And still more sacred is the Creed which it enshrines, which carries us back as a Church and links us with the age of the apostles. Who would be reckless enough to venture to criticise it? Yet from the inaccurate manner in which it is used by some, we are compelled to conclude, that all have either not read the reverent care of Paul for his cloak, or having read it, have failed to see and feel its sense; for it is quite manifest that by their paraphrases of the form of sound words, they are very little impressed by its age, and believe that, had they the work to do, they could, from the moment, make a much better Apostles' Creed. But, whatever merits such new products might have, we, remembering Paul and his cloak, would say—*the old is better*—it carries in it the past, and has grown rich and delicious, like old wine.

The circumstance teaches also a true trust in Providence as distinguished from a false trust. *Bring with thee my cloak.* Paul felt that even for him God would not perform miracles by which to supply him with what he could get in an ordinary way. We have no right to look to God for that which our own care, economy and industry ought to secure for us. Prayer and individual energy must go together. Separated, both are false, and neither can succeed in the true sense of the word. Prayer for the poor and for the spread of the Gospel, or for personal blessings, is not answered, unless the person praying is found willing afterwards to do instrumentally what he asks God to do efficiently. Paul trusted in

God to provide for him, but, at the same time, took every precaution, even down to very small things, to provide for himself. When the cloak arrived, he no doubt thanked God for it, and regarded it as His gift.

But he requested Timothy also to bring with him his Books, which he had left at Troas. What! did the Apostle Paul need books! Yes, truly: though he was inspired, yet was he not independent of study, of mental application. St. Paul was strongly attached to his library. This was, in all probability, not very large, but he regarded each book as a friend, and made it act the part of a soldier in the spiritual warfare in which he was engaged. He was a student, ardently fond of his books, which is shown in the fact that he carried them with him, which implies that he studied them whenever he could find opportunity; and though inspired by the Spirit of God, his discourses were none the less like beaten oil, the result of careful reading, deep meditation and earnest thought.

Here also we have from this passage a useful and practical lesson. What, in the light of it, must we think of those, who have not Paul's gift of inspiration, and yet denounce all books, all colleges and seminaries, all education, and boast in their ability to teach the mysteries of revelation to the people? To say the least, they are not imitators of St. Paul. Happily, that the age of such glaring fanaticism is passing away. He that would not give out darkness for light, confusion for harmony, error—soul destroying error, for truth; he who would properly unfold the will of God, and lead the people to wells of blessing, and at last to heaven, must not only have the guidance of the Holy Spirit, but the aids of his books—he must keep up a constant and earnest study.

Here all those are instructed, who often wonder why the minister must study so much—why he spends so much of his time in his study, and who think often that it could be spent more profitably out among the people. Such should remember St. Paul and his books. To speak to the people in the name of God and in regard to interests which concern and will affect them for time and eternity—to do this properly every Lord's day—is not a thing of small account. Well did Paul ask, though inspired, Who is sufficient for these things? and in his concern for his books, we may see how earnestly he labored to prepare himself at least proximately for the solemn work.

Here is also a profitable hint for the people. They also, if they would arrive at a true knowledge of God's word, need books—should be a reading people—should spend much of their time in study. To depend on God's Spirit to give you, in an extraordinary way, what you may get by your own efforts through reading and reflection, is a false, fanatic, delusive dependence. Ignorance thus induced, is never eradicated by the Holy Spirit. They live in it—become confirmed in it more every day—and finally they die in it. As Paul felt—God only helps those who are willing to help themselves. This is true mentally, morally and spiritually, as well as

naturally. As steel sharpens steel by a rubbing contact, so mind sharpens mind by the contact reached in reading the thoughts and investigations of each other. Every Christian should have a select library—should be deeply attached to each book—should have them always near at hand, so that they may aid his reflections upon the subjects of the Book and Books.

Finally—and this especially—Paul desired Timothy to bring with him the *parchments*. These contained doubtless his own composition—his epistles—his sermons. Though written by himself—though coming from his own mind, he was yet not independent of them. They contained more than his own. The Holy Ghost had a part in them, and it was profitable for him to study them afresh every day and every hour. Thus he grew in knowledge. But ESPECIALLY the parchments.

Here is another practical lesson. In our library the first book should be the Bible. It should be *the* book. All others should point to it as the stars to the sun. It should be the *especial* book, and the book especially studied.

Remember Paul and his cloak, his books and parchments.

SUNSHINE.

If there's a pleasant little nook
  Where all is green and fair,
Thou mayst be very sure indeed
  The sunshine has been there.

If there's a tree that's laden with
  Ripe fruit—fine, rich and rare—
You never need to doubt the fact
  That sunshine has been there.

If there's a field of golden grain
  That is not scarce nor spare,
Look up to God with thankful hearts,
  For sending sunshine there.

If there's a face that's glad with smiles,
  The heart may know its care,
But broadly shining over all
  You may see sunshine there.

If there's a joyous, happy band,
  Whose hearts are full of mirth,
Dark clouds dare throw no shadows there
  Where sunshine's round the hearth.

God bless the sunshine on the hill,
  The sunshine in the heart,
It warmly through our heart doth thrill,
  And dulls the sharpest dart.

SELF-EXHAUSTING CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

To an ignorant person, even though he be a Christian, there is always a part of the Scriptures unexplored. He cannot master all. He does perhaps not absolutely need all—he certainly does not need all to be saved. His faith clusters around some prominent and plain passages, which the character of his early training has made prominent to him. In these he lives, and from them draws his instruction and consolation, while the fields of divine revelation that lie around and beyond these seem to him to be not so nearly related to his faith and religious life.

But is this the case with the simple hearted Christian alone? Is not something similar to this true of many, whose positions rank them among theologians? Though in their case it results from a somewhat different cause. It is not his limited knowledge which, to him, makes some portions of the word of God prominent, and leaves others in the shade; it results from the particular system in which he stands: from the stand-point from which he views and studies the Scriptures. According as he makes the teachings of any given class of passages central in the system of his faith, will other passages lie in more or less distant and obscure periphery around him. Whether these portions which to him lie distant, and have therefore to him less importance, are such in truth, depends entirely upon whether his stand-point is the true centre of the divine system. If his system be one-sided, having its centre in what is really the periphery, then a class of passages, which are really central, prominent and important, will lie to him in distant and dim obscurity. He will feel little interest in them.

That he should be a biblical critic, and thus feel bound to carry earnest and studious examinations into regions that seem to lie beyond the range of his system, does not help the case. For in that event he will approach all such Scripture from his own side. Unconciously perhaps, and not dishonestly, but still under the silent bondage of his own system, he will distort them by an arbitrary exegesis, and thus, by an unintended, but real violence, make them sound in harmony with his system, and turn a forced friendly face toward the centre where he himself stands. It is just as when a man lives in any given place in a city or country. He becomes familiar with the streets, places of business, resources, and lay of the land around him, and nearest to him; and though it may be perfectly plain that he is not in the true centre, yet he is in constant danger of practicing upon himself an imposition, under the power of which he regards himself and his own location as the true

centre of life and of its advantages; and thus what his location makes him most familiar with will seem to him prominent and important, while what is really far more so lies comparatively uncared for beyond his interest and concern.

While thus, theoretic or scientific theology lies open to error from this source, there is the same danger in the sphere of what is called applied theology or practical religion. This interest, and those most ardently and sincerely engaged in its behalf, may be sundered from its true sources of power and life; so as to move by a false momentum, act from wrong motives, and have their zeal fed from wrong sources. Their zeal may be self-impelled. It may receive all its strength from party spirit; or it may be actuated by the attraction of selfish ends. In this way much, or even all of what is true may lie out of view, and be left behind.

In this way the very abundance and vigor of our practical zeal may be the very means of carrying us away from the true ground and source of practical piety. Passages, principles, and teachings of the Scriptures, which have truly a fundamental and central significance, may be so transcended by an intense but one-sided practical zeal and spirit, as to seem apparently effete or petrified, having no living connection with, much less opening, the true sources of the practical religious life. Thus a practical religious life may be cut off from its true source, and be made to rest in a centre that is itself but a subordinate dependency in the periphery, and may thus stimulate and regulate itself by Scripture passages made prominent by a false use, when they are not so in reality. In this way, under the power of an unbalanced centrifugal force, the practical spirit may seem to be most active, when in fact it is only most wild and restless; may seem to be taking the kingdom by force, when in reality it is only playing comet, or going off as the rocket, having fire in itself, but bound to no constant supply from the earth it leaves, and destined to exhaust itself in its own blaze, returning to its place of starting, ashes and burnt stick. Thus practical zeal, may overlook central truths, and accustom itself to an extremely practical range of Scripture teachings, and thus lose truth by a false zeal in its practice. A zeal that is not from knowledge, or only from partial knowledge, and not according to knowledge, is as a stream that should undervalue its fountain in favor of its hasty flow.

Perhaps we shall best illustrate what we have said, and farther amplify it by a comparison. In civil worldly affairs an aggressive pioneer spirit is necessary to enlarge the inhabited area of a nation, and to develop its resources, as well as to benefit its citizens. There is, however, great danger, that the higher interests of civilization, of social and religious life, will be sacrificed to the pioneer spirit. The danger is, that in its zeal it will venture too far beyond the humanities of a higher and more refined and solid civilization, give itself up too entirely to the independent, unrestrained, and unmodified elements of a purely practical life, so as to be subdued, by what it went forth to subdue, and thus merge silently but surely

into the semi-barbarism into the borders of which it had designed to make inroads. Thus it may gradually lose the proper estimate of many interests belonging to a higher form of civilization, sacrificing them to a practical zeal, which itself, in its legitimate activity, depends upon its living connection with those higher interests. Intellectual activity will thus yield to physical activity; religion, especially in its higher interests of doctrine and culture, will yield to material interests; the aesthetical will give place to the utilitarian rough and ready spirit; and all the graces of cultivated social life will be left behind for the rude bluntness of the nearest way in all intercourse.

Is it not so in the case of practical religion, when sundered from the deeper and more conservative dependencies furnished by the higher, the sublime ethics and aesthetics of the religious life? The extra-mission breaks with the intro-mission. The centrifugal outweighs the centripital. The aggressive, unconserved by the central life, topples forward into confusion. Instead of being life, which always holds to, and rests in, its centre and source, it becomes a mere influence, the activity of which goes with the pressure, and asks not how long it shall be sustained by what at present moves it.

The words spoken of the Congregational churches by a master mind, will perhaps convey to minds standing in an different system, far more depth and solemnity of meaning than they did to that of the author, or will to those to whom they were more immediately addressed. "We have some points, in which we compare favorably with other Christians, and Christians of other times, but our style of piety is sadly deficient, in many repects, and that to such a degree that we have little cause for self-congratulation. With all our activity and boldness of movement, there is a certain hardness and rudeness, a want of sensibility to things that do not lie in action, which cannot be too much deplored, or too soon rectified. We hold a piety of conquest rather than of love. A kind of public piety, that is strenuous and fiery on great occasions, but wants the beauty of holiness, wants constancy, singleness of aim, loveliness, richness, blamelessness, and—if I may add another term not so immediately religious, but one that carries, by association, a thousand religious qualities—wants domesticity of character; wants them, I mean, not as compared with the perfect standard of Christ, but as compared with other examples of piety that have been given in former times, and others that are given now. For some reason, we do not make a Christian atmosphere about us—do not produce the conviction that we are living unto God. There is a marvelous want of savor in our piety. It is a flower of autumn, colored as highly as it need be to the eye, but destitute of fragrance."*

* Bushnell's Christian Nurture, pp. 13, 14.

No statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his window, is to be compared to the little expectant face pressed against the window pane watching for his father, when his day's labor is done-

NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS.

Rom. 12 : 11.

BY Z.

If the injunction of the Apostle had ceased with the heading of our article, no complaint could be made of the spirit of the present age. So far as diligence in business is concerned, there can be no doubt about the strict and literal obedience of the people of this generation. They are diligent to a fault. Early and late, from year's beginning to year's end, the ceaseless hurry of business is urged onward by all, and he who dares to raise his voice against this endless toil, this wearisome drudgery, is scoffed at as a dunce, or looked upon as a laggard.

To do the heaviest trade, to make the most money, is the measure of a man's character or worth, and he, who fails in this, is too often regarded as without either character or diligence—is marked as slothful.

To attain to this false standard of worth thus raised up by the world, men do not hesitate to use any means within their reach. It is true, that many business men are unexceptionally moral in the eyes of the world. They will not tell you a direct lie, nor will they cheat you in such a manner as to lay themselves open to public censure. In all their dealings with you, they may be honest so far as positive action is concerned, but negatively they will allow themselves to be guilty of the very acts they would spurn, if required to engage in them actively and positively. They will be silent when they should speak, and thus allow you to deceive yourself. They will allow you to engage in a transaction, which they know will result to their advantage and your loss, and never open their mouths to utter a word of warning. This is negative rascality, and the world is full of it. It is not only full of it, but it is excused and justified by the majority of men, upon the ground that every man is bound to look to his own interest, and is not bound to care for or defend that of his neighbor. It is the old cry of the first murderer, "Am I my brother's keeper," set to modern music with modern variations.

We have not started out, however, with the idea of only showing how this injunction of the Apostle is abused and perverted, but also to give what we conceive to be its true meaning and import.

In the first place, we state as a truth, that diligence in business is not always crowned with marked or great success. A man's diligence cannot be measured by his increasing wealth. He may be diligent in the fullest sense of the term; he may toil hard and

earnestly, and yet in the end die poor. His surroundings may be of such a nature, that great or even moderate success is impossible. Unfair competitions may perplex and harass him. Dishonest creditors may defraud him, and many other things may occur to prevent his success, which are not in the least the result of any slothfulness on his part. All that is required of him is to be not slothful, but diligent; or to use another word, faithful in business. Solomon says, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," but almost immediately follows with this injunction, "Labor not to be rich."

Our holy Religion, in treating of this, as of every other subject relating to the duties and work of life, shows to us the true rule and displays perfect wisdom. It is not an abstract something, not a mere code of laws outside of man; but it is a living reality, which entered the world in the person of our blessed Lord, and passes as a life power into the heart of every true believer, making him partaker of that same life and spirit, which dwells in Christ, and which manifested itself in His works of mercy and love to all within his reach, whilst He dwelt amongst men. This new life sanctifies all the desires and passions of men. It does not only turn them in the way of love and worship towards God, as their Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, but it compels them to regard and practice business, in a different spirit from the unregenerate man of the world.

In the unregenerate man, we have manifested the spirit of self-aggrandizement, the glorification of self above all things else. He lives for himself and for this world, and if in deference to the fashion of the times, he outwardly respects Christianity, and acknowledges Jesus as the Son of God, he has no idea that God in any sense concerns himself about the daily acts of his business life. To him God is something afar off—a great power which made the world and all that it contains, and, having made man, dropped him on the earth to follow his own inclination and the desires of his own heart for a few short years, and then will take him to an eternity of bliss, if he has not been very bad, and will only send away from the glory of His presence very low criminals. It is impossible, so such an one thinks, that God can take notice of every little act of his daily or business life; it would be beneath His dignity All that He requires is for man to acknowledge Him in a general way, to give his assent to the truths or facts declared in the Bible, and not to be desperately bad or immoral, and in the end He will receive him into heaven.

We know that this picture is not overdrawn. We have met many such persons in business life, and speak that which we do know. This spirit ignores Christianity. It sinks it to the level of a mere system of laws—a code of morals for the government of man's outward conduct. It denies it as a life, and in fact and in spirit sets aside the necessity of the incarnation, of the sufferings and death of Christ. It is not as good as Judaism; for that looked forward to the coming of the Messiah in the flesh; but this spirit

looks forward to nothing better in the future, but is satisfied with the dry husks of its own morality.

The motive for diligence in business, in such person as we have described, is a purely selfish one. They are diligent, that they may acquire riches. This is the end and aim of all their efforts. Were they certain that at the end of their lives, they would still be poor, could it be proven to them beyond doubt, that their diligence would not lead to wealth, they would soon sink into slothfulness. It is the hope of ultimate success—the almost mathematical certainty of wealth in a given time that prevents them from being slothful; take away this hope and all their diligence would vanish with it.

The Christian business man stands upon different ground, and moves in a different life. He recognizes the right of God to govern and direct him in all his ways. He believes that he is not his own, but that he belongs to his faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, and all his acts, both in and out of business, are ordered to promote His glory. Selfishness has no place properly in his heart. Believing that he is not his own, he cannot labor for his own advantage selfishly, but must so live, that all that he does may ultimately inure to the advantage of the great kingdom, of which he forms a living part. To him, humanity is not a gathering together of separate and independent parts; but an organic whole, into which the leaven of Christianity has come in the person of Jesus Christ, whose power has reached him and transformed him into a new creature. Moving and acting in this new life, no act of his that is prejudicial to the interest or welfare of his fellow man can result in bringing honor or glory to the giver of this life, and he cannot do it without doing violence to his own being. It is no longer philanthrophy, that prompts him to do well by his fellow man—to respect his rights and minister to his wants; but a purer, higher and holier feeling—the power of the new life he has in Christ. Regarding humanity as an organic whole and Christ as the head of the new creation within it, and himself as a living member of this new creation, he does all things for Christ's sake, that praise and glory may flow to Him. For Him he is diligent in business, because He has enjoined it. Riches or poverty are alike to him, because he knows that nothing comes by chance, but that all things are ordered and directed by the hand and will of Him in whom he lives. For Christ's sake he respects the rights of others because He has commanded that he should do unto others, as he would that others should do unto him. For Christ's sake he relieves the wants of the poor, visits and comforts the sick, and smooths the pillow of the dying.

He makes all things subordinate to the one great object of glorifying in his life and actions day after day the God whom he serves, and who cares for him so much, that without His will not even so much as a hair can fall from his head. It is this new life which has apprehended him, that constrains him to be honest in all his dealings. He will neither lie in words, nor suffer his silence to lie for him. He will not lay a trap to cheat or defraud another, nor will he take advantage of his ignorance or weakness. He cannot

in the very nature of things, be a speculator or gambler—synonomous terms if properly understood—because he will not take that for which he does not render a fair equivalent.

A strange notion prevails at the present day, even among sincere and earnest Christians. It is, that a Christian can scarcely be a successful business man. This idea is equally as false as the one noticed at the beginning of this article, that of measuring the diligence of a man by his success. To suppose that a man cannot be a consistent Christian and a successful business man, is to doubt the power of God to bestow His gifts wherever he pleases. In the case of His people it is He that maketh rich and maketh poor. He has power over the hearts of men and can turn them as He will, and by this same power, He can give trade and prosperity to any of His children, whom it may please Him so to bless. That all Christian business men do not get wealth, is no argument against this truth; because there are but few indeed to whom riches are a blessing. Very few after God has given them riches, have grace enough to use them for His glory and the advancement of His kingdom, and their riches only in that case become to them a snare and a trap to lead them to destruction. Thus it is always in mercy, that riches are withheld from earnest, faithful Christians, who fail to secure wealth, although faithful and diligent in business; but this is far from proving that it is impossible for a Christian to be a successful business man. It only proves, that it is not in accordance with the merciful designs of his Heavenly Father to make him rich; but if he has been diligent in the position in which he was placed, his reward will be none the less because he has not succeeded in laying up treasures on earth. Diligence in business for the Christian (and the Holy Scriptures are not addressed, in this sense, to any body else), does not consist merely in growing rich, or in acquiring a name for smartness or shrewdness among men. It is being earnest and faithful in whatever place or position is allotted you, and in endeavoring as "much as in you lieth," to make it work in every sense for the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE BABY WALKS, THE BABY WALKS.

Joy fills the house; the baby stands
Alone upon her feet.
With quivering lip, she lifts her little hands,
And wonderingly doth gaze into her mother's face;
Thus timidly she starts upon life's fitful race.

How many hopes, how many fears,
How many smiles, how many tears,
Hang o'er her dangerous walk through coming years!
Almighty God! to Thee the child is given;
Guide home her weary steps at last to heaven.

THE PHEBE FAMILY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The ancestoral Phebe was an eminent and prominent Christian, and member of the Church. "A servant of the church which is at Cenchrea." The original word for "servant" is *diakonon*, which means a *deaconess*. This was an office in the primitive church held by females, corresponding with the office of Deacon as still filled by men. The Deaconesses were ordained to their office by the laying on of hands. The prayer used in that service is still extant, and may be seen in the Apostolic Constitutions. The office of Deaconess continued in the Latin Church down to the 11th century, and in the Greek till the 12th century. It is a great pity that it was ever lost; and the late endeavor to revive and restore it, made in the Church both in Europe and America, is worthy of all commendation.

The Deaconesses attended to female candidates for Baptism; instructed female catechumens; visited females that were sick, or prisoners, administering to them the instructions and consolations of the Gospel. It was their duty to seek such access to the female portion of the Church and the world around, in instances of misfortune and distress, as only their own sex could find and relieve, without affording occasion for scandal among the enemies of Christianity. They were hence chosen from among those more advanced in life, such as had attained the age of forty to sixty, and most generally of the class of widows; and in any case only the most sober, pious, and experienced were admitted to the office. The deaconesses were, in short, the spiritual mothers of the Church, whose maternal and cheering influences reached many humble and cheerless abodes of poverty and sorrow, carrying to depressed hearts those consolations which Christianity alone can bestow.

To such an office had Phebe attained. In such confidence did she stand. For such a sphere of labor and usefulness did her Christian character and spirit fit her.

Nor did she merely hold this office. She also performed its duties. "She hath been a succorer of *many*, and of *me* also." A succorer of *many!* We need only take the hint that lies in this single word "many," and permit our imagination to fellow her in those unwearied ministrations by which she reached and succored them, to get some idea of her labors and usefulness! In the neglected portions of the city we may find her, entering the dwellings of the poor and ignorant, with a heart full of sympathy, and

hands full of blessing. Her time, her strength, her means are all consecrated to Christ in the service of the poor and wretched.

With this brief picture of the ancient Phebe before us, we can be at no loss in finding those at the present day, who belong to her family. There is Miss Volatile. She is well provided for as regards the things of this world, and has plenty of leisure. Her funds she devotes to herself, devising daily new decorations for her person, by which she may be able to appear more completely in the latest fashion. Her leisure she divides between novel-reading, promenading, and making calls on all the sisters of the Volatile family. She would be ashamed to be seen entering the huts of the poor and wretched. She "does not associate with them." Why should she? It can afford her no pleasure. That class of persons are no companions for her. Are they not ignorant, devoid of taste, and not able to appear well dressed on the streets or at church; and their homes are "perfectly disagreeable." She has "too much self-respect" to cultivate such acquaintances. We may know from even this brief sketch that Miss Volatile is no relative of the Phebe family.

The reader is no doubt acquainted with Mrs. Upstart. She was raised in the village of Buckeiberry, so far as she was raised at all. Though not belonging to "high-life" by birth, she had some "rich relations;" and her marriage into the Upstart family was owing to one of those strange events which sometimes happen. Having once attained to the dignity of "first family rank," she was very zealous to keep it up, especially when she occasionally condescended to visit the people and the place whence she had come. On one such visit she was asked whether she knew Mrs. Humble, who was originally from the same village of Buckelberry, and now *lived* in the town where Mrs. Upstart also *resided.*

"Mrs. Humble? Let me see? The one who used to sew around among the neighbors? O, yes—let me think! Yes—I know now—she attends the same church I do; but I have no acquaintance with her. She has a back pew! O yes—I believe she does live somewhere in our town!"

It requires no wit to see that Mrs. Upstart of Buckelberry, has no connection with the Phebe family.

The same may be said of Miss Giddy of Marble Avenue. She is very fond of parties and balls; and, it is said, has more dresses in her wardrobe, than books in her library. Though she reads regularly, in languid attitude, the New York Ledger, and the fashion-plate Magazines. She was once overheard to say in her room, while viewing herself before the glass, that she thought she looked *very much* like one of the ladies in Godey's fashion pictures. Let it not be thought, that Miss Giddy is not also benevolent. It is said she pays the poor miliners a full hundred dollars a year, to make her dresses, and keep them in bread! Besides she contributes, of her own pin-money, fifty cents a year to missions—for the poor heathen! Her sympathy for the poor is remarkable. One day, it is said, her father found her actually suffused with tears,

on which occasion she "looked truly angelic" in his eyes. He was only the more flattered with her wonderful tender-heartedness, when he found that she had been reading in Dickens about a family of poor ragged children, who had "a very hard time of it" as she expressed herself. What a sight, when she wiped those charitable tears with a ten-dollar 'kerchief, adding most piously, "little do these poor creatures know how we *feel* for them!" But still more gloriously shone the light of her charitable heart, as she asked her father whether he did not think the proceeds of the next Ball should be sent to England, "where the dear Mr. Dicken's lives, for the poor ragged children!" Her father said he had heard there were some poor children in the out skirts of their own town. But she thought "no body would like to go out among those common people to distribute the money!" As her father had just brought in the last number of Godey, she felt much relieved of her distressing feelings by becoming interested in the fashion plates. The interesting conversation into which she entered meanwhile with her "dear father" in regard to her ball-dress need not be here recorded. As Miss Giddy, to our knowledge, never professed relationship with the Phebe family, there is no need of here canvassing any claims she might have in that direction.

Though there are these, and many others, who have evidently no affinity with this ancient and excellent family, yet it must not be supposed that the Phebe blood has entirely run out in our Churches. We are acquainted with many "noble women," who possess her life and spirit, and who in silence and humility perform all the duties of Deaconesses. Their zeal in seeking out and relieving the poor evinces their connection in soul and life with that ancient noble woman of Cenchrea. God bless their labors of love, and increase their number in the Church a thousand-fold!

EASTER EVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Saturday evening just before Easter is called Easter Eve. Sometimes it it is called the Holy Eve.

This is a sweet, silent, solemn time. We think how Jesus lay in His rocky grave in the garden. We go about softly as if we were afraid of disturbing His holy slumbers.

We think how, on this evening, Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary were sitting over against His sepulchre, watching the body of their beloved Lord. We seem, like they did, to look at the great stone which they had rolled to the door of His grave. We seem to see the angels come and roll it away. Then we know that He will rise again. Oh, to-morrow! Yes, to-morrow; on Easter day, early in the morning He will rise!

It is pleasant to think that Jesus lay in the grave. It does not seem a gloomy a place to us when we remember, as we do on Easter eve, that Jesus once lay in it. The grave is now a place of hope. As the Hymn says:

"Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom."

It seems to us now as if the grave were only a resting place. It seems to us as if He had made it a soft bed, where his saints shall sleep till that glorious Easter morning, when He will call to life all that sleep in Him.

The graves of all His saints He blessed,
When in the grave He lay;
And, rising thence, our hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

THE CROSS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The cross is the symbol of Christianity. That it would be such was foreshadowed by our Saviour Himself, even before it became the actual altar, upon which He offered the great sacrifice of Himself for the sins of the world. Hence, in His language, the "taking up of the cross" is the mark of His true follower. After He had been sacrificed the full import of this language only became intelligible. Then the cross was recognized as the point or crisis toward which all his previous life and suffering had looked—the point at once of His lowest humiliation and greatest exaltation—of His darkest conflict and most glorious victory—the point where He met the enemy and vanquished him—the place where life triumphed over death, and glory over shame. As naturally, so spiritually and really, the cross was the highest point of His life, where being lifted up, He would draw all men unto Him. Thus it became the *standard* or banner of Christianity, which stood up in defiant firmness and strength in the midst of the keenly directed weapons of His enemies, and was watched in tenderest love, by the wishful, hopeful hearts of His friends. To the confusion of His enemies and the joy of His friends, *by that sign He conquered!*

The cross, which had been among the Phoenicians and Carthagenians, and later among the Greeks and Romans, the instrument of most servile punishment, the shameful symbol of the doom of criminal captives and slaves, was, like the sinful world which by its sorrow and shame He saved, itself redeemed from its dishonor, elevated from its baseness, and sanctified as the everlasting symbol of all that is holy, true, and good. This cross on which His enemies sought to dishonor and destroy Him, was destined to be, for all time, the terrible and glorious BANNER, by which the "sacramental

host," should confront the unbelieving world, and to which they should invite and demand the full and unconditional surrender of their hearts.

In the joy of their hearts, His followers accepted the symbol. With all the inspiration of love, they seized the banner left in their hands by their fallen but victorious Leader, and "despising its shame," shouted as in the words of St. Paul: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world!" Henceforth the cross meant Christianity. Again and again do the Apostles appeal to it as the symbol of Christianity, holding it up as the central representative of all its meaning, and glory, and power. (1 Cor. 1: 17, 18. Gal. 5: 11; 6: 12, 14. Eph. 2: 16. Phil. 3: 18. Col. 1: 20.)

Though the cross was thus familiarly and frequently referred to as the symbol of Christianity even in apostolic times, it does not appear that this thought or feeling immediately led to an actual use of the form of the cross as embodying the idea of Christianity, after the manner of later ages of the Church. When crosses began to be first used in churches, or in connection with Christian ideas, it is perhaps not possible to determine. Christian writers during the first three centuries are silent in regard to their use. It is thought that they were not set up in churches previous to A. D. 340, though Eusebius speaks of crosses as having frequently been set up in other places before that time. As the idea of the cross was the symbol of Christianity, it was but natural, that this idea should seek embodiment in form, and thus its use no doubt gradually grew out of the Christian feeling.

Various conceptions of the shape or form of the cross prevailed in the early ages of the Church. Some of the Fathers, as Cyprian and Rufinus, held that the perpendicular piece did not extend above the cross-piece, so that the form of it was not as we are accustomed to regard it, but rather like the letter T. The preference of these Fathers rested upon these grounds, namely: It was customary in the Orient to brand a mark in this shape upon the thighs or necks of horses and camels. It also appeared on Hebrew coins. As it was thus used to *mark* things, it was supposed to be the sign also mentioned in Ezek. 9: 4, 6. In the Phoenician Alphabet it formed the letter *Thau*, from which it also passed into the Egyptian, Greek and Latin languages. Thus they were fond of believing that this sign was divinely among the Jews, and unconsciously among the heathen, used as a prefiguration of the cross on which Christ at last suffered for both Jews and Pagan. However, the sacred record, in saying that they "Set up *over His head* His accusation written," would seem to indicate the form of the cross to have been that, in which the perpendicular piece extends *above* the cross-piece, against which the inscription was fastened.

The same feeling, which led these fathers to find in the Jewish and Pagan use of the mark referred to, a silent prophesy of Christ's crucifixion, has led others piously to seek similar unconscious adum-

brations of this awful and glorious fact in nature. As "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," waiting for the adoption that is to come by Christ, having shared with man in the fall and misery, it would not be strange if, in such language as it can alone speak, it would be found at least mumbling and making signs of its dependence upon, and interest in the great Restorer of the ruins of the fall. If at the time of the crucifixion the sun could speak as by a blush, and the earthquake as with terror, then all nature beside may also be allowed a voice, or at least a mute testimony.

Fond of such-like holy fancies—if we do not chose to allow them any higher significance—were the most ancient fathers and apologists, as well as the mystics and symbolists of the middle ages and more modern times. "They found the cross," says a writer in Herzog's Real-encyklopaedia, "in the four points of the compass; saw it in the shape of the flying bird, and in the swimming fish with its fins extended. They saw it in the human form, as when the man extends his arms to hold the plough, or when he does the same standing before God in prayer; yea, they saw it even in the motion of walking." In the folding of the arms across the breast in prayer they saw the cross; and in the folding of the hands in the same act of worship they regarded themselves as representing, by the crossing of the fingers, five crosses in honor of the five wounds of Jesus. In the cross-shaped key of the Nile, held by the Egyptian Isis, as well as in the hammer of the Teutonic Thor, they saw the foreshadowings of the cross of Christ. The tiles found in the warm-baths of Diocletian upon which were found crosses, the four-armed cross found in the house of Pausa among the ruins of Pompeii upon a white base, and so many other discoveries of heathen relics, were regarded as showing that a prophesy of the cross runs through the whole of heathenism. Let these be nothing but holy fancies, it is after all more pious to regard them as beautiful and honorable to the childlike simplicity of those who have expressed them, than it would be to ridicule them for thus contemplating the vision of our Saviour's sufferings in every object that bears any resemblance to that cross upon which He suffered.

This habit of reverence for the form of the cross as presented to the eye, naturally passed over into the making of the cross with the motion of the hand or fingers when the form of it was not present. Tertullian says: "At every step we make forwards, at every out-going and in-coming, when we unclothe ourselves or take off our shoes, when we wash and set down to eat, in the evening when we light the candle, when he sit down or lie down, and in all our daily labors we make upon our foreheads the sign of the cross." In like spirit speaks Prudentius in one of his Hymns, which we translate as well as we are able.

When'er thou goest, with sleep oppressed,
At night to thy chaste bed to rest,
Upon thy breast and forehead make,
The holy cross for Jesus sake.

The cross shall fright all ill away,
And make the darkness as the day;
A heart signed by the holy cross,
Is free from every fear and loss.

Away fearful forms, flee—flee;
All frightful dreams hence, hence from me!
And thou Deceiver too depart,
With all thy smooth seducing art!

Away thou wily Serpent, who
Dost fawn and flatter to sudue;
And who, of thousand arts possessed,
Dost rob the heart of nightly rest.

Away! for Jesus Christ is here;
Desist! for Christ will make you fear;
This sign, which thou but knowest too well,
Shall drive your hosts back, back to hell!

Whether this was piety or superstition, depends in our opinion very much upon the views which underlay it, and the spirit in which it was practiced. "We would do great injustice to these church fathers," says Dr. Alt in his Cultus, "if we should conclude from such like expressions that they attributed a magical efficacy to the making of the cross. In connection with the use of it they thought only on the saving efficacy of Christ's death upon the cross, and the making of the cross was designed merely as a token of their rememberance of it. As a means of bring their wandering thoughts ever back again to a contemplation of that miracle of divine love, it might certainly bestow protection and power in hours of temptation, and as such could not be too earnestly commended. But at a later period, when it got to be merely a mechanical act of the fingers, it certainly had no power to frighten Satan away; but rather mocked him with the verse:

'Signa te, signa! temere me tangis et angis,'*

which, on account of its skillful construction (since it reads the same backwards and forwards) was regarded as devils' poetry—taunting them thus with their dependence on so helpless a refuge."

That it was often superstitiously used, Church History abundantly reveals. Some of the ancient monks, taking the words of our Saviour, "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me," literally, made and carried wooden crosses, hanging them to their necks. These they wore as they did their sackcloth, slovenly garments, and chains tied round them, more from desire of vain singularity than from thoughtful intent to honor the death of Christ. In the same manner no doubt is the cross worn in our own day, in many cases, for the sake of jewelry rather than for the sake of Jesus; as a matter of pride rather than of piety.

The cross was used as a symbol at first over against all heathen-

* The sense of which may be given thus: "Cross yourself--cross! You touch me at randon, and tease me."

ism, and later against the Crescent as the standard of Mohamedanism. The conquest of a heathen or Mohamedan city or country was commemorated by the erection of the cross. In like manner was it used on flags, helmets, shields, crowns, sceptres, imperial globes, as emblems of imperial Christian power ; and memorially it was placed on seals, coins, and coat of arms. Unfortunate persons, who desired to bring complaint of grievances before emperors or kings, bore a cross in their hands or upon their shoulders, as an emblem of their innocent sufferings, and at the same time of that mercy and charity for which they were sueing. It was also customary to build churches in the form of a cross.

Before a cross, or under one, investigations and decisions in delicate and doubtful cases were made by Judges. Church books, and vessels used in the churches for sacred purposes, were ornamented and distinguished by the cross upon them. It was also used superstitiously in charms, incantations, on amulets, and in magical formularies. Even in some protestant countries a cross over the door of a house or stable is supposed to drive away evil spirits, and to be a sovereign preservation against all wicked powers and wicked men. Boundary lines, or landmarks were also marked with the cross upon them.

The use of the cross in graveyards is ancient, though not, as would seem, so ancient as its use in other places. Of its appropriateness to mark the resting places of the "dead in Christ" no one can doubt. The custom of using it as an ornament on monumental stones in graveyards is growing in protestant favor both in Europe and America. In literary use, as well among protestant as among Romish writers, the cross † is used in connection with the date, to signify, "died."

The custom of using the cross, in connection with signatures in binding documents, which is still used in legal papers in the case of such as cannot write their own names, but make "their mark ⋈," dates from the sixth century.

"How many of those who daily see the ⋈ appended to a document by those who are unable to write, ever take the trouble to discover its signification. The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature is the sign of a cross, and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance; anciently, the use of this mark, was not confined to illiterate persons; for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person singing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive or presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus* or clerk was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The

ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and by those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from its holy associations, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakspeare, explains the expression of "God save the mark" as a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath. This phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakspeare; but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity. With these associations clustering round it, the sign of the cross should not be made a subject for ridicule, but rather be treated as having an important meaning when appended to a document; being at once a signature and an affirmation to the truth of what is there written."

On account of the use, and perhaps abuse, of the cross by Roman Catholics, there has grown up gradually a prejudice against it in protestant minds. At the time when the legates of the Inquisition made such fearful and cruel havoc among the Reformed in France and Holland, they bore with them a banner ornamented with a blazing cross. It was, as of old, only too truly the sign of death to the innocent! No doubt much of the prejudice which exists in protestant minds against the cross, is to be traced to the cruel use made of it in the bloody days of Romish intolerance. But this does certainly not justify a wholsale prejudice against the true symbol of Christianty. Rather should we glory in those martyrs, who suffered death for the truth under a banner, which, after the manner of the testimony of Pilate to the innocency of Jesus whom he yet condemned, stood over their martyrdom as a silent testimony thus coming from their enemies, that they were in fellowship with Christ's sufferings, being made conformable to His death!

It is a trite but true saying, that the abuse of a thing is no argument against the proper use of it. True protestants are the last persons that should suffer themselves to be controlled by a mere traditionary prejudice. We shall never forget the creeping horror we felt come over us, when once on a time a clergyman said to us with an emphasis which we easily saw was rather carnal than spiritual: "I hate the cross! I hate the sight of it!" We replied with calm unction: "I do not hate it. I love the sight of it!" If hatred to the cross is a test of orthodoxy, we here frankly confess that we are far from being sound. We love to see it anywhere. Even a cross, meekly worn as an ornament, by a Christian man, woman, or child, is to us proper, decent, and beautiful. We should like to have this blessed and glorious symbol of Christianity over our grave, when once our labors are done, and we shall lie with our fathers. If any one should choose to anathamatize us for this our taste and preference, we should even in that case prefer that he should do it with the sign of the cross.

If to be a true Christian requires us to discard whatever a Romanist approves, we had better give up Christ Himself; for they also profess to honor Him. But protestantism has never surrendered its interest in the cross as the symbol of Christianity. "It

is not long," says Dr. Alt, "since, among protestants, the minister in baptisms, in the consceration of the bread and wine for the Lord's Supper, and the pronunciation of the blessing, and also church members in the church and in their houses, were in the habit of making the cross." In Luther's smaller Catechism, under the head of, "How the father of a family is to teach his household, and bless themselves every morning and evening," he directs: "In the morning when thou risest from thy bed, thou shalt bless thyself with the holy cross, and say: This grant, God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen." Though Luther thus preserved its use, yet he inveighs against the "jugglery and idolatry" often connected with its use; and says that "the Roman clergy preferred to carry the cross in gold and silver to carrying it in their hearts." In some parts of the Protestant Church, as in Wurtenberg, the General Superintendents still wear the golden "prelate-cross," fastened with a gold chain on their breasts, as a part of their official insignia.

As this number will reach our readers before Good Friday, when we again commemorate the mystery of our Saviour's sufferings, this may be regarded as our wreath for the blessed cross. In the language of the celebrated Hymn of Bonaventure, we close our present article:

Cross! thou tree of purple blooming!
Best of balm is thy perfuming—
All thy fruit with grace is rife;
Millions on this fruit have flourished,
Millions now by it are nourished,
Growing for the heavenly life.

Jesus! O Thou crucified!
Jesus! who for me hast died!
Praise, praise for Thine agony!
Clinging to Thy cross, and sighing
O'er my sins, and o'er Thy dying,
I am wholly lost in Thee!

REDEEMING THE TIME.

Another part of the work which we call you to is, to redeem this little time that is allotted to you; to make the best of it, and improve it to the greatest futherance of your salvation; to lose none of it upon unprofitable things; to spend it in those works which will comfort you most when time is gone. If it will be more comfortable to you in the judgment that you have spent your time in plays, and sports, and idleness, worldly cares and pleasure than in serving God, preparing for another life, then hold on, and do so to the end; but if it will not, then spend none of your time in idleness and unfruitful things, till you have time to spare from more important work. This is our request to you that you would not lose one hour of your precious time, but spend it as those who have lost too much, and have but little more to spend in preparation for eternity,—*Baxter.*

THOUGHTS ON EASTER.

BY L. H. S.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hearts to Heaven and voices arise;
Sing to God a Hymn of gladness, sing to God a Hymn of praise,
He who on the Cross a Victim for the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead.

"Christ is risen, Christ the First fruits of the holy Harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance at His Second Coming yield,
Then the golden ears of Harvest will their heads before Him wave,
Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

"Christ is risen, we are risen. Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy face,
That we, Lord, with hearts in Heaven here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gather'd, and be ever safe with Thee."

Another Easter festival is at hand! The joyous festival, when the Church celebrates the resurrection of its Lord from the bonds of death, and His reunion with the human body, which He was still further to glorify by bearing it with Him to the right hand of the Father! The world may occupy itself with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, may indulge in disobedience of laws or endeavors to punish the insurgent and unruly; but the Church calmly and dignifiedly divides the year into fasts and feasts, which shall serve to keep alive in the Christian's heart the principal incidents in the human life of his Lord, and to be periods of refreshing to his wearied spirit. The Ecclesiastical Calendar hallows days and seasons by consecrating them with sacred associations, and gives us a binding link, in each one of these epochs, to the central fact of Christianity, the person of Christ Himself. Who dare say, then aught against our fasts and festivals, our sad days and our bright seasons of rejoicing? "For where Christ dwells by love, and where He reigns alone, there days and hours, and years are His, and ought to speak of Him; and symbols and memorials should delight whene'er they point to Him."

Easter is the *great* festival of the year, and so has been regarded from the early Christian ages. The Romish Church has always considered it a high-day, and their gorgeous ritual has been overburdened with ceremonies, meaningless now to most of her members, whatever they might have indicated when first employed. Forms divested of substance are always meaningless, and the purity of Christian doctrine is always sullied by the veneer of mere worldly glare and show. Other Churches, have rushed, as is the wont of mankind, from this extreme to the other of absolute neglect of any observance of Easter. Assuming that the day observed is *not* the

anniversary of the Resurrection day, they claim that no observance at all should be had, and thus they tear from the Calendar that bright day which was the joy of the early Church. We are of those who would see all that is good, all that tends to develop gentle Christian feelings in the child, retained of the customs of our ancestors. Therefore we welcome Easter-day; we want it celebrated as the bright pearl in the Christian year which shines brighter and clearer than all the days that precede or follow it. Let the Church observe it, Her ministers dwell upon the glorious rising from the tomb of the God-man, Her members partake of the Eucharistic Feast which Her Head has bequeathed as a priceless legacy, and her children's hearts be glad with the good things of this life which are theirs, only because Christ lives. Let the bells ring out joyous peals, the choirs chant the glorious psalms of the sweet singer of Israel, and every one engage in godly merriment. Let the churches be decked with the evergreen and the bright spring flowers clothe the altar and the font and the desk; all these are our blessings because of Him, who this day rose from the dead.

Forget not even the time honored customs of the people. Let the Easter-egg,—types of the resurrection—be put in the hands of the children, but do not forget to tell them of the signification which these carried to the early Christians. All should be bright; all should have a living echo to the Hallelujahs, which now resound from church to church over the christianized world, and the song on earth will then be but a faint foreshadowing of that song of Moses and the Lamb, which it will be our joy to sing in the New Jerusalem above. Bury in the dark grave of the past, all angry passions and unkind thoughts, and for this day at least let peace and good will reign within our hearts.

In the arrangement of the Church-Calendar, it will be seen that Easter determines the location of all the moveable feasts and fasts of the year. Of course there must have been some reason for making it a moveable day, so different from Christmas which is celebrated all the world over on the same day. It was certain that the Resurrection took place about the Vernal Equinox and immediately after a *full moon.* Some of the early Churches celebrated it at the full moons, that is the day of the Passover, instead of the Sunday after. The Council of Nice laid down the principles which should determine its celebration, and these, with such changes as the rectification of the Calendar has necessitated, are in force with the Christian Church at the present day. Easter is the Sunday next following the first full moon after the 21st of March in each year; should "the full moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after." Following these rules we always have Easter after what is known as the Paschal full moon. We do not celebrate this day as a continuation of the Passover, but in honor of Him who made all things new, doing away with the types and ceremonies of the old. Seventeen Sundays are located by the location of Easter day. This is so well described by Prof. De Morgan that we quote his words: "Easter Sunday has always the

six Sundays in Lent immediately preceding, and the five Sundays after Easter immediately following. Of these, the nearest to Easter before and after, are *Palm* Sunday, and *Low* Sunday (Dominica in albis); the farthest before and after, are *Quadragesima* (first in Lent), and *Rogation* Sunday (fifth after Easter. Preceding all these are in reverse order, *Quinquagesima, Sexagesima, Septuagesima;* and following them in direct order, are the Sunday after *Ascension, Whit*-Sunday and Trinity Sunday. So that Easter Sunday, as it takes its course through the Almanac, draws after it, as it were, *nine* Sundays, and pushes *eight* before it, all at fixed denominations."

Occupying so important a portion in the division of the year, it was evidently intended that we should give it that special attention which this fact invites. Let us glance at the relation it holds to the seventeen Sundays through the lessons imparted in them by the orders of the Church.

The first Sunday in the Calendar dependent on Easter is that known as *Septuagesima,* the name indicating seventy days as intervening between it and Easter. The joyous Advent and Christmas season is now over. The Church has exulted over the glad-tidings of the Incarnation, and now she prepares to consider the sufferings and death of the incarnate God. Repentance is carefully enjoined upon her members. They pray in the Collect, that "we who are justly punished for our offences, may be mercifully delivered by Thy goodness," and they read in the Gospel how, even as the house-holder paid those whom he hired last for his vineyard as much as those engaged first, the kingdom of Heaven has rich gifts for all—the last as well as the first; while St. Paul teaches them how they must temper themselves so as to gain the prize.

Then comes *Sexagesima* with its Collect that God would "look mercifully on our low estate, and cause His grace to triumph in our weakness, that we may arise and follow those who by their faith and patience already inherit the promises." The Gospel gives us the parable of the sower, in which we are taught how to hear the Word of God. The Epistle contains St. Paul's account of his sufferings, how he gloried in them all, even in his infirmities so "that the power of Christ might rest upon him."

Quinquagesima—the last Sunday before Lent,—brings us nearer the season appropriated for special fasting and prayer. In the Collect we pray for "the most excellent gift of charity." The Saviour in the Gospel announces the character of his sufferings and death, and the Epistle contains St. Paul's glowing description of charity. *Ash Wednesday* notes the beginning of Lent, forty days, omitting the Sundays, from Easter. All the lessons and Collects during this season have some reference to the need of spiritual strength, to prominent points in the life of Christ, and to repentance. The Lenten season is specially devoted, however, to the consideration of the sufferings and death of the Saviour. These are particularly considered in the Holy Week, which begins with *Palm* Sunday, so called since it commemorates Christ's triumphal entry

into Jerusalem, when "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way." "This Holy Week was selected by the Christian Roman Emperors as the period for pardoning prisoners, 'to imitate,' according to St. Chrysostom, 'as far as might be, the divine goodness which, at this time, freed mankind from the dominion of sin.' It was considered a week of especial solemnity, and the words of Chrysostom will give us an idea of the importance attached by the early Church to it; 'in this week, the long war was brought to a close, death was quenched, the curse removed, the tyrannous empire of the devil overthrown, his goods plundered, God and man reconciled; heaven becomes accessible, men and angels were joined together; what had been dissevered was united; the partition wall broken down, the barrier taken away; the God of Peace made peace between the things above and the things on earth.'"

The great sacrifice was offered up for us, once for all, on Good Friday. This was the great Fast-day in the Church. The narrative of the crucifixion is read and we pray that Christ may see of travail of His soul and be satisfied. The solemnity of this day is felt to be the fit close of the long Lenten season. On Easter Eve, the mystery of Christ's descent into Hades—the place of departed spirits—is brought before the Church.

And then on Easter Sunday—oh joy incomparable!—a risen Saviour in whom we can trust and surely hope for our own salvation. Aye! bring your choicest decoration to the Church; let every art or device that can show joy be employed. The old custom of sending the flowers used in the Church decoration to the sick, so that they could participate in the general expression of our joy, was so beautiful a thing that we must lament its having been lost with many other simple but touching customs of antiquity. The Communion of the Lord's Supper is joyously participated in by true believers, who will allow only the most providential reasons for absence from the Feast on this High Day.

Then comes the five Sundays before *Ascension Day*—the celebration of Christ's Ascension into Heaven, where He sitteth at the right hand of the Father. In two Sundays more we have *Whit-Sunday*—the commemoration of the descent of the Holy Ghost; and on the next or *Trinity Sunday*, we hold in remembrance the mystery of the Trinity, thus completing that portion of the Calendar which is controlled by the Great Feast.

We cannot conclude these stray thoughts on Easter without quoting those beautiful lines of the Christian poet on the *First Easter*

"It happen'd on a solemn even-tide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, buried, as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of Him they lov'd, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,

Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther trac'd enriched them still the more;
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, One
Sent to do more than He appear'd to have done,
To exalt a people and to make them high
Above all else, and wonder'd He should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, He gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,
Explained, illustrated, and search'd so well,
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here.—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast.
He blessed the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say?
Did they not burn within us by the way?''

A SCORE OF IMPOLITE THINGS,

IN WHICH YOUNNG PERSONS RENDER THEMSELVES DISAGREEABLE.

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14 Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking of others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and,
20. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred

person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

EASTER HYMN.

BY Z.

Shout! oh shout! the victory's won,
Christ is risen! His work is done.
Sin, death, hell shall reign no more,
Bow ye saints, the King adore.

Hail the happy, glorious day,
End of Death, the tyrant's sway,
End of earth's long waiting night,
End of Satan's power and might.

Bruised is the serpent's head,
By the blessed Lamb who bled.
He bled, He died, He met our foes,
And conquering all, in power arose.

Hail! all hail! the glorious day,
The sting of death has passed away;
Life out of death, Heaven out of hell,
Sing loud His praise, the good news tell.

Christ is risen! Hail the king!
Saints your festive offerings bring;
Slaves no more to death and sin,
The eternal day is ushered in.

Lo, the king has burst the tomb,
Scattered and dispelled its gloom,
Turned its night to brightest day,
Driven all its fear away.

Hail your Prophet! Saints on earth,
He who gives you second birth;
Sing His glory, chant His praise
On through everlasting days.

Hail your Priest! The risen One,
God's eternal, only Son;
He atoned for all your guilt
With His blood so freely spilt.

Hail your King! Behold His might,
Bursting through the grave's dark night,
He shall reign o'er every saint,
Rule the mighty, cheer the faint.

Hail your Prophet, Priest and King!
All your worship to Him bring;
Glory, honor to His name
All ye saints in songs proclaim.

NOVEL-READING.

There is a vast amount of fictitious literature or novels issued from the press in the form of newspapers, pamphlets, and bound volumes. This is extensively circulated and read, and must, consequently, be exerting a mighty influence for good or evil. Such writings I firmly believe to be evil, and only evil. There are powerful arguments that may be urged against this kind of literature, some of which I shall offer, hoping that they may increase in some minds a deeper conviction of the evils of novel-reading.

Novel-reading leads to crime. Facts go to show that this is one great cause of crime at the present day. A few years since the chaplain of the Auburn State Prison remonstrated against supplying the prisoners with novels, as it was ascertained on investigation, that the cause which led to the ruin of a large number of them was novel-reading. The heroes of many, if not most novels, whose characters are portrayed, are criminals, and the scenes brought to view are of a corresponding nature. It is impossible to familiarize the mind with such characters, and to revel in such scenes, without becoming contaminated, and better prepared to pursue a course of wickedness and crime. Take, for instance, Bulwer's novels. His earliest work, called "Falkland," is the history of an adulterer, the most noble and kind of his race, by force of circumstances. "Paul Clifford," the hero of another of his novels is the commander of a band of robbers in Berkshire. He is conducted safely through his career of villainy, and escapes the hand of justice. In "Devereux," an amiable gentleman murders his brother's wife, and afterwards becomes an interesting philanthropist in Italy. "The Disowned," professing the noblest creed, boasting the proudest philanthropy, becomes the murderer of his benefactor. "Bulwer's novels," says an able critic, "show us the virtues caricatured, vices seductively garnished, generous qualities disgraced by paltry motives, petty objects magnified, vulgarities glossed by passion, and manners tinged with affectation. Whatever is veritable, honest, and truly noble, finds little place in this fictitious world."

Carvosier, the murderer of Lord William Russell, confessed, and wished the sheriff to make it known to the world, that the *idea* of his work of blood was first suggested to him by reading and seeing the performance of Jack Shepard. This book was lent to him by one of the servants of the Duke of Bedford, and he lamented that he had ever seen it. Oxford, who sought the Queen's life, made substantially the same statement respecting the influence on his mind of the "Bravo of Venice."

Fictitious reading is one very formidable obstacle in the way of pure religion. The Christian religion addresses itself both to the mind and heart; and whatever affects these unfavorably, must ob-

struct its progress. Novels do not call into exercise the memory and the reasoning or reflective powers of the mind, but tend to arouse and gratify a morbid craving for excitement, which is always unfavorable to vigorous mental exertion. In consequence of this, a great deal of the power of the Christian pulpit is lost. Novel-readers in our congregations have their minds unfitted to see and appreciate the force of arguments when presented. Some of the first writers in our language have given their most unqualified testimony on this point. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote novels himself, in a letter to a brother on the education of his son, says: "Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel."

RECREATION

Recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how plain it is. Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness around it to make its presence felt. And besides this, a great part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of everything around him; and quite another thing when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end on the self same tour. And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreation; while a man who has nothing to do, finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up." It takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate; you might as well think to prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle as to excite the interests of that *blase* being by any amusement which is not highly spiced with the cayenne of vice.—*Recreations of a Country Parson.*

There are some inns which are never empty; but as fast as one guest goes out, another comes in. Such is the heart of an unregenerate man: as soon as one lust is served, another is calling for attendance.—*Gurnall.*

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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

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VOL. XIV.---MAY, 1863.---No. 5.

A SCENE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

JESUS CHRIST IN HIS HUMAN CHARACTER.

[Translated from the German of Stilling, by the Editor.]

Some time ago SIONA inspired me in a poem to celebrate the glorification of Lavater; and my beloved brethren and sisters have read that poem with delight. The heavenly Siona led me along with my sainted friend near to the original throne of eternity; but there she left me, and weary and amazed I sank again from the empyrean into the cloudy vale of earth.

In this solemn morning hour I call to mind my friend who is now before the Lord. I think of his earnest searching after the knowledge of Jesus Christ—his earnest and deep studies of the human countenance, the physiognomy of virtue and vice—his longings after clear and pure insight into the character of the Lord, regarded as man—all this passed with wonderful freshness before my mind. In me also arose, or awoke again the desire of knowing Jesus more intimately and fully in His earthly life, in order that in my ordinary daily life and intercourse with men, I might conform myself more nearly to Him. Siona saw my laudable wishes, and in the power of imagination she translated me again into the abodes of the kingdom of blessedness.

Israel is now the name of the glorified Lavater. He stood upon the summit of lofty Zion, and his spirit bathed in the sea of blessedness. The embraces of the King of all things, whom he had loved unto death, exalted him to the honor of a seraph. Eternal thoughts now filled his mind, and his newly developed, heavenly organ of susceptibility penetrated through worlds of space. What once, in his "Views of Eternity," he believed himself to have seen through

a glass darkly as presentiment, he now saw as it is in its purest light.

As he now thus stood feasting his eyes which were like the morning star, contemplating the great golden city with its pearly thrones, a majestic brilliant angel with open arms, hovered toward him. Like the melody of heavenly harps fell upon his ears the words: "Welcome Lavater!—your friend JESANJAH, which was formerly Heinrich Hess, calls you to exalted employments!—Come to my arms, friend of my earthly life!

LAVATER. Blessed be the Lord! (*They embrace each other.*)

JESANJAH. Forever shall we now live and labor together. Felix Hess, Pfenninger, and still others of your friends, with myself,—we all live here at the foot of the mountain—there where the lofty terrace glitters like gold in the fire, upon which you behold our friends moving to and fro. Our employment is to assign the calling and sphere of action to the redeemed of the Lord,—each according to his character—who come hither from the land of mortality.

LAVATER. Then you, heavenly brethren, must instruct me—how can I know hearts and reins?

JESANJAH. The will of the Lord impresses itself for each one of us upon the Sapphire tablet of His Temple—and for each one according to his character and the measure of his ability or aptitude. You will soon receive sufficient understanding of all these matters.

LAVATER. My entire being is enlarged like a world, and the immeasurable ocean of blessedness streams through every sphere of my willing, thinking and feeling.

JESANJAH. And this in-streaming will remain for you eternally fresh and new, because ever new enjoyments will flow toward you.

LAVATER. Hallelujah! to Him who sitteth upon the throne—to Him be honor, and glory, and praise, and thanksgiving forever.

JESANJAH. Everlasting brother! I have a message for you! MARY the mother of the human nature of Christ, the Queen of the Infant Kingdom, desires to see you, and speak with you!

LAVATER. Another stream from eternal fullness! I tremble with joy to see her—you call her Queen of the Infant Kingdom!—

JESANJAH. Under the direction of the Lord she has the chief care of the entire kingdom of Instruction; for it was she who brought up and nurtured the greatest of all the children of men. Do you see there the first paradisaic levels of the mount of Zion—and the long and wide region of paradise which lies around yonder silvery shining castle? There she lives!

I do not venture to describe the glory and blessedness of the once poor citizen of Nazareth; all images of earthly nature are dead colors when one attempts to portray with them the kingdom of LIFE. Imagine to yourself, brotherly and sisterly reader! a long, large and lofty hall dazzlingly silver white in the golden glimmer, in which the seven-fold light of the rainbow, in the most brilliant manner, unceasingly change, and in which the unspeakable mysteries of eternity present themselves, with perpetual and ever-

varying alternations, in forms of life. By these the Father of celestial nature instructs all the inhabitants of heaven. This living word is their Scripture.

Here my friend found the exalted Mary, and her friends Mary Magdalene, Salome, and Martha of Bethany, together with her brother Lazarus; here he saw also Abraham, David, and many more important personages of ancient times. All rested on silver clouded thrones, which undulated in the seven-colored flood of glory.

Lavater came forth on the arm of his friend; the deepest humility would have bowed him lowly at the feet of these glorified ones, if he had not felt that he owed all this to the Lord. Also these aged citizens of heaven would have bowed in deep humility had not the same consideration held them erect.

Inward humility of heart is the golden foundation of the New Jerusalem; and pride is the flame of the pit which burns with fire and brimstone!

Mary. Bliss of blessedness be to you, my celestial brother! thou first blood-witness of the twelveth hour! Welcome to the New Jerusalem!

Lavater. Be greeted thou highly favored! Thy countenance brightens my blessedness.

Mary, and afterwards all present, embraced him. All seated themselves in a large circle; Lavater and his friend Heinrich Hess also sat in among them.

How will we once feel in such society! Let us resist unto blood, that we may not neglect so great salvation!

Mary. Heavenly brother! I rejoice over your wife, and the friends you have left behind. The Lord also, in his earthly life, had holy female friends—these angels here, who since their glorification, constantly aid me with their counsel. We supplicate for your wife, daughter, sons, that the Lord may powerfully support them in the sore trials which await them. Your Anna, your daughters, and friends, shall once, if they remain faithful, be joined to this blessed circle. I will beseech the Lord to grant this grace.

Lavater melted in tenderness of feeling, and his entire being was gratitude and worship. That which had ever been the warmest desire of his heart, namely, to know the human character of the Lord, began now to stir anew in his soul.

And now, O Siona! lead thou the train of my thoughts, that I may mingle nothing of myself with my words; but that I may clearly and purely clothe this heavenly conversation in the dead letters of earth; and then pour fire and spirit, light and truth, into the soul of every reader.

Lavater. The exalted and highly Blessed One was ever the subject of my contemplation, and of my inmost love—I beseech thee, thou blessed among women! instruct me in the great wisdom of the character of our Lord. What was the manner of His life and conduct among men, and wherein was He different from other men? Did he also possess bodily or physical beauty?

MARY. Very gladly will I fulfill your wish, my heavenly brother? The remembrance of my former earthly life, and my intercourse with the Lord as man, heightens my happiness.

Jesus was a well-formed man. His whole body was faultless. He was a little above medium in stature, rather slender than strong, and He had the physiognomy of the house of David. Even now in His glory you will still discover some likeness between Him and David; His hair was a light brown, and his countenance ruddy; His eyes were mild, bright blue, and beautiful. His hair hung in softly curled locks around His neck, and upon His shoulders. With all this He was not so beautiful as to attract special attention; only when one observed Him closely, and for some time, was the noble, the great, the beautiful, and the lofty discovered as well in His form, as in His entire bearing. In general, when it was not known who He was, and He was only carelessly observed, nothing was noticed in Him except the ordinary good, kind, and excellent man. In common intercourse He spoke very little; but what He said, was always striking. When He was quiet, a deep, somewhat sad earnestness rested upon His forehead, and at such times He always appeared as one who has a secret suffering sorrow.

Once I asked Him: My dear Son! you always appear sorrowful, does anything ail Thee? He cast a penetrating glance toward me, looking solemnly earnest and tender, and said: Mother! Call to mind the sword of which Simeon prophesied! But I beg of you to inquire no more in regard to this; I must fulfill the will of Him that sent me.

When He spoke with His countenance, His soft eye discovered something which inspired reverence—something extraordinary—in a word, something divine in His face. This divine was especially seen upon His forehead, in the heavenly fire which shone from His eyes, and in an indescribable feature around His lips. From this time forth I had a presentiment—a deep sense of some extraordinary sorrow, which, however, I did not know how to reconcile with His vocation. I therefore committed the matter to God, and was silent.

This same countenance, and this glance, He also had when he spake with the Pharisees and rulers of my people. Often I felt myself unable to comprehend how it was possible that even the proudest and most daring soul did not sink into the dust and worship before this resistless power of His glance, and the unction of His utterances. But they were blind; and the more the divinity which lived in Him challenged their attention, the more raving did they become.

Indescribable was His countenance and his glance when He comforted the suffering, or when he poured forth His loving heart in the circle of His friends. The divine, the tender on His lips, the eternal love in His eyes, the bliss of sadness upon His forehead—O, all this wrought so powerfully on all that were present that it was impossible to refrain from worshipping. I have never seen a man upon whose countenance the soul revealed itself so fully and

purely as it did upon His. This, however, is not to be wondered at; for neither passion nor dissimulation had ever moved a lineament of His face, much less controlled it. Every feature was in the highest degree pliable, and obedient to the power of the indwelling divinity. From this it came that every one, not possessed of prejudice against Him, was attracted in love and reverence toward Him. To this feeling of the secret, unspeakable, majesty which dwelt in His inmost being is to be attributed the singular fact that not a single female, even in the most remote manner, ever loved Him in a fleshly human love, however beautiful and attractive He was in person. He constrained us to love Him tenderly; but this love was the purest friendship.

We shall translate the remainder of this poetical vision for the next number. Stilling himself says, "It may be regarded as a moral poem, and many useful lessons may be drawn from it." Stilling lived in an age of rationalism and unbelief, when the religious instincts of men had been dreadfully abused; and, though he held some views which a more sober theological thinking could not always approve, yet his writings did much good in preserving the hearts of the common people from the prevailing epidemic of death-dealing unbelief and impiety. Though surrendering himself in his writings to the lead of a bold imagination, he is always reverent and humble, full of the spirit of child-like piety toward His Saviour, and ever moved by the most genial love toward all human beings, past, present, and future, on earth and in heaven. He loved all the good in this world, and he expected to meet and know them all hereafter.

Under the Rose.—A floating paragraph explains the origin of of this expression. The term "under the rose" implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B. C., 477, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the Confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the marriage of his daughter and the subjugation of Greece to the Median rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured *under the rose.* It was discovered, however, by a slave, and as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force Pausanias out, or kill him there, they finally walled him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying "*Sub rosa,*" among them, and now among almost all Christian nations.

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.*

LUTHER'S CELEBRATED HYMN.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

God is our tower of strength and grace,
With shield and sword He arms us:
He makes us strong our foes to face,
No dangers now shall harm us.
The old fearful foe,
Would fain bring us low;
His malice and mail,
Make firmest courage quail;
On earth there is none fiercer.

If our own power should lead the van
We should be foiled and riven;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath given;
He, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Son;
Lord of Hosts is He,
Which was, is, and to be,
He wins for us the battle.

Did swarming devils fill the world,
All bent on our destruction;
We could not from our faith be hurled,
Nor lured by their seduction.
This world's prince may stand,
With grim error grand,
We fear not his nod,
For he is judged of God:
A word can over-whelm him.

God's word shall stand for all their rage.
Its wealth we shall inherit:
God acts with us upon this stage,
By His own grace and Spirit.
Though they take our life,
Goods, fame, children, wife,
All shall freely go,—
We seek no gain below—
God's kingdom stands forever.

* This heroic Christian battle-hymn of Luther, based on the 46th Psalm, and composed, as is thought, after the Diet of Spires in 1529, has been translated by Thomas Carlisle, by H. Mills, by W. H. Bunting, by Miss Catherine Winkworth and many others. We hope our effort may not seem to imply the remotest idea that we regard it as more successful than those of our predecessors. Let it be taken rather as our mode of showing honor to the Hymn itself. Of the original, an old divine, Nicholas Selneker, says: "It has such spirit, power, and is associated with such soul-stirring melody, that even the evil spirits tremble and flee when they hear this noble song chanted."

THE CITY OF GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE REV. F. W. KRUMMACHER. D. D.

BY. L. H. S.

Behold thy King cometh unto thee! These words of Matthew announce the arrival of the joyous Advent Season. Our Hosannas are sounded forth in honor of a King,—and such a King! David and Solomon were rich in their glory; but the glory of the most glorious the world has ever gazed upon is, when compared with the splendor of its Lord, but as the smoky night to the all-illuminating sun. When I reflect on the Being, Might and Majesty of that King, I feel in my soul that these are subjects which will not only not accommodate themselves to human words but not even to human apprehension; and then if I survey the manifold forms, offices and relations in which that King allows Himself to be seen, I know not how to speak, and become speechless with admiration? Wouldst thou see the King in the insignia of His royalty? *Light* is the garment with which He is clad, and the star of the Godhead glitters upon His breast. *His* is all the Might and Glory of the Father: for He is born God of God, blessed forever. Wouldst thou see Him in His earthly attire? It is plain and poor and insignificant. Bethink thee, He bore thine own form of a servant; within the veil of thy poor mortal flesh He laid the foundations of His kingdom,—He established the well-being of His subjects. Wouldst thou see Him in His path of victory? O how mysterious and wonderful! Never has a Conqueror appeared on the stage like Him. Lo! a crown of thorns about His head, a garment of reproach on His shoulders, bleeding wounds from crown to sole; and *yet* in this very form He has smitten His enemy, and deprived him of his lands and people. Wouldst thou see Him in the beauty of His victory,—go, *three* days after the battle, to Joseph's garden at Golgotha and see Him standing glorified at the rent tomb, angels doing homage before Him, the Dragon with crushed head at His feet, Death overcome and robbed of his sting, Sin wholy destroyed and forever annihilated. Wouldst thou see Him in His *triumph?* See Him taking along with Him to the city of God the poor sinner—the pardoned malefactor at His side. Who has ever before so gloriously, so magnanimously, so lovingly celebrated His victory? Wouldst thou see Him in His present estate? He is sitting on the throne of Majesty, the diadem of the Godhead on His brow, the reins of the government of the world in His hands, and on the hem of His shining robes is the inscription: King of kings and Lord of lords!

But shouldst thou ask after His habitation and abode on earth. Come, and see! It is our design to exhibit this to day.

"Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king: He will save us. Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail; then is the prey of a great spoil divided; the lame take the prey! And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Isaiah xxxiii, 20–24.

A prophecy of the Church of the New Testament, rich, deep and heart-stirring. A prophecy, which at the very beginning was already being accomplished. The New Testament Church stands forth in it, and thousands were then blessed in its bosom and still are to this hour. Let us fix our eyes more closely on this lovely habitation (*Behausung*) and look at

1. Its nature.
2. Its security
3. The fulness of its possessions.

I.

Look upon Zion! the prophet begins. Not, look upon this or that separate Church communion, but upon *Zion.* How like a kernel from its shell he lifts Zion out of the external churches, of which no one is Zion, but through all which Zion lives. The Protestant Church in its members as well as the Catholic, may become a Babylon under the curse, and it has often been so in separate countries, and alas! here and there is so still. Before the judgment seat of God no importance will be attached to what part of the visible Church organizations here below thou wert attached. Thy certificate of baptism and confirmation, as well as thy Church-testimonials, will not avail thee on that day, in which the everlasting award shall be made. There thou must produce in fact other and better proofs, certificates of birth and letters of legitimacy, or —thou art *lost.*

Look upon Zion! Then Zion is to be looked upon? Is it not true that heretofore thou hast heard of Zion only as of an *invisible* city? But the name of *invisible,* when applied to the Church is only relatively true. Search through *history* and you will find it: Zion also always has been looked upon. How can a city be concealed, whose foundations rest upon a mountain? How can a light burn upon a lofty Light-house without sending forth its rays far and wide. The Jews looked upon Zion, dragged its citizens to judgment and drove them forth from their cities with the casting of stones. The Heathen looked upon Zion, persecuted its children and threw them on their funeral piles. The Romish Church discovered Zion amid all concealments and disguises, and the Jezebel was drunken on the

seven hills with the blood of the Zionites. And does not the world around us look upon Zion? Does it not see, why it gnashes its teeth against the whole of us, who would not injure it, and covers us up with scorn and unkindness? The inhabitants of Zion are in all respects different from the world. How therefore could the existence of Zion remain a secret to the world? Quite instinctively it detects the spiritual Zion in the human race, and has often recognized it even before Zion has made itself noticeable in word, sound or deed.

What is then *Zion?* Nothing *dead*, but something *living*. Not built of stone and mortar, but of striving spirits and throbbing hearts. Zion is no human structure; it is a foundation and colony of God. A *kingdom*, a *divine state*, a *community*. But do those represent Zion, who hope through good works to be justified? As many as are of the works of the law, saith the Scripture, are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. Then perhaps, those who trust in the so-call *light of reason*, instead of the Word of God? The Scripture saith: Whoso abideth not in the doctrine of Christ hath not God; and again. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed. Are they Zion, who rest their hope and their salvation on the outward forms of divine worship? Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs: for I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

Are they Zion, who believe with the *understanding*, while their hearts remain dead to all emotions? Though I have all faith, the Apostle asserts, and have not charity, I am nothing. The devils also believe and tremble. Zion is that people, which has received the Spirit of Christ and been convicted of its own wretchedness by this Spirit, and, submissive in the heart to the word of the Gospel, finds in Christ and His merits the sole ground of its salvation and life. Zion is the peaceable, inconspicious band of pardoned strangers found here and there, which, when asked as to its standard, points to the Cross; as to the source of its light, to the Bible; as to the fountain of its purification, to the blood of the Lamb; as to its home, to Heaven. Zion is that people hungering after righteousness which bears upon its standard the inscription: God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. Zion is that throng of poor sinners, which confesses or yet with heartfelt joy shall confess, with the Apostle: I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me; and which, if it does not speak, yet joyously appropriates the words following these as its own: I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain. If we know Zion, *look upon it*, cries the prophet; happy all of us whom this cry reaches with reason and truth. Zion is also among us, and in word and deed is being ever crowded with stronger confi-

dence. Alas! it has suffered many a division at our hands; may God heal the divisions! Still a goodly portion holds together heartily and ever more heartily; and yet it is necessary that each one may stand ever longer and more by the whole, and all with each!

The Prophet compares this people to a city. It is the city of the Lord. Those needing salvation in tears stealthily surround its walls; those awakened to a consciousness of sins enter its gates; the Bartimeuses with the cry: Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me—come up to those gates; and how are they received! Such a reception, such a love they have never encountered in the world. The city has its palaces: those that have been sealed exult within its halls, its dark hovels—the habitations of the lowly and the sufferer. Oh that one were only established in this city! But little depends upon the position he occupies therein. All that is required is that he be inscribed on the list of its citizens; for there he dwells blessed even in the Poor-house and Lazaretto. The Prophet calls this wonderful city Jerusalem, and with this says—yes, what does he say? You know that Jerusalem alone contained the Temple and in it the Ark of covenant, over which Jehovah himself bent down in mercy; and in Jerusalem only was the priestly absolution pronounced. The Prophet will then say: God's countenance cannot be found save in the people of the cross. This he expresses by the other names with which he baptized Zion. He calls it: The city of our solemnities—that is the city of our assemblies or of our purification. As many of us as are brought therein, so many shall be blessed, is the meaning. What, cannot those, who do not swear allegiance to the standard of this people, be blessed? No. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him. But with such doctrine, thousands will be shut out from salvation? That may be so, but there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved, except the name of Christ. Must then He be wholly relied upon? Without faith it is impossible to please God. But if I am diligent in morality and virtue? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Here is its authority, although the world may raise a hue and cry against such "harsh and exclusive preaching." Our preaching comes not from us, but from that Word which shall outlast heaven and earth, and which declares so concisely and unequivocally: If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha! Then is there but one Church in which salvation can be found? Yes, it is Zion, the Church of the Crucified. Believe it or reject it; the consequences will give you certainty that out of Zion there is no salvation and no blessing.

II.

The Prophet now goes on to describe the sheltered situation of the spiritual city, and I can conceive of nothing more desirable. He calls the Church a secure habitation and its security must certainly be very great, if one may judge by the spirit with which

the faithful of the Old Testament, to say nothing of those of the New, describe its streets. Zion is Goshen; the World Egypt, and *never* secure. Poor child of the world, threatened and especially surrounded with peril. At any moment thy probation may end, that divine patience which has hitherto borne with thee a vessel of wrath may be exhausted, or the verdict of obduracy may be pronounced upon thee, and then conversion will no longer be within thy thought. Every succeeding moment may be that, when thy soul shall be demanded from thee and of what account, thou unhappy one, will then be that which thou hast accumulated on earth. In truth I tremble at thy condition; but how my heart enlarges, when I look upon those who dwell sheltered in the fastness of Zion. No storm rages here any more, no lightnings of divine wrath are drawn down from heaven. Grace leads the host; and death the last enemy is not here an enemy, for he only breaks the wall, which separates us from the Paradisaic light of our beloved Home. It is little more than the shadow of danger, so that every thing that befals us must turn out to our good. How secure is this habitation!

The Prophet still further styles it a tabernacle that shall not be taken down, and thus shows the figure in another form. In place of the city a traveller's tent in the wilderness. The Holy Spirit designs to remind us in this, that the temporal forms and earthly relations of the Church of Christ are changeable, and shall give way at some future time for something infinitely more perfect. But the Church itself is unchangeable. The tent shall not be taken down, or moved away. If ever at any time it shall be attacked by the terrible storms of the wilderness, and by these be shaken and moved to and fro, so that the pilgrims within be made anxious and afraid, then think on Job, David, Paul and the later Apostolic brethren; think of the persecuted Christian bands under Romish tyrants; of the Waldenses, Hussites and the Reformed brethren in the hells of the Inquisition of the so-called Christian Rome, and in modern times of the flocks of lambs of the good Shepherd and their condition in Madagascar, Otahiti, Syria and in so many other countries. How the Simoon roars around the Church of God, and oh! what storms and tempests in the future will be seen passing over it of a still severer nature. But nevertheless it remains undismayed. The tent shall not be removed. Not one of the stakes thereof, we learn, shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. The *stakes* are the promises of God which cannot be broken, given as support to the Church, such as the promises: For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God. Stakes, which shall not decay, but shall resist all kinds of weather, and none of

which shall fail. The *cords* are the Christian's hopes, made fast to the golden stakes of those promises and sustained by them. They cannot be broken, that is: these hopes will never be deceived. What forces have already been marshaled on the field under the banner of the Prince of Hell against the Church of Christ; and what harm have they done? Not the least. That the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, has been now proven by a preservation for near two thousand years. Not a single Christian has been left vanquished, to say nothing of the Church as a body.

But how happens this? There the glorous Lord, the prophet continues, will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. Do ye hear, broad rivers are around the city of God. It it separated from the world, by another mind, another spirit and another nature of which it is a participant. It seems foolish to us, that the world should suppose itself able to confound us with its objections and oppositions to our actions. We have confirmations, assurances and experiences of that wherein we trust and believe, which surround us as broad rivers of protection. Across these the arrows of the enemy cannot reach us; across these the firebrands of hell need not be regarded; for the enemy can not even imagine the nature of our internal experiences, lights and testimonies, and his effort to penetrate the midst of our fortress is therefore vain. Moreover the flag-ship of our great Protector sails around us by day and night, keeping watch lest any harm befal the city, and frustrating the designs of the piratical barks and gallies of the Prince of darkness threatening peril to the place of landing. Yes, He Himself, the Lord of Lords, the Almighty, the wall and defence of Zion. The Lord is our Judge, the prophet says. The Lord, not the Devil, not the World! The Lord judges us, indeed in conformity with His perfect satisfaction once offered for us, and therefore of mere favor and grace. The Lord is our Lawgiver, the prophet proceeds. The tongue of the learned hath been given him, that He should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. He is ever at hand with counsel and light. Who shall confound us, and what shall put us out of countenance? Finally the prophet says: The Lord is our King. And what king is like unto Him? Before His rebuke the mountains tremble, and the foundations of the earth quake. And the shield of *this* King is over our heads. If God be for us, who can be against us.

Truly has the Church under the cross full right to shout boldly in the faces of the whole band of its enemies, what is written in the text: Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail. No, thou canst not, thou old Serpent: for thy head is crushed, and the limits established beyond which thou canst not go. And thou also canst not, thou blind, faithless world, who sailest with rotten tackling and with which it is clearly to be seen that the wind, that swells thy sails, will carry thee into no heaven of peace, and that from thy decks neither sin nor death shall be overcome. Thy compass leadest

only to error, misery and damnation. Thy boat as a wreck shattered on the rocks shall be hanging upon the crags, when we, with our standard floating at the mast-head, and shouting the words of the 126th Psalm, shall land on the shores of the eternal Jerusalem above.

III.

We read further: Then is the prey of great spoil divided; the lame take the prey. Here the *possessions* of the spiritual city of Zion are considered. I am aware that the word *"then"* in its proper sense refers to a Church period which is yet to come; still none the less does it admit of an earlier application to the time in which we live. Ye lame, who lean upon the shoulders of your Friend, step forth and testify whether the word of the prophet is not accomplished at the present time. Ye see indeed on the bloody battle-field of the Passion of the Lamb all your enemies,—the World, Death, Sin, the Devil together with the curse of the Law so overcome, stretched in the dust and despoiled of their hostile armor, so that, in spite of all that feebleness, in which ye must find yourselves daily to your own anguish, ye can not forbear to clap your hands in triumph over the fallen; and ye see, peace, joy, childlike confidence, hope of eternal life and *all*, all as a costly booty—which the substitute has obtained for you—that ye can receive these again to yourselves. Step forth and attest it, that there is in fact founded upon the earth that city, in which it is granted not only to saints, but also to sinners, to sing songs of the deepest joy, and to adorn themselves with victorious and festal crowns, while no one liveth there any more on his own account, but the second Adam with His works, deeds and recompense supports the whole people without cost or price. *Then* what says the Spirit? The inhabitant—literally he who lies down there—shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwelt therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.

Forgiveness of sins! Incomparable possession! What is there more precious than a guileless conscience, a free looking upwards to God, and an open pathway to His throne? And all this is produced by the one tree—Forgiveness of sins! Forgiveness! Oh how softly one slumbers with this, how easily he endures, and with it so joyfully labors and strives so trustingly on that plain! Yes, he who inherits this treasure—and he can only inherit but not acquire it—becomes not weak but stronger than Time whose stormy-flight he bewails not,—than the World, whose poor pleasures he desires not,—than Hell to which he shouts "who is he that condemneth,"—than Death which he interrogates, with the consciousness of victory, "Where is thy sting?" Oh thou treasure of the Magdalenes, Publicans and Malefactors, how thou outbalancest a thousand fold everything which the beggarly world can either offer us or deprive us of! If thou possessest this treasure, brother! sister! then consider thy happiness, be content and rejoice. Thou needest nothing further. Justification, expectancy of an abode of peace in Heaven, assurance of eternal salvation, all this and much more has become thine in this one treasure. And the treasure is

thine, as soon as thou dwellest in Zion. Dwell ever there with Peter in the Hospital, or sit with David in sackcloth and ashes, or with Job on the dung hill; cling to the words of the text: the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people (mark it well, the whole people) that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.

There stands the City! Enter its gates? Do ye hesitate? You will seek, indeed, for pleas of carnal worldly pleasure in vain. No, ye are not invited here to empty husks, but to Heavenly manna. If ye prefer the flesh-pots of Egypt, then remain without, and perish with the unbelieving of Israel in the wilderness. Even without you there shall not be wanting a people to the Lord, which rejoicing shall enter into His mansions. He builds no house for desolation, but wherever He locates His habitations, He is already Himself at once the Inhabitant. There stands the City! No salvation without its walls! Do ye consider your righteousness the tree of life? Oh observe those, who trust in it. They have no peace; and how righteous are they? They are submissive to God, so long as He complies with their wishes, and may not know any other law, than that they have laid down for themselves. Come to them with the *divine* law, and they gnash their teeth together at you. That is their obedience, that their virtue.

There stands the City! Its gate is narrow; but for the sake of the salvation of your soul, enter, enter! Or do ye think to delay repentance. Ah, do ye know whether the morrow's sun may shine on you, and that ye shall not give your life in despair to day. To day, to day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness. Hasten to place your soul in safety; for already the power of error reigns and it is perilous to stand upon the streets.

There stands the City! O ye, who have a care as to what shall benefit mankind, and for their good establish society after society, see to this above all that ye lead the people to this city and thus furnish them help for time and eternity. In this City no man dies of hunger. Here rules love, which has nothing, and can have nothing, for itself alone. In this City success in one's calling and handicraft shall never be wanting; for godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. In this City flourishes alone the true form of civilization; for the Creator of all beauty—the Holy Spirit—brings here not only the purely human to a harmonious development, but impresses it with the stamp of Heaven and transfigures it into the Divine. Yes, this City is like a school for the eternal Jerusalem, its outer court, and from it that wonderful ladder hangs down, which the enraptured patriarch saw in his dream. Enter then its gates before the bolts shall be fastened. Pay your homage to the Lord your God before it becomes dark, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountains. See the insignificant requirement that is made of you at its barriers. Nothing but a handful of wretched worldly pleasures and a death begetting self-delusion are you called upon to re-

nounce. Oh see how ye will be recompensed with every thing! Come and ye also shall be made partakers of that great happiness, and be greeted in hearing the blessed invitation: For ye are not come unto the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest; but unto Mount Sion, and unto the City of the living God, and to the general assembly of the first-born, which are written in Heaven; and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. AMEN.

WHAT AN EARNEST BOY DID.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is always painful to see boys, who have every advantage for the improvement of their minds, spending their time in idleness, and what they regard as fun. Some even whilst at school seem to have no proper appreciation of the advantages they enjoy. They grow up to manhood but poorly qualified to take the places in society which they are necessarily called to fill. Lacking earnestness they give but poor promise of making any important impression upon the generation in which they live.

For the benefit of such, by way of furnishing them a little wholesome stimulus, we propose to relate briefly the story of "an earnest boy." The lad whose history we propose to give, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29th, 1808; and as he is still living he is now nearly fifty five years old.

But we must begin with his infancy. It will be seen that his life was early clouded by an afflictive dispensation of Providence. "When he was four years of age," we are told, "he lost his father, who died from the effects of exertions to save a friend from drowning. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city, with whom he served seven years. His mother was unable to afford him any educational advantages, and he never attended school a day in his life. While learning his trade, however, he resolved to make an effort to educate himself. His anxiety to be able to read was particularly excited by an incident which is worthy of mention. A gentleman of Raleigh was in the habit of going into the tailor-shop and reading while the apprentice and jouneymen were at work. He was an excellent reader, and his favorite book was a volume of speeches, principally of British Statesmen. "Our boy became interested, and his first ambition was to equal him as a reader and become familiar with those speeches. He took up the alphabet without an instructor; but by

applying to the journeymen with whom he worked, he obtained a little assistance. Having acquired a knowledge of the letters, he applied for the loan of the book which he had so often heard read. The owner made him a present of it, and gave him some instruction on the use of letters in the formation of words. Thus his first exercises in spelling were in that book. By perseverance he soon learned to read, and the hours which he devoted to his education were at night after he was through his daily labors upon the shop-board."

"He now applied himself to books from two to three hours every night, after working from ten to twelve hours at his trade. Having completed his apprenticeship in the autumn of 1824, he went to Laurens Court House, in South Carolina, where he worked as a journeyman for nearly two years. In May 1826 he returned to Raleigh, where he procured journey-work, and remained until September. He then went to seek his fortune in the West, carrying with him his mother, who was dependent upon him for support. He stopped at Greenville Tennessee, and commenced work as a journeyman."

"He remained there about twelve months, married, and soon after went still farther westward, but failing to find a suitable place to settle, he returned to Greenville and commenced business. Up to this time his education was limited to reading, as he had never had an opportunity of learning to write or cipher; but under the instructions of his wife he learned these and other branches. The only time, however, he could devote to them was in the dead of night."

He now began to have a start upwards. Growing in knowledge he grew in influence. In 1828 he was elected alderman of the village. He was re-elected to the same office is 1829, and also in 1830. In 1830 he was also elected Mayor, which office he held three years. In 1835 he was elected to the Legislature—and again in 1839. In 1840 he served as presidential elector for the State at large. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1843 he was elected to Congress; and when his term expired was re-elected so that he served till 1853. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee. In 1855 he was re-elected Governor. In 1857 he was elected to the United States Senate for the term of six years. Such was his popularity, influence and reputation for wisdom, honesty and faithfulness, that before his term in the United States Senate expired he was appointed by the President to an important position in his native State; and the boy is, now known as Hon. Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee!

Boys, do you hear that!

Johnson has acquired a reputation wide as the land. His name has been heard in every home of the country. His eloquence in the Senate is well known. He has made better speeches himself than he ever read in that book of speeches which he so much admired as a boy, and from which he drank his youthful inspiration. His loyal and stirring appeals all over the land since the Great Rebellion has been inaugurated, in favor of the old flag, have given new

courage and confidence to thousands, and his name and acts will fill an honorable chapter in the History of the war for the Union.

We cannot, of course, promise the same success to all the boys. But the road is open to all. "Fortune favors the brave." The earnest shall win. God will help all who help themselves; and to all who truly desire it, and who are found worthy in the trial, He will appoint places of usefulness and honor. Wake up, boys, and see what can be done!

THE ORDER OF NATURE IN ITS NORMAL FORM.*

A LECTURE BY DR. J. W. NEVIN.

REPORTED BY THE EDITOR.

The Church is in its very conception a supernatural constitution in the world—the order of grace over against the order of nature. It supposes the existence of nature, rests in nature as a basis, and stands out in relief from it as its back ground.

By nature we mean the present world in its entire range from unorganized matter up to man. It is in its conception a whole, a system. It is a pyramid starting in the lowest forms of nature and growing up to a point. It is a circle in the compass of which all converges toward a centre, and is held in union with it as a complete whole. We find that creation begins in an incomplete way in unorganized matter, chrystalization, &c., and grows toward a higher perfection, till at last it culminates in man which is its highest point. Man may be called the microcosm in which all beneath comes to a completion—in him all nature becomes intelligent and intelligible. Man is the mirror from which it is reflected.

All the lower forms of nature, chrystalization, vegetable, animal, reaches its height especially in the human body. The relation between the lower and the higher is inward—not so, however, that the one can pass into the other, vegetable become mere animal, and mere animal man—but one sphere loses itself in the other, is taken up in it, as its proper completion. The lower cannot get into the higher, but it foretells and foreshadows it. The higher still, however, includes the lower; as for instance, man has animal life, the animal has vegetable life, and the vegetable the lower form of organized matter. They are actually taken up, and held in living union with the higher—so that the human body and through it the soul includes these lower forms of existence, though they

* This article is the substance of a lecture—the first one of a series on the Church—delivered by Dr. Nevin in the Lecture Room of the German Reformed church in Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 11th 1856. It was taken down by the Editor of the Guardian and afterwards revised and corrected by its author. It is an article for those who think, and will be appreciated by many of our readers.

themselves never are transferred, or transubstantiated into what is above them.

With this order and process agrees the account in the first chapter of Genesis. First the division of the dryland from the waters —then vegetable life, "grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruitful tree after its kind," whose seed is in itself, upon the earth—a kind of secondary creation, self-production of nature from beneath up. Then animal, in the same way by the secondary law of creation—then at the close comes the solemn crowning act, "Let us make man, &c." Here the work of nature is finished—this is the end of nature's organic development—it culminates in man, who is head and lord over all—first in his body, but this itself in the soul. The soul as a microcosm collects, represents, and reflects back the true and proper idea and meaning of nature. The soul is, therefore, on the side towards nature kindred with the living spirit of nature—nature has its climax in the soul, in the form of intelligence and will.

The animal, being in this sense a product of nature, has no mind, but only instinct—blind—yet it has that which is allied to mind, and in man the higher stadium of nature becomes such. The animal has also, therefore, no will, being only under the power of nature's blind force.

This primacy of man,—of the human soul,—includes, however, more than nature in its highest form. It involves a higher sort of existence. The soul of man is more than the life of nature carried to its climax. It is by its very constitution inwardly related to another world. Thus in Genesis, after the completion of nature's process to the highest point, there was the creation from above down to meet that from below up. He breathed into man the breath of life. This was, therefore, the infusion of a life above nature regarded as a simple *physical* system. [The moral, with its powers of reason and will, may be termed *hyperphysical*, though not strictly *supernatural*.] This is signified by man's creation in the image of God. Thus he stands related to a higher order, and in a higher source. The soul is inwardly related to a higher world —not merely the climax from earth up; but also the product from heaven down. He is from God as well as from nature.

It is by virtue of this relation to a higher order, that the natural can pass over into the supernatural. Hence also the physical passes over into the moral. There is an important difference between these two conceptions. The physical is blind—blind powers—as the life of a plant, growth of plant or animal. This is only a dark adumbration—but the animal or physical, that which belongs to the mere order of nature in its development from beneath upward, cannot be moral. The physical nature is under the power of forces over which it has no control, working upon it, not from itself, but from around, behind, and beneath. Not so man. If so, he could not be moral. The moral is found only in the sphere of reason and freedom. His life would be helpless and hopeless; he would face back again on nature, were it not for his moral constitution. This

gives him a home in the hyperphysical; and gives him his true vocation.

The source of the moral is, therefore, necessarily transcendental.* I shall be understood in the use of this word, as meaning that the source of the moral is above nature—it is a new force in creation, meeting nature at its climax, introduced from above into the constitution of the world. It lies in man's nature as lord of the lower world that he should be above it—it lies in the nature of him as the image of God that he should have a source also in the higher, in God—it lies in his nature that he should have a certain independence over against nature. This is involved in the conception of his freedom; he is not to be ruled by nature, and stand blindly in the power of time and space. Morality is, therefore, not mere nature, not physics.

This side of man, therefore, comes not out of mere nature—it is no product of its powers as vegetables, or animal life. There is provision made for it in the higher powers of the soul. He stands related to the invisible through these higher powers, as truly as he does on the natural side to this world through the senses. It is the office of these higher powers to govern. Hence, by virtue of them it is, that he has dominion over himself and this lower world.

The powers in question are placed in the soul of man for this purpose, and in their own nature are fitted for such mastery over his life and over the world. But to be equal to their office, they must be true to their own law. This is not in themselves, much less in the lower world; but only in God. They are to *image* his attributes, that is, to be in subordination to the invisible and infinite. Failing this, they have no power to fulfil their own office.

This office of the higher powers, requires then freedom to be under subjection to their own law. In this is their strength—by virtue of this there is dominion. All strength is under law. So in nature. All things are strong only in their proper place, and so under law. So the planets, plants, and animals. So in society—in the family—the state.

These higher powers, in which there is this strength and dominion possible, are in and from God. The higher nature of man has its end and rule in God. These powers are powers of the infinite. In the sphere of this relation to the infinite they have their only normal use. They are not infinite themselves, only of the infinite, set towards the infinite as their proper source and end. They are God's image in man—the mirror of the real-unseen. They are not abstract—they must have the infinite; for their proper contents—hence they reflect these eternal ideas. Form and contents must correspond.

Reason must have truth as its contents. So also conscience—it

* Transcendental. That is, the moral is no product of any law, or forces belonging to the physical. It springs from a new higher form of existence in man himself. The soul has power to originate its own acts—it is *autonomic* thus, and not a link only (like the animal) in the nexus or chain of physical causes and effects. The source of such action *transcends* the physical scheme of the world—lies over it and beyond it in the sphere of mind and will.

may be in error, but this is not its normal life—it rests in the infinite—it looks to the eternal. It must be as a mirror to reflect the mind of God. So will must have its ground in the infinite. It is formed for liberty—not to be under blind powers and forces as instinct, or the senses. The power of choice is not itself freedom, though it be the necessary condition of freedom, its proper *form.* But the form must have its proper contents also, its right informing substance, to be this idea in full. This implies that the choice may fall on truth or error. The object, the contents of freedom must be good. God is good—He is holy. The will that has these contents is free. The will, having its law in the divine nature, is free when it answers to that nature. Thus mere liberty is not freedom—this is *arbitrium*—for it may seek the lower as its contents. Freedom rests in the infinite as its contents. The attributes of God meet in man's spirit; and the higher powers of man are an endeavor towards these contents. Here there is harmony of the human and divine; and here is the perfection of morality and of physics. This harmony is religion; and thus in religion alone have we true morality. In its consummation alone is the moral possible.

Now this whole constitution of life, from the highest power of soul downward to unorganized matter, is what we are to understand by the "order of nature." The natural is not the material world merely, not merely the body in its relations to the natural world. Nature is that constitution as a whole, beginning in the lowest forms of creation and ending in the highest—in man; where it reaches that part in man which rests in the unseen and eternal side—will, reason, conscience. When all this nature is subordinate to the higher, it is in its normal state. All this is the order of nature so far as man's constitution is concerned. It includes the physical, the moral and the religious; and where these are in their just and proper relation, there is nature in its normal form.

There is room, therefore, for the idea of the Tripartite life, recognized in Scripture, *body, soul,* or animal mind—and *spirit.* The animal mind and the spirit are not two different existences; we only say that besides the body there are two other forms of existence in man, the soul, as the bond of union between the body and spirit. The soul of man, in its animal powers, is the efflorescence of the lower physical world; whilst in its higher faculties it is the seat of activities that have to do with the world unseen and eternal. Thus man has power to govern all below, as its Lord.

This division of man's nature has much to do with the idea of Christ and His Church.

Here is the conjunction with the supernatural. The lower is met by the higher, and there must be a real union of the two in man. Without this there can be no religion. This may be aimed at by man, but it cannot be reached except he be met by an objective revelation from God—by the presence of God, the original source, in such revelation. There must be a condescension and grace from God, or there can be no religion. We are shut up to this—man cannot join himself to God—he cannot evoke religion out

of himself, or from that which is lower than himself. This was the sense of the early Church—they held an objective revelation of supernatural grace. In and from the higher side there must be the infinite brought down within man's reach. This is the meaning of the *donum supernaturale* of the ancient Church, the supernatural gift. God comes thus to man. This supernatural gift is not itself part of the order of nature—it comes to it, takes it up—but is itself infinite and supernatural. This *donum supernaturale* was suspended upon the condition of free obedience.

Before the fall man had not the power to generate out of himself life; but he had power to keep his relation, all suspended on the condition of free obedience. There was a harmony between him and nature, and him and God, which held all nature in its subordinate place, and there was room for the saying that all was "good," "very good."

We cannot now conceive properly of this normal state of nature. Since we are fallen, we cannot grasp what was before, no more than a bird (if we can conceive of such a thing) in the water could conceive of life in the air. There are some hints of it afforded us in Scripture; and it comes also within the reach of reflection.

One characteristic of that state of man was entire self-government—full mastery over his nature, and *second*, through his body, rule over his inclinations, so that his life was free and easy. All the lower in him was subordinate to the higher. He was also so over the physical world as to make the language of the 8th Psalm proper to him—verse 6, 7, 8. These are glimpses of this supremacy which come to view in the mortal life of our Saviour—still more after His glorification. This supremacy made Him so far independent of nature, that He was not necessarily under the power of death. He died willingly; and could have chosen not to die.

The difference between nature in its normal state and now is that it is, in man, and with him, fallen. In the normal state the higher moral reigned over the lower; and had he not fallen it would have continued so; and he would have been, no doubt, raised higher, even to immortality, without death. He was made originally to be the prophet, high priest, and king of nature—all nature was to utter itself, and offer itself, and be obedient to God through man. He was to be God's vicegerent in this lower world. Adam, and his posterity, were to have reigned as did Christ over nature.

From this normal order, the fall has sunk us; and we lie helpless in the power of nature. We need no proof, that we are fallen. The mystery is before us, and stares us dreadfully in the face. We feel it in the contradictions of our own nature. It is also testified to by a universal tradition. All nations have lingering reminiscences of a higher state, a golden age that once was the lot of the dwellers on earth. They have also, hence, all aspirations after such a state again. The fact of the fall, the Bible and Christ do not seek to prove; they *assume* it. There is no pains taken to establish the truth of it in the Scriptures. It underlies the whole revelation of the Sacred Scriptures.

THE PHEBE FAMILY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

It must be evident to any observing closely, that it is a great privilege to belong to the Phebe family. The benefit it bestows is not of flesh, nor of blood, nor of the will of man, but by the grace of God. When the ancestorial Phebe had occasion to go to Rome, St. Paul wrote to the Church of that city: "Receive ye her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you."

She must go to Rome, a distant city. She goes commended by an Apostle. She goes with a good name, well endorsed. She goes into a city where all is strange, and where all are strangers to her, and she a stranger to them, and yet she goes at once into the warm bosom of a Christian community. There are now none shy of her. None look upon her with suspicion. She comes among them recommended and accepted as a sister in the highest and purest sense of that term.

Even in her case, firm and experienced as she was in the faith, it was an advantage to go with such a name, and into such society, How much more important is such an advantage to the young members of the Phebe family. To come as a stranger into the midst of strangers has always its perils. It is easy for a young person going into a distant city to fall into the wrong hands, and thus to be brought into the wrong society. How easily may such danger be prevented by a commendation from the Church. This insures access to the right kind of hearts; and gives to the young Christian *at once* a position in Christian society, and the advantage of privileges, which it would otherwise require a long while to secure. This is well understood by the members of this ancient family. They keep up the customs of their ancestor in this respect. No one goes beyond the reach of known associates, to abide in a distant place, without the commendations of the Church, breathing the ancient spirit! "Receive her in the Lord as becometh saints."

Receive her affectionately. She is worthy of it. She has herself succored and received many. You know her not in the flesh, but she is now known to you in Christ. Though by birth a Greek, she is a "sister," as being with you a member of the new spiritual family. She speaks the language of a higher world, and you will find her to be in spirit and life one of you. Receive her "in the Lord."

Receive her as a fellow-worker. It is her meat and drink to do the will of Christ. She is happy only in doing good. To this her life is devoted; in this she has been earnestly engaged; and she will be out of her element if she is not placed in a position where she can serve Christ in the service of His Church. She will soon

become acquainted with the lanes and allies of the city. She will know where the poor and needy reside, and she will find her highest joy in ministering to them. She will honor the Church by her service, and the wretched nursed and warmed into life and hope by her cheering presence will feel as if the Christ preached to them had reappeared in the person of His servants. What a privilege to an earnest Christian heart to be thus admitted into the circle of labor in the Church. Had it not been for this she might have been in Rome for years without finding this sphere of joyful labor for Christ and his saints.

Receive her as a fellow-heir. Regard her as a child in your family of love and hope. Let her be admitted to all the privilges enjoyed by yourselves. Be not unconcerned even in regard to her *temporal* interests. She must live among you. She is dependent upon her own industry for support. "Assist her in whatsoever *business* she hath need of you."

This is touching! The best saints are often poor and dependent. Lydia was a seller of purple. The disciples of Jesus in the midst of the deep sorrow occasioned by the death of their Lord, are found all night floating upon the sea of Tiberias toiling to take a few fish for food. St. Paul must sit down part of his time to make tents for bread! Phebe who succored many, who served in offices of love through many weary nights, must be diligent in business to gain her bread. Perhaps for this reason, in part at least, she goes to Rome to improve her condition. In this view, how touching the apostolic charge to the saints at Rome: "Assist her in whatsoever *business* she hath need of you."

This kind of assistance is not a small matter, nor a matter beneath Christian attention. That is certainly a doubtful spirituality which overlooks the temperal good of fellow Christians. When those who secure their living in a certain honorable calling come among us as strangers, so far from being profane, it is a sacred Christian duty to assist them in whatsoever business they may have need of us. Christianity is not an abstraction, but a real brotherhood. As it hath the promise, so it involves the duties, which pertain to the life which now is as well as to that which is to come. No doubt the Church has lost much of its ancient spirit of mutual interest and brotherly love. Would that the life and spirit of the ancient Church were more widely felt in this selfish age.

We have, in the ancestorial Phebe, an example for our imitation. We may well study her character. We ought to imbibe her spirit —enter upon her labor—covet her usefulness. How glorious the work; how blessed the reward. Her toils have long since ended. There in Cenchrea and in Rome are the scenes of her brief but pious labors, and self-denial; yonder, in heaven, are the scenes of her eternal reward! High above the thorns blooms the fragrant, fadeless flowers. With the saints she once succored, she now walks in white. For behind and beneath both them and her are the sufferings of the wilderness; before them, through ages without end, lie the extended plains of eternal felicity. Now she is Phebe in-

deed—"pure, shining," as her name implies. Now her name has received its fullest interpretation. She is clothed in the pure white robes of the Lamb's righteousness, and shines as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

If it were possible to determine the character, personal appearance or other distinctive marks of each individual before giving him or her a name, the beauty and fitness of the latter would be much enhanced by its propriety. If for instance, a girl-child be of a fair complexion, let her be named Blanch, which means white, or Susan, which means a lily, or Bridget, i. e., shining bright. If she be a brunette, name her Violet—if gifted with smooth and flowing hair call her Julia, meaning "one who has soft hair;" if of small size, let her be named Paulina, i. e., little. And when you discover dawnings of a determined and inflexible disposition, name your daughter Constance, which expresses resolution. Should this quality in later years, degenerate into rudeness and obstinacy, you might add to the damsel yet another name, viz: Ursula, a she-bear.

The timid child might be well named Ruth, which signifies trembling—the quiet gentle one, Prene, i. e. peace, or Rosamund. a rose of peace.

What a stain did Benedict Arnold bring upon his good name, for Benedict (Latin,) bene and dico, is blessed and arnold is a maintainer of honor. And this brings us to remark, that we are often, as it were, committed to be good, or noble, or brave, if we would carry out in our words and deeds, the characters which our names give us. Let no man whose name is Charles be guilty of a mean act, for his name stamps him with the title of noble spirited. All Georges should turn their attention to farming, inasmuch as George signifies husbandman. Ferdinand is another responsible name, meaning pure, peace. John is the Grace of the Lord; Richard, Powerful, and Robert, famous in counsel; or, as another authority has it, one disposed to rest.

Female names are especially replete with beauty of meaning, and the responsibilities attached to them are fully as great as in some of the cases before mentioned. Young lady, is your name Agatha! Mar not that name by an evil thought, for your name means good; is it Alice? stain it not by a plebeian deed, for the name means noble; is it Anna or Ann or Annie? let no harsh word escape your lips, for these names mean gracious; is it Catharine? let your life be what your name symbolizes, pure. Elizabeth or Eliza should be truth itself, for these names signify, the oath of God. So Jane is the Grace of the Lord; Frances or Fanny means flour-

ishing; Gertrude, all truth; Amy, beloved; Charlotte, all noble; Margaret, a pearl; Sophia, wisdom; and Lucy, light.

Barbara is from the same source as our word barbarous, but has properly the softer meaning of strange or foreign. Beatrice signifies making happy. Few names have been so sweetened and hallowed by poetry as this. Cecilia (and the less common male name Cecil) have, in the Latin, the signification of grey-eyed. Cicely is intrinsically and everywhere a maid of the dairy. Clara is one of the very finest of our female names. It has the meaning of clear or bright. Constance bears a similar meaning to that of Constantine—namely, resolute. Grace, one of the sweetest of all the names given to Christian women, signifies simple favor, or grace in the sense of favor. Felicia, the feminine form of Felix, has the same signification of happy. Letitia, usually shortened into Lettice, denotes joy. No sense could be better than this, whether the word is thought of as falling from parents' or from lover's lips. Lucy is a favorite name with almost all. It is derived from the same Latin word as the adjective lucid, and has much the same meaning. Mabel is either from mabella, signifying my fair, or contracted from amabalis, lovely or amiable. In sound and sense, whichever way is right, Mabel is well worthy of being perpetuated. Olivia is a good name, derived like Oliver, from the symbol of peace the olive. Patience means what, in common speech, the word implies. Never, perhaps, was there an appellation so consistent in its meaning with the impression we have of those who bear it, as Priscilla. A Priscilla is an antiquated, starched demoiselle in nine cases out of ten, and the word, with a touch almost of irony or satire in it, signifies a little ancient. To Prudence, which denotes what it professes to do, we have the objection of over-homeliness. Rosa, of which Rose is the prettier form, denotes simply a rose. The name is redolent of all that is sweet and fragrant.

Few people, when they hear a stranger's surname, pause to think how it originated. Yet, as men originally had but one name, as Adam, Enoch, Noah or Abraham; and as surnames, therefore, are of comparatively late origin, it affords a curious study to inquire how surnames originated.

The first resort, when population became so thick that surnames became necessary to distinguish the different members of a family, was to affix an epithet descriptive of some personal peculiarity, or of the trade the man pursued. Thus arose the names of Smith and Tanner, Brown, with others of a similar description. In some cases, the child was called by a name which distinguished it as the son of some well known person, and in this way originated Johnson, Harrison and Williamson. In the Roman tongue, where Fitz means son, arose in like manner, Fitzwilliam and Fitzgerald; and in the Celtic, where the prefix Mac has a like signification, Mac Donald, McMichael, and others of a cognate kind.

Another class of surnames has a local origin, the person being named from the estate he owned, or the village where he lived.

All English surnames ending in ford, field, brook, vale, street, and similar terminations, belong to the latter class. So do surnames ending in ham, ley, and tun, which signified respectively, in the old Saxon, house, meadow and town. Lytleton means, therefore, Littletown, and Granville, Grand-town; and other names of the English nobility have the like plebeian origin. Examples of names derived from estates are De Spencer, De Coursey, and De Valence, de being the Norman for of; and therefore all names of this character belonged originally to Norman families. Another class of names are foreign ones, naturalized, so to speak, in England or here. Among these are Bouvier, the French name, meaning cow-herd; Cadwallader, a Welsh name, meaning Chief of the Druids, and Campbell, an Italian name, meaning a beautiful field. This last name, curious to say, runs through nearly every language in Europe, as Fairfield Kemble, Beauchamp, and Schoenau. Neander is Neumann made classical, as Grotius is De Groot, transformed in a similar manner.

In addition to names descriptive of the personal appearance, there are names originating in mental qualifications. Goodman, Wise, Moody, and numerous others, illustrate this. All the Clarks are descended from ancestors, in various localities, who could read and write in those times when those accomplishments were rare, and who were therefore called clerks. There are many names, derived from occupations, which, at first sight, are little suspected of it. Chaucer is an instance, for it comes from chaussure, or hose, so that the ancestor of the great English poet must have been a stocking-maker. Sir Charles Napier, the rampant British Admiral, as well as William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, had a progenitor, centuries ago, who was a waiter, for the servant who offered the napkins or napery, to the guests, went by this name in old times. The lapse of centuries, and the consequent mutations of fortunes, have, in a similar way, put surnames often in odd contradiction to existing circumstances; for we have Goodmans imprisoned for crime, Kings playing the part of menials, and St. Johns cheating at cards. From a late work on 'Scottish Surnames' we extract the following:

Among these are Merchant, Merces, (sometimes Messer), Moneypenny, Chapman, Cheape, Seller, Scales, Clinkscales. Down at the mills, by the river side there is a busy population. "John of the Mill," has become John Mill. The unpopular office of gathering in the multures or mill-dues gives the name of Multerer, afterwards to become Mutter. Walkers are not named from their pedestrian feats, but from the walking or fulling mill where cloth is dressed, which affords the good name of Fuller also. The sturdy burgher who puts the salmon into barrels for exportation, and also barrels our good home-brewed ale, is known as William Cooper. His man who hoops the barrels is John Girdwood. The English call him Hooper. The officer who stamps the barrels is named Brander. Some of his descendants are people of good account round Elgin at the present day. He is sometimes known as John

Brand "for shortness:" and we have a respectable colony descended from him, and using that surname, on the coast of Forfarshire. Besides these worthies in the cooperage is another important trade, that of curing and dressing the skins of our cattle. Hence we have people bearing with good right the names of Barker, Tanner, Currier, (sometimes shortened into Curry), and Skinner. You will not doubt there are, in our thriving community, several Butchers, whose name is generally written, as well as spoken, Butchard; Bakers in plenty, whom we call Baxters; makers of ale, of both sexes, who think their Scotch name of Brewster quite as good as the southern Brewer; shoemakers and weavers, in the vernacular, Suters and Websters. The dyer is with us a Litster. The southrons have borrowed the name (making it Lister) without knowing its meaning. We have in our village Cooks, Kitchens, and Kitcheners, Tailors, Turners, Saddlers, Lorimers (i. e., bridle makers) Glovers. Of workers in wood we have Wrights (whom the English call Carpenters), Cartwrights, Sievewrights, Joiners, Sawyers. The old trade name of Glassenwright, is to die out, but we have numerous Masons, Slaters, Plumbers, all affording respectable and enduring surnames. Two important handicraft, at the time of our imaginary visit, are soon to disappear, leaving only their names to their posterity. The maker of bows, the chief arm of war, is called Bower, and sometimes Bowmaker. The arrow-makers, whom the French name Flechier, from "fleche," are with us known as Fletchers, a name that is to survive and flourish long after their good weapons have given way before "the villainous saltpeter."

The Smith family is the most numerous of all those bearing names of occupation. This may be owing to the fact, that the 'Smith' of the age when surnames first became hereditary, included in his mystery, the work which Wheeler, Cartwright, and other 'Wrights' afterwards performed. There are 1,591 Smiths in the New York City Directory alone, of whom 177 have the prenomen John! The name of Smith has been made the subject of jokes and witticisms innumerable. A recent writer says: "From what has hitherto been discovered, the great and formidable family of the Smiths are the veritable descendants in a direct line of Shem, the son of Noah, the father of the Shemitic tribe. And it is thus derived: Shem, Shemit, Shmit, Smith." Another writer, a wonderful philologist evidently, traces the name of 'John Smith' through all languages of the earth. Beginning with Hebrew, he says: "The Jews had no 'Christian' names, consequently no 'John,' and the name with them stood simply Shem or Shem or Shemit, but in all other nations the John Smith is found in full. Thus, in the Latin Johannes Smithius; Italian Giovanni Smithi; Spanish, Juan Smithas; Dutch, Hans Schmidt; French Jean Smeets; Greek, Jon Shmiton: Russian, Johnloff Shmittowski; Polish Ivan Schmittiwski; Chinese, Jahon Shimmit; Icelandic, Jahne Smithson; Welsh, Jihon Schmidel; Tuscarora, Ton Qa Smithia: Mexican, Jonth T'Smithli." The same learned pundit to prove the antiquity

of the name, observes that "among the cartouches deciphered in the temple of Osiris, in Egypt, was found the name of Pharaoh Smithosis, being the ninth in the eighteenth dynasty of the Theban kings." Among the derivations of Smith we have Goldsmith, Arrowsmith, Spear-Smith, Namyth, probably from Nail-smith and several others. Gow is Gaelic for Smith; hence McGowan is simply Smithson.

Barker is synonymous with Farmer. Jenner is an old form of Joiner and Milner of miller. Webb, Webber, Webster and Weber from the German is equivalent to weaver. Tucker is a fuller. Shearman and Sherman are shearers of worsteds and Bainster the keeper of a bath. Kiddster is an obsolete word for huckster. Ridler is a maker of sieves; Waite, a minstrel; Akerman, a farmer; Brewster, a brewer. The termination ster, originally signified a female worker, and the language of the law seems to presume that every unmarried woman is employed in spinning,—an employment so much in vogue in the olden time.

Many of the names of employments that survive remind us of crafts that have long since ceased to exist. Among such names are Archer, Arrowsmith, Fletcher, Billman, Bowmaker, Bowman, Crowder, one who played upon the crowd, Harper, Furbisher, Hawker, Hawkins, Pikeman, Pointer, and Stringer, or the maker of strings for bows.

Others occur in the following list of names of occupation, all of which existed as surnames in England, about and after the year 1200: Le Barbier, barber; Le Cuper, cooper; Le Cuteler, cutler; Le Bouteiller, butler; Fabre and Favre, falconer; Foster, forrester; Le Turner, turner; Le Taileur, Tailor; Latimer and Maseun, Mason; Spicer, grocer; Draper seems simply to have meant a cloth merchant.

There is much that is curious in the family names of the people. They are often instructive in their combinations, and more frequently are full of amusement. There for instance, are the curiously opposite names of Ramsbottom and Goathead, the ornithological families of Crane, Pidgin, Hawks, Dove, and the locomotive tribes of Walker, Canter, Trott and Callop. Then we have the families of Cash Penny and Moneypenny, who are not always rich in spite of their names. Again, Mr. Rich is often a poor man, while Mr. Poor is frequently a rich one. Then we have families of all colors —Greene, Gray, White, Black, Brown, Blue, Scarlet; and of various compositions, as Clay, Mudd, Sands, Flint and Steele. There are people who are Hyer and Lower, Long and Short—not to speak of the Longfellows and Longmans—and others again who are Fuller and Shorter. There is fierce Mr. Mildman, mild Mr. Savage, and genial Mr. Wildrage who never gets angry!

But a list of the most singular family names is furnished to the Boston Transcript, by a correspondent who extracts from a dictionary of the family names of the United Kingdom, recently published in England. It seems scarcely possible that there are people in the world who bear names as the following:

We find in it families of Bulface, Bullhead, Budoxhead, Swinehead, Pearhead, Owlsgrave (grave as an owl?), Merrymouth, Yellowhaire (yellow hair), Oakenbottom, Shufflebottom, and Whalebone, Pigfat and Bonefat, Zizzag, Rottenherying, Slybody and Smoothman, Truebody and Prewbody, Whitelegg, Shakelady and Shakestaff, Spirit, Ghost, Demon, Talker, Tellwright Testimony, Welladier, Rattlebag, Dumbell, Suezum, Rigmaiden and Butterfly, Widehose, Topast, Trigger, Thankful, Sweerlove, Bitter, Plum, Youngmay, Toot and Tootal, Weatherhogg, Whitehorse, Wolfhunt, Woodpecker, Sefowl, Wealthy, Thousandpound, Ticklepenny, Whirlwind, Winfarthing, Purslove, Silverspoon, (the progenitor of this family was doubtless born with a silver spoon in his mouth), Twopots, Twelvetrees, Twiceaday, Napkin, Lenfound, Portwine, Stonestreet, Chalklime, Pilsworth and Plaister, Priesthouse, Shephouse, (the sheephouse, shepherdbush,) also, the miscellaneous names of Scrase, Skegg, Stigging and Stiggson, &c.

The startup family is now quite ancient. Mr. Lower mentions a family of Paternoster, which held lands by the tenure of saying the Lord's Prayer in Latin, for the repose of the souls of the king and his heirs. He also states that Piazza was a favorite name for foundlings in the time of Charles II. Mr. Gallery lives at Rochester, N. Y., Mr. Napper and Mr. Odam are on Mr. Lower's subscription lists. In the appendix is a list of names copied from the office of the Registrar-General, in which I find Anthem, Preacher, Proverbs, Tenet, Peasoup, and Coldham, Scraps and Tableporter, Doorbar and Hinge, Ropeyarn and Whitebread, Pinnacle, Scaffold, Windmill and Ironbridge, Horsepool, Smut and Taphouse, Pitchfork, Splayfook and Bladder, Purr and Buglehorn, Titter Giggle and Hiccups, Tortoise shell and Two-year-old.

Benjamin, son of the right hand, that is, of good fortune; Clement, mild-tempered; Sebastian, to be reverenced; William, golden helmet; James, a supplanter; David, well-beloved; Stephen, a garland; Alfred, all peace; Jesse, firm; John, gracious gift of Jehovah; Judah, renowned; Charles, noble spirits; Albert, all bright; Daniel, a Judge from God; Thomas, a twin; Joseph, addition; Simon, a hearkening; Jacob, a supplanter; Solomon, peaceable; Lot, a veil; Rufus, red-headed; Josiah, whom Jehovah heals; Ezra, a helper; Susan is a lily, Ida, happiness; Mitilda, heroine; Deborah will sing, for she is said to be a bee; Diana is a pink; Anne and Hannah are gracious; Jemima is a dove; Laura is a bay-tree; Penelope is a weaver; Polly and Molly like Miriam; Phylis is a green bough; Rhoda is a rose; Abigail is her father's joy; Elizabeth is good; Hephzibah, my delight is in her; Roxana was the name of the wife of Alexander the great; and Zenobia was the wife of Jupiter.

Julia, soft and tender-hearted; David, the beloved: Susannah, a lily; Walter, signifying to rule an army; Marah, bitter; Rachel, a sheep; William, from the Danish, a shield; Lucifer, lightbearer; Chloe, from the Latin, a green herb; Dorcas, a roe-buck; Thomas, means twice; Roger, desire for rest; Gertrude, true to her trust;

Mary, signifies a tear; Ellen, valor; Dan, brown eyed; Henry, honor; Magdalen, tears and penitence; Eve, she lived; Esther, hidden, secret; Beaulah, married; Edward, Edgar, Edwin, witnesses; Margaret, signifies a pearl; Sophronia, prudence, temperance; Francis, from the Teutonic, free; Ruth, satisfied, fullness; Philip, a lover of horses; Eugene, nobly born; Arabella, fair, altar; Agnes, chaste; Adelaide a generous spirit, from the Teutonic; Adelia, from the Saxon, excellent; Asa, physician or cure; Herbert, the glory of an army.

Benjamin, son of my right hand; Sarah, a princess; William, a defender; Henry, an expert soldier; Abigail, a Lady's waiting; Amanda, hearty to be loved; Tamar, a palm-tree and Hannah signifies favor.

Nearly all the names in use at the present day are derived from significant words, and originally possessed some appropriate meaning as applied to persons. The people of the olden time chose titles expressive of merits, or had descriptive ones conferred upon them by their neighbors, indicating profession, personal appearance, or some peculiarities.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

LINES TO A CHILD ON ITS BAPTISM.

No harsh transitions Nature knows,
  No dreary spaces intervene:
Her work in silence forward goes,
  And rather felt than seen:
For where the watcher, that with eye
  Turned Eastward, yet could ever say
When the faint glooming in the sky
  First lightened into day?
Or maiden, by an opening flower
  That many a summer morn has stood,
Could fix upon the very hour
  It ceased to be a bud?
The rainbow-colors mix and blend
  Each with the other, until none
Can tell where fainter hues had end
  And deeper tints begun.
But only this much doth appear—
  That the pale hues are deeper grown;
The day has broken bright and clear,
  The bud is fully blown.
Dear child, and happy shalt thou be,
  If from this hour with just increase,
All good things shall grow up in thee
  By such unmarked degrees,

If there shall be no dreary space
  Between the present self and past—
No dreary, miserable place
  With spectral shapes aghast:
But the full graces of thy primé
  Shall, in their weak beginnings, be
Lost in an unremembered time
  Of holy infancy. —*Dr. Trench.*

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree." When the March Number of the Guardian appeared, which, among others, contained the article on "The Religious Character of Washington," the Lutheran Observer, in noticing it, allowed himself to indulge the following flat attempt at wit and ridicule:

"The Guardian is certainly a remarkable periodical. It ought to be the most individual, consistent monthly in the land, for it is nearly all written by one man. Of the thirty-two pages of the present number, twenty-six are by the editor, Rev. Mr. Harbaugh. The Guardian is the organ of no faction, unless, indeed, there be such a thing as a one-man faction, It represents no party, it has no constituency. It stands for itself. It has no back ground. To make the thing thoroughly unique, Mr. Harbaugh ought not only to write, but also to print and mail his magazine. Of course he gets all the profits, pecuniary and otherwise. Of course he must take all the cudgelings of offended subscribers, for he who writes all he publishes cannot well lay the blame to any one else. The number before us, considered as the production of a one-man power, is good There is a good deal of sameness, but that only proves that Mr. Harbaugh is no literary harlequin. He is plain Mr. Harbaugh from title page to finis."

This classic notice was enough to demolish the Guardian forever! The Guardian has had subscribers who are Lutherans, from the beginning. We expected that they would immediately send it back as a ridiculous thing; but so far as we know they have not been disturbed by this demolisher. Hence we took heart, and concluded to go on with our Magazine. The April number has even since been issued! And the May number is coming—the Editor figuring as usual!

A short time after the above notice, appeared the following in another paper:

"The readers of the "Guardian" will remember, that an article, with this caption from the pen of the Editor, appeared in the March number of that monthly. It is a most excellent article, decidedly the best we have ever seen on that subject, and we are glad to find that it is appreciated, especially in quarters where it can be turned to profitable account. *The Committee of the Christian Commission for the District of Maryland have had ten thousand copies printed in a tract form, covering twenty four pages, for distribution among the officers and soldiers of the army.* Its influence for good cannot fail to be very extensive in this particular sphere. We are pleased to learn also, that *it is contemplated to issue fifty thousand copies of it in the form of a small volume for similar use.* It certainly cannot be too extensively circulated. It exhibits Washington's religious character in its true light, and furnishes the most indubitable evidence, that the highest style of a patriot is a Christian soldier."

The "Christian Commission" could certainly not have seen the Observer's notice, or they would not have looked into the Guardian for "the production of a one-man power." But the thing is done. That one article of the number ridiculed, at least, has "a constituency." As the Guardian's subscription list is increasing at the rate of over forty every month, we thought it due to our readers to quote the Observer's notice, so that they may know that they are sustaining a magazine which has no " constituency, and " no back ground."

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

"I love it, I love it, the laugh of a child;
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out in the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;
Floating up in the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell;
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me."

BOOK NOTICE.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA Vol. XVI. V-ZWI.

This great work of Appleton & Co., is now completed. It has gone steadily forward in the midst of our national troubles, a monument of the calmness and strength of the Government, under whose firm protection all the higher interests of the Loyal States have suffered comparatively little. This work has been a complete success, and it has richly deserved it. As the period during which its publication has gone forward has been fruitful in new events, and the rise of new representative men, it has been found necessary to add to this final volume nearly 200 pages of Supplement of "New and Omitted Titles." For the same reason the enterprising Publishers intend to continue the issue of an "Annual Cyclopædia," one volume, uniform in size, type, binding and price, to appear every year.

The design of THE ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA is to present the *yearly* progress of those subjects embraced in THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA, and others of a kindred nature. It is, therefore, practically a supplement to, and continuation, from year to year, of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

The first volume (1861) is now ready, and the second (1862) will be published in the Spring of the present year. It includes every country of the world, and every department of knowledge, but more particularly physical and intellectual progress in the United States. Comprised in this view are Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs, Education, Religion, Commerce, Finance, Biography, Literature, Discoveries in Science, Mechanical Inventions and Improvements, Agriculture, Manufactures, &c., &c. The volumes of 1861 and 1862 contain, in addition to other subjects, the most complete details of the Political and Military Affairs of the United States. Its appearance is at once elegant and substantial. The work is published exclusively by subscription. Elias Barr & Co., No. 6 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa., are agents for the work.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D , whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

From and after January the 1st, 1863, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **M. Kieffer & Co.,** Chambersburg, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The new Publishers propose a general renewal of its mechanical and typographical appearance. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the new volume appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality in the new Volume; and shall do all in their power. in co-operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer i s friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS---ONLY $1.00 A YEAR---IN ADVANCE:

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Geo. S. Ball

LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

JUNE, 1863.

M. KIEFFER & CO.,
Publishers,
Chambersburg,
Penn'a.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, JUNE, 1863.

Letters Received.

Rev. W. H. Groh, Dr. L. H. Steiner, (1 sub.;) Rev. J. W. Love, (1 sub.;) S. Young, K, Sheets, Rev. W. H. Groh, Jemimia Linn, Rev. D Summers, (1 sub.;) Calvin F. Moyer, (1 sub. .) Rev. G. Z. Mechling, (1 sub. ;) H H., (10 subs.;) J. Louderbaugh, Rev. D. W. Kelley, Prof. S. E. Day (1 sub. ;) D. Summers, Mary Wissler.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIV.---JUNE, 1863.---No. 6.

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.* No. 2.

SEVERINUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RUD. KÖPKE.

BY L. H. S.

When Attila, the warrior—king of the Huns, called *"the Scourge of God,"* because the provinces of the vast Roman Empire had been given into his hands for the execution of judgment, had started against the West, he led his wild warriors from the Theiss, south of the Danube, through the provinces of Noricum and Rhaetia, which are now part of the Austrian and Bavarian possessions. Like an impetuous torrent, which bursting its dam rushes over the fields and in its fearful whirlpools carries every thing that the patient labors of the year has constructed, so these hordes roamed over the land, destroying farms, burning cities and slaying the inhabitants. Terror went before, death and destruction followed after them. When at length they had passed over these countries, and the few who had escaped destruction dared to raise their heads and look around them, it seemed as though the flood had a second time visited the earth; comfortless and despairing they stood in the midst of a dead field, of wreck and ruin, on which misery only could thrive.

Then help came to them in their need. As the dove with the olive-leaf of peace and promise, the pious *Severinus* made his appearance among them, having been sent to comfort the oppressed and to pour the comfort of faith into their wounded hearts.

* This series may be considered as commencing with the sketch of Nicholas, translated by the Editor from Krummacher, and published in the February number of the Guardian.

The terrible Scourge of God was also destroyed. Attila was dead, his children and peoples had rebelled against each other and had fallen in hostile contests, and the places he had governed were waste and desolate. Then the remaining inhabitants of Noricum, who dwelt on the south bank of the Danube from Vienna up the stream even to Inn, collected at Inn to consult how they might support life. Severinus began to set forth most earnestly that their protection did not depend in fortifications or weapons, in walls or embankments; he exhorted them to watchfulness, prayer and mutual assistance in all works of love, and not to drive away from them the Holy Spirit, which was given them to overcome the world. He first preached in a city on the Danube called Asturis; many came to hear him, to some he was consolation, to others reproof, and his fame extended from city to city. He then came to another city on the Danube, called Faviana, in which a severe famine had followed the desolation of war. It was the middle of winter, the stream was covered with a thick coat of ice, the vessels with supplies could not approach the place, and no counsel or assistance could be rendered by any one. He recognized a woman there, of whom he had heard that she in greedy avarice had concealed great stores of provisions in her houses, and cried out to her: What art thou doing, slave of Mammon? What thou dost deny to thy neighbors, that the fishes of the Danube shall devour. Go home and reflect on the words: "Whatever ye do to one of these, the same ye do to me." Soon after the east wind melted the ice, and the vessels with supplies arrived from all sides so that the hungry were satisfied.

The inhabitants of the cities remaining were mostly of Roman descent and employed the language and manners of the Romans. On this account they were also again visited by the war-like German peoples from the north bank of the Danube, who since Attila's death had become free; by the Allemani and Suabians, the Thuringians (whose squadrons of cavalry were a terror far and wide), the Rugae who lived from Lauriacum or Lorch eastwards to the confluence of the March, opposite which Faviana lay. Their armies came across the stream, took the last of the bread from the starving, and carried men, women and children away into slavery to the other shore. But when the leader of the army feared to attack them, Severinus exhorted him to go after them with his small band, for the Lord was mighty with the weak; if he would attack them he should bring the prisoners back to him. The Tribune returned victorious and exhibited his prisoners, but Severinus loosed their chains, refreshed them with food and drink and sent them home with the admonition that they should give up their wild deeds.

Severinus further considered how he might be a permanent assistance to many, and secure to them the Spirit which was a comfort to him. Therefore having resolved to remain at Faviana, he collected a number of disciples and the faithful about him, gave them a system of rules for a community, and established a cloister as an Asylum. He ceased not to admonish them of hu-

mility, gentleness and practical charity. Of what advantage, he used to say to them, is the garb of humility and the appearance of piety, if our works testify against us, and we are found unprofitable servants. Let your behavior correspond with your profession, your deeds be as your words.

Out of Faviana he established a solitary cell, whence he could flee from the noise and excitement of the day and alone commune with God. This was rarely allowed him. When he wished to devote himself to a contemplative life, then a voice within warned him that God had sent him to this country, not to suffer him to withdraw from the complaints of the suffering, but that he might give up his peace, divide their trouble with the sorrowing and aid all who needed consolation. Then he would rise from the Holy Scriptures, on whose words he had been meditating, and haste to put his hand anew to the work. He thought least of himself. He only partook of the most common articles of food, and never before sun set; his drink was water; he wore the same garments night and day; even in the middle of winter, when the heavy freight wagons were drawn over the ice on the Danube and every thing was stiffened with cold, he moved about, untiringly, barefooted and always with a happy, joyous countenance. When evening came, he rested on the floor of his bed room or in his cell on a bag. When his friends exhorted him to take care of his own body he answered: I hunger and thirst only with the sick and the miserable, whom I see hungering and thirsting. What ye see me do is not my profit but an example for you.

As he was often in want of means for the support of the poor, he requested his friends to consecrate a tenth part of the income from their labor to this purpose, and from far and near they followed his advice with pleasure. Each one brought, as was most convenient, gold, bread, clothing; and this was sometimes done not without peril to life. In the middle of winter a company journeyed thither from the southern part of what is now Salzburg, with heavy packs on their backs, over the rocky cliffs of Taurus. When they were on the heights, the heavens became cloudy, thick flakes of snow fell and they could recognize neither road nor by-path. Almost in despair as to their lives, they discovered the track of a bear and followed it until happily they, passing over fields of ice and along precipices, reached Severinus at Faviana. But he divided what he had obtained, and, wherever he went, he was to all as an angel of comfort and salvation. On this account different cities begged him to remain with them; for if he would only dwell within their walls, they considered themselves safe.

After he had worked for a long time, and happiness seemed to grow from under his hands, his friends more and more urgently asked: Who is this wonderful man, whence comes he who does such deeds? For Severinus talked very little of himself and his early life, and when he did, it was with few words. They noticed that by speech he was a Roman, who had wandered from the distant east and experienced many sufferings. And when one asked

him, he answered: If you consider me a runaway, prepare your money to purchase my freedom, in case I shall be reclaimed. Yet what does my position and family profit a servant of God, if he can avoid empty vain glory by silence? Thence his friends concluded that he must be of high descent; after that no one questioned him further, and they honored that reticence which he preserved even to the last, and he was respected only for his works.

His name was also known to the German tribe on the other side of the Danube. Because he released them when prisoners and with the courage of a Christian, like a bold warrior, opposed them, they repressed their warlike anger before him. When he was once at Passau on the Inn, where he had also established a monastery, he heard that Gibbold, king of the Allemani, who was a terror in the land which he had often laid waste with fire and sword, was again going towards the Veste, because he wished to see with his own eyes a man so much praised. Severinus went to meet him and spoke to him with such power, that the king was speechless and acknowledged to his people, that he had never been so much moved as at this speech. Severinus asked that he would, from that time on, spare the land of the Romans and release his prisoners without ransom. And Gibbold did as he had requested him.

At another time, when he was praying alone, a Rugian youth encountered him, miserably clad in skins, yet of imposing appearance and so tall that the top of his head touched the beams of the cell, who bowed his head low before Severinus. He implored his blessing and then, with his companions, wished to set out for Italy in order to battle in the army of the Emperor. But Severinus recognized in him a man of might, and said: Go hence to Italy. Thou goest hence in rough skins, soon thou wilt be able to give away much better clothing. This man was Odoacer, who was afterwards leader of the Emperor's body-guard in Rome, and commanded them whom he would protect, until he deprived the emperor of the throne and was himself named a king of Italy. Then, in his palace, he thought of the prophecy and wrote a letter to Severinus, and asked what it pleased him that he should do. The latter asked him to grant freedom to a companion who was his prisoner. When many praised Odoacer as a mighty and happy ruler, he said: He is surely an Odoacer (that is a watcher of good) for thirteen or fourteen years. This he said, because he saw that Odoacer would not be able to hold his dominion long. The king indeed had his crown no longer in peace.

Since Severinus had seen many nations and become acquainted with the doings of men, he was able to foresee the probable course of events and to know where to oppose and where to yield up. The German people, however, were continually gaining the superiority and the power of the Romans in Faviana also went down. From the North bank of the Danube the king Flaccitheus had come over with his Rugians and conquered the city by force. The Rugians were Christians after the doctrines of Arius; but Severinus taught the Gospel after the Nicene Creed. Although there was in

every respect disagreement between these two, yet he was such a man of peace and when the king saw his good deeds he was so full of admiration, that he asked his counsel in his operations with reference to other people. For he was so hardly pressed by the neighboring Goths in Upper Pannonia, that he determined to leave the possessions he had won and with his people go to Italy. This, however, the Goths prevented, since they possessed all the mountain passes. Then he lamented this state of affairs to Severinus, who answered: The Goths will not trouble thy affairs long; for they will draw away from thence and thou shalt reign in security and die in peace; therefore in the meanwhile be quiet. After some time the roving tribes of the Goths retreated from the Danube and Flaccitheus secured peace.

His oldest son Fava, who succeeded to his authorty, respected no less the words and counsels of Severinus, after the example of his father. Gisa, Fava's Queen, a proud, high-minded woman, was filled with ungovernable fury, bitter against her own people and still severer against strangers and Romans who were not given, like herself, to Arianism. On those, whom they had captured, she had Baptism performed a second time even if they had been Christians. The attendants and servants were obliged to perform severe *socage*, and when the king was more kindly disposed, she raged passionately. Hence she was called in all lands the *wicked Gisa*. When Severinus saw this, he rebuked the irrational anabaptist and requested that she should treat her subjects more gently and give liberty to the captives. But Gisa replied in a rage: Do you, Servant of God, just remain in the obscurity of your cell, and let us do with our subjects as it pleases us. Then Severinus said: You will be compelled to do, what you disdain to do willingly. Among the captives were some who were acquainted with the Goldsmith's art and were obliged to work unceasingly on a royal golden ornament. When Frederick, the inquisitive little son of Fava and Gisa, came to them one day, they seized him and placing a sword at his breast, swore that they should kill him unless they were treated more humanely. Then the Queen shrieked out: O Severinus, servant of God, does thy God thus punish the injustice done to thee? Full of anxiety she promised to do according to the wish of the captives, and received her son again in her arms. The captives were set free and she promised henceforth to follow the advice of Severinus.

After he had worked more than twenty-five years as a faithful laborer, father and patriarch of the country, he felt that his powers were becoming weaker although his love was growing stronger, and that he would soon enter into rest after his toilsome day of work. He, therefore, proceeded to arrange every thing belonging to him. He requested the King and the Queen to come to his couch, and, extending his hand, said to Gisa: Dost thou love the salvation of this one, thy spouse, more than silver and gold? The Queen answered: More than my life. Then, answered he, keep thyself from unrighteous persecution, and do what is agreeable to God;

for thou must give Him account of thy wealth. Under His grace it has prospered to this time; look to it thyself hereafter, for I go hence. And as Frederick, the younger brother of the king, was wildly disposed, he warned him from laying his hand on the houses and possessions which belonged to the poor and the captives, if he did not wished to be judged therefor. He knew Frederick's wicked habits, but he promised him faithfully to live according to his words. At last he collected together all his friends and scholars around him and reminded them of every thing he had taught them, and begged that they should not be weary in the good fight. Then he said: "As the children of Israel were led out of the bondage of Egypt, so ye shall be freed from the unrighteous dominion of the barbarians; for the time will come, when ye shall be conducted with all yours into a Roman country, and then ye shall be free. Then think of me, as the children of Israel did of the patriarch Joseph, and also take my bones with you into the promised land; for the last desolation shall soon break in over this people and even the dead will not be spared in their graves." He commended his people to the mercy of God, and, three days after, fell asleep on the eighth of January, 482.

But scarcely had they buried him, with many tears, when it became manifest what a shield of protection he had been to the land; for what he had forseen took place, and every thing fell to pieces like a building, whose strongest pillar has been removed. The King's brother, with greedy hand, despoiled the Cloister of Severinus at Faviana, so that nothing was left but the bare walls. Thereupon he was slain by his nephew, the young Frederick. Another punishment visited the land from afar. Odoacer, the King of Italy, who feared the Rugians might enter into a league with his enemies, the Goths, sent his hosts against them and Fava being overcome was carried with his people in 487 into Italy. Then he ordered that all the Romans in the cities on the Danube should move with their wives and children into Italy, so that they could not be a prey for the Goths and other nations who came from the East. But the disciples of Severinus recollected what he had commanded them to do when they went from the land of Egypt; they opened his grave and carried his bones to their new home. Here they were placed in the castle of Lucullus at Naples, and a Cloister was erected to his memory, bearing the name of the sainted Severinus.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible is a mine of wealth, and has a world of things within it. The Bible proclaimers of the Gospel form a noble orchestra. Each has a part adapted to his peculiar instrument, and they altogether form a blessed harmony, and leave for us that magnificent oratorio, in which the grand notes for the Messiah become louder and richer, because associated with the notes which celebrate ten thousand things in which his heart is interested.—*Rev. John Pike.*

AN EVENING HYMN.

"NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT."

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

This evening Hymn, by John Frederick Herzog, born 1670, composed whilst he was a student at the University, has long been a favorite with thousands of Christians. It has not only been an evening Hymn, but also an evening Prayer. It has been, and is still, to German Christians, what "Now I lay me down to sleep," has been to children—the prayer with which they close their eyes for the rest of the night.

And now the light of day is gone,
  The evening shadows fall
Sleep comes to bring its sweet relief
  From toil and care to all.

But Thou, my God, dost never sleep,
  Thou watchest day and night;
There is no darkness, Lord, with Thee,
  For Thou Thyself art light.

Then in the darkness of this night,
  Think graciously on me;
And let Thy holy angel hosts.
  My kind protectors be.

I feel my sins that daily cry,
  O holy Lord, to Thee;
Yet the rich merits of Thy Son,
  Have satisfied for me.

With cheerful trust I close my eyes,
  And seek my nightly rest;
My God will guard me while I sleep,
  Why should I be distressed.

Lord if this night should be my last
  In this dark world of sin,
To Heaven, with all Thy ransomed hosts,
  May I be gathered in.

Thus would I live and die, dear Lord,
  With childlike trust in Thee;
In life and death, in fear and care,
  Thou carest, Lord, for me.

Good Breeding.—I think that none can do so much good in the world, who are *not* well bred, as those who *are*. In truth, it is only a modern phase for that "charity" which St. Paul emphatically says, "doth not behave itself unseemly, and is not easily provoked; which vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, which suffereth long, and is kind."

THE FATHERLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

Jesus Christ is the *fountain* of History. There was no history before Him except that which wrought the necessary preparation for His coming. The promise given immediately after the Fall, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head is the beginning of the true history. The holy people who looked for the coming of Christ, the seed, became the central nation in history. God governed all other nations with a favoring reference to them.

In like manner Christianity is the central *stream* of history. The central thought of God in the government of the world is to favor and advance Christianity. The mediatorial kingdom of Jesus Christ in history holds the same position as the sun in the natural heavens; to it all other nations are subordinate and subservient, as planets to their ruling orb. For it He sets up nations, and for it He casts them down when ever they fail to favor this great central purpose.

Jesus Christ is king of all the earth. "The kingdom is the Lord's; and He is the governor among the nations." "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted."

It is a great mistake to suppose that governments are designed to serve a mere earthly end. They are not creatures of men, but powers higher than men, and ordained of God. The ruler may be of the nation's own selection; but when selected and invested with the power of office, "he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

But as a "higher power," government is not independent of God. It is subject to Him. Rulers reign by the grace of God; and governments must subserve the interests of the mediatorial kingdom of Christ as the ultimate and highest end of their existence. God hath set His own son, Jesus, "at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all"

From all this it is evident, that no nation can long exist near the central stream of history except as a distinctively Christian nation. We say *distinctively* Christian; for it is not enough that a supreme

being should be acknowledged and confessed. This may be done, and is done by Jews, Turks, and others, where Christianity is not at all recognized. It is not *a* God—not *any* God—that is to be confessed, but the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. To Him have all things been subjected. He is King of nations. To be distinctively Christian, He must be confessed in His character as Mediator and Saviour of men—as the only true God, and eternal life.

We ought to be a Christian nation. No nation has ever been so fully committed to Christianity, by all its antecedents—by all the favorable dealings of Providence in its early beginnings. All the European nations began as heathen—Russia, all the German States, France, Britian. Christianity found these peoples as heathen. It had to enter as a leaven into them, and gradually, through victories and defeats, mould them into its life and spirit. This nation was originated by Christians. All its earliest colonies were not in general merely nominally Christian people, but in many cases came to these western shores under Christian motives—came as refugees from un-christian oppression—came for conscience' sake—came to secure Christian freedom. This country owes its settlement not so much to emigration for worldly advantage—which is the impulse under which new colonies have generally been settled—as to emigration induced by considerations of religion in one form or another. Hence the earliest history of all the colonies is a religious history. Historically Christianity forms the roots of our national growth; it breathes and speaks in all the colonial annals of Puritan New England, of Dutch New York, of Quaker and German Pennsylvania, of Catholic Maryland, of Episcopal Virginia, and the Hugenot Carolinas.

In the light of these facts, it seems strange that our nation should from the beginning have avoided all direct public recognition of Christianity. It is not recognized in the Declaration of Independence, nor in the Constitution of the nation. The Constitutions of the States nearly all, if not all, avoid it. In the messages of our Chief Magistrates, both State and National, all allusion to Christianity has been studiously avoided.

The motive in all this has no doubt been a desire not to offend Jews, and unbelievers in Christianity in general. Though the great body of the nation have always been nominally Christian, yet they have had to endure the ignoring of Christianity, and thus the dishonor of Christ, for the sake of the few who disbelieve. We have made our national testimony, or rather want of testimony, as in the presence of a few men, instead of doing it as in the presence of the sovereign God.

We have gone on the presumption, that, while Christianity is to be tolerated and protected, it is to have no honor above any other system. We have gone on the supposition, false though it be, that the government can stand independent of Christianity—that, though important to individuals, it has nothing to do with the national life—that civil science, or political interests are something

by the side of religion, and that these may, therefore, be dissociated from each other; in this way we have been willing that our government might be a Godless, Christless fabric, not only formally, but in spirit also, out-side of, and separate from the Christian life of the nation. We have regarded our magistrates only as heads of civil affairs, not ministers of God—the mere organs of men in civil matters, and not the divinely constituted organs of the higher powers ordained of God. We have vainly supposed, that, as we exalt them by our votes, we can also invest them with or divest them at will of the office—investing the power of rulers as the choice of rulers in ourselves. We have supposed it possible for us to be Christians as members of the Church, and at the same time capable of disowning Christianity as members of the State. This is not possible. As little as a man can be two men, so little can the government and Christianity be to him two separate interests. Christian men must, in a nation that claims to be a Christian nation, find place for the utterance of their Christian testimony through the organs of the nation. A government that makes no provision for such national avowal, but either disowns or ignores it, flatly denies Christ; and hinders the free and full confession of Christianity on the part of its citizens.

That this is a serious evil in the sight of high heaven who can doubt. Though a nominally Christian nation in fact, we have stood before God and the world, denying, in our national capacity, all allegiance to Jesus Christ. As a nation we have in no way confessed Him before men, or acknowledged Him as the true sovereign of the nation under whom God has placed all things for the honor of His kingdom.

May it not be, yea, must we not believe, that our Heavenly Father has been graciously willing, instead of casting us off, to teach us in our national tribulation what we failed to learn in prosperity and peace. In this view it must be grateful to every Christian heart to know, that since our national troubles we have been led somewhat in the right direction. For the first time in the history of the nation has Christianity been recognized, distinctively, in our national councils since the outbreak of this dreadful rebellion. The Act of Congress of July 22nd 1861, allowing a chaplain to each Regiment, and providing for his appointment, declares that "the chaplain so appointed must be a regular *ordained* minister of a CHRISTIAN denomination."

In the closing hours of the last Session of Congress, a resolution was unanimously adopted by the Senate of the United States, requesting the President, to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation. This resolution is peculiar, and of a character distinct and different from any thing of the kind that has proceeded from our national councils since our existence as a nation. Its peculiarity consists in its clear and solemn recognition of Jesus Christ as the Mediator through whom all help and grace must come. This remarkable act of the Senate reads as follows:

Resolved, That, devoutly recognizing the supreme authority, and

just government of Almighty God in all the affairs of men and of nations, and sincerely believing that no people, however great in numbers and resources, or however strong in the justice of their cause, can prosper without His favor, and at the same time deploring the national offences which have provoked His righteous judgment, yet encouraged in this day of trouble by the assurances of His word to seek Him for succor according to His appointed way, through Jesus Christ, the Senate of the United States do hereby request the President of the United States, by his proclamation, to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation, requesting all the people of the land to suspend their secular pursuits and unite in keeping the day in solemn communion with the Lord of Hosts, supplicating Him to enlighten the counsels and direct the policy of the rulers of the nation, and support all our soldiers, sailors, and marines, and the whole people, in the firm discharge of duty, until the existing rebellion shall be overthrown, and the blessings of peace restored to our bleeding country.

Here is not only an acknowledgment, that national sins should be confessed to Almighty God, but also that prayer should be offered and succor sought, under the encouragment and assurances of His word, and "ACCORDING TO HIS APPOINTED WAY, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." The worth of this high and solemn act does not depend upon the spirit of the men who proclaimed this public recognition of Jesus Christ, though it is to be hoped it was sincere. Its value lies in the fact, that it was done by them as the "ministers of God" and the organs of the people—the official representatives of the nation. It is a public, official, national confession, that Jesus Christ is at the head of all dominion, above every name and power in heaven and on earth, and that God has put all things under His feet, and made Him to be head over all things, that to Him every knee should bow and every tongue confess.

To this truly Christian testimony of the Senate, we may add the following from the President's Proclamation, truly evangelical in its tone, and in which the need of "*redeeming* and preserving *grace*" is acknowledged and confessed. "We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us: and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, to proud to pray to the God that made us."

May we not hope and believe, that these examples, and this official acknowledgment of the honor, and glory, and grace of Jesus Christ as Head and true Ruler of nations, will somewhat encourage all good citizens to a like confession in their private and public life. There is far too little sense of the great and solemn truth, that

Christ governs all the affairs of nations for the interest and honor of His kingdom; that there can be no true prosperity and peace except so far as Christianity is honored in the national life; that He will certainly overturn and ultimately destroy whatever does not serve Him, whether it be men or nations. There is a great Christian truth in the words of the Senate, "that no people, however great in numbers and resources, or however strong in the justice of their cause, can prosper without His favor." This is only in other words saying that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. What are numbers to the God of Hosts, the head of the "everlasting armies of heaven?" What are resources to Him, who has all power in heaven and in earth? What is all the might and the majesty of men to Him, who is able to sweep away nations with the breath of His mouth! Our hope is in confessing with the Psalmist: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Our comfort lies in the words: "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

It cannot be otherwise. The hearts of the people of the nation have been greatly softened and subdued by our public tribulation. The feeling and sense of humiliation is silent, but it is deep, and earnest, and sincere in many hearts. It may easily go unperceived by men amid the general corruption which is always by war thrown up to the surface of society. The rancor of selfish spirits, howling through the land, may present an appearance as if all fear of God and pure love of country had died out. The worst passions of all bad men, raging unbridled, may make all God-fearing hearts retire into quiet. But it is not a negative silence. It is the deep, silent, trusting rest in the strength of God, whose help is invoked in the solitude of burdened hearts. It is a subdued silence that has more strength in it than all open and boisterous professions of courage. It is the strength, the holy courage of faith in God, and pious loyalty to the beloved fatherland.

In thousands of homes, from thousands of hearts bereaved, ascends the nightly prayer. From a hundred battle fields, the blood of martyr patriots is crying in mute eloquence to heaven. If Abraham alone prevailed with God, so that He would have saved even Sodom for ten faithful souls that should be found in it, will He not much more hear the prayers of ten thousand burdened hearts, who over the graves of husbands, brothers, and sons, are pouring out their hearts before Him amid the cares of each day, and in the holy hours of each returning night?

Are our national sins great? Have they for years cried to heaven? Have men in power proved corrupt? Does it seem at times as if selfihness, and party spirit, and love of spoils had eaten out the last remains of pure patriotism, and set at defiance all divine and human laws? Let us only be patient, humble and be-

lieving. In all fermentations the impurities will come to the surface, and so cover it that there will appear to be nothing pure remaining; yet the fermentation is the true purifying process. Sores begin to heal when they once appear on the surface. God's purifying fire is at work. He will turn the alloy—which being lightest comes to the surface—into cinders, and bring out the solid metal from beneath, which shall be only the purer and more precious for the burning through which it has passed. Behold, says God, I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction.

It becomes us as a nation to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and we have the promise that He will exalt us in due time. Whenever His ancient Israel bethought themselves in their wanderings, the Lord turned toward them in His mercy, and scattered their enemies before them as chaff before the wind. When they feared Him, He protected them; when they repented, He forgave them; when they drew nigh to Him, He drew nigh to them. The same God still lives; nor has He changed His ways, or altered the conditions of His mercy.

The goodness of God, says St. Paul, leadeth thee to repentance. It becomes us to think of His goodness. In the midst of our sorrows as a nation, we are largely indebted to His love. We have felt but little of the terrors of war. Our valleys have not only escaped desolation, but they have been covered in their season with the kindly fruits of the earth. Our homes have been left undisturbed. We have scarcely been interrupted in our accustomed pursuits. Our sanctuaries have been open, and from week to week God's presence has been our refuge and comfort. We have not been afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. All this is not as a reward for our merit, but of the riches of His mercy.

Such distinguishing mercy, at a time when thousands are innocently suffering the evils in which they have been involved by wicked men, should humble us, make us tender under a sense of divine goodness, and fill our hearts and lips with offerings of praise. We should know, and gratefully confess, Him who maketh us to differ!

It becomes us all as individuals for ourselves personally and anew to confess Jesus Christ as our head. He is our only Saviour in time and eternity—as a nation and as individuals. His merits and mediation afford us the only access to His mercy, and the only ground of acceptance with God. To Him every knee must bow, and every tongue confess, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth. His kingdom, for the advantage of which He is head over all things, is the only abiding kingdom —the kingdom that cannot be moved—the tabernacle that shall not be taken down. Sincerely identified with it, we are truly identified with Him. Its safety is our safety. Its fortune is our fortune. Its consummation and glory all its true members shall share.

On us is laid the same solemn duty which our fathers once performed for us. What they secured for us by their sufferings and

blood, we are solemnly bound before heaven and earth to maintain, by an equal, and if need be by a greater sacrifice, even as what we now possess is greater than what they then won for us. As the Church is divine so is government divine; and hence next to pious faithfulness to God, is sincere, unreserved love and loyalty to the Fatherland.

Sacred above any earthly things is the land which contains the home of our childhood, and the graves where our fathers and mothers lie. Even the thought of indifference to it,—to say nothing of open hostility to it in word or deed—is in the light of God's word, and by the consent of all nations, the highest crime and the deepest disgrace—fixing its stigma upon children, till only final forgetfulness shall bury the dishonor and shame!

Our sons, husbands, and brethren have gone forth with the sacrifice of their lives in their hands. Our duties are at home—to waft them our cheer—to stand and bow as priests before the holy altars of God—humbly to confess all for each and each for all the sins of the nation, beseeching God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to pardon all those sins which have most justly provoked His wrath against us, imploring Him to give wisdom to our rulers, success to our arms, repentence and submission to the enemies of the fatherland, and to hasten the end of the dreadful conflict by the restoration of unity and peace.

WHY?

"Why do I teach the people?"
Said the preacher;
"Is it that men may gaze and say,
He is a wise man every way,
Because he is a teacher?"

"Why write I?" said the poet,
"Why tax my brain?
Is it that men may laud my name,
That I should be well known to fame,
On land and o'er the main?"

"Why labor," said the statesman,
"Until mine eyes are dim?
Is it that when I'm dead and gone,
They'll write my name upon a stone,
And say, 'we've few like him'?"

Not for these they write and preach,
Not for these they work and teach,
But for some greater good;—
That peace to all the earth be given,
That men be nearer drawn to heaven,
In noble brotherhood!

JESUS CHRIST IN HIS HUMAN CHARACTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STILLING BY THE EDITOR.

SECOND ARTICLE.

LAVATER. But how did our Saviour appear as a child? Did He conduct Himself in the same way as other children? As, for instance, in regard to children's play, desires of sense, and such like?

MARY. He wept as other children when something ailed Him, but never passionately, never fretfully or angrily; on the other hand, He was always peaceful and busy at something. He played, but the object of His plays was always noble, and of a benevolent tendency. He was fond of being with good children, and in such cases he always served them. He taught them, and all His teachings, even as a child, were excellent; all plays were improved when He engaged in them. Bad children He always avoided, or they Him. In general, however, I kept Him always in my presence and under my eye; for I knew what was my duty toward this exalted person.

His understanding developed very early. I instructed Him myself; and in His fifth year He was able to read, and what He read He also understood and comprehended. I now began in an indirect way to tell Him something of His vocation. I told Him that the Angel Gabriel had announced His birth, and had directed me to call Him JESUS, which meant Saviour; for He should save His people from their sins. Never shall I forget the moment when I for the first time revealed this to Him. Now for the first time did I observe the divine glance, of which I have spoken before. His eyes beamed, His forehead lifted itself up, a heavenly smile reposed on His lips, and He looked up with an indescribable countenance!

Mother! He exclaimed, I am then no doubt the Messiah? Yes, my son, I replied; the Lord fulfill His work in you! From this time began His searching in the Scriptures. With wonderful ease He found all the passages which pointed toward Him, and He distinguished very precisely what had been properly, and what improperly referred to the Messiah. In His tenth year he already far exceeded the Scribes in the knowledge of Moses and the Prophets; for even as a chiid He held the principle that nothing is of binding force except what is contained in the Holy Scriptures.

LAVATER. Did He also sometimes express this much in the hearing of any of the Rabbies?

MARY. No! I early instructed Him that it was not proper for for Him, in the least thing, to let His high destiny be observed, till

the Lord, in an extraordinary way, and so as could leave no doubt behind, would require Him so to do. But among ourselves we spoke of the matter daily.

LAVATER. Did you also tell Him anything of His mysterious birth?

MARY. I told Him that Joseph was His foster-father, but that the Spirit of the Lord was his true and proper father, who had also designated Joseph as His earthly guide and protector. With this it remained. But when His understanding had ripened He understood better than myself the mystery of His birth. But nothing definitely was ever said in regard to it. From the time when I first told him these things, He was accustomed to call God His Father. This He did with unction and reverence.

LAVATER. Tell me particularly, how was it in regard to that event of His life, when in His twelfth year you lost Him, and found Him again in the Temple?

MARY. Precisely as it is related by St. Luke the Evangelist. We found in Jerusalem, as was generally the case, acquaintances and friends. Now when we brought my son for the first time to Jerusalem, it produced a stir; for notwithstanding all our care and silence, the report concerning Him became general; and all who waited for the Messiah, took notice of Him. All our acquaintances and friends took Him to them; each one wished to have His company, and with all His modesty, the hidden divinity ever manifested itself. Thus it came to pass that we saw Him but little while in Jerusalem; nor were we concerned in regard to Him; for He was always in good hands, and was Himself able to guard Himself against misfortunes. At our departure we thought of nothing else than that he had gone before with some of our Galilean friends, and that we would find Him at evening in the Caravansary; but when this did not so come to pass, I felt Simeon's sword for the first time!

We went back seeking for Him. We thought least of all of the Temple; for as He was very prudent and quiet in regard to His destiny, it did not occur to us that He would there mingle in with the dignitaries, and reveal His hidden glory to them. Meanwhile, as we found Him no where else, it occured to us that He might probably be in the Temple; and having gone thither, we found Him in the midst of the circle of the prominent and learned men, Priests, Levites, Pharisees, Sadducees, Scribes and such like. We were both heartily alarmed at the sight, especially as I discovered in the countenances of these persons, at the same time, great astonishment and wonder, and also deep derision and envy. They could not endure the fact, that a poor boy from Nazareth, though cleanly yet very plainly clad, and of quite ordinary appearance, should possess so much knowledge, and should answer their subtle questions so excellently that they felt themselves put to shame. Had He been of a respectable family in Jerusalem, or from some other noted town, they would more easily have borne it; but as it was they derided Him, notwithstanding their wonder.

Very naturally the conversation had turned on His favorite subject—the Messiah, and although one and another had hinted whether He regarded Himself as the Messiah—for He had ventured here also to call God His Father, and this attracted their attention —He had nevertheless eluded their suggestions. At length, however, a certain one asked him: "Tell me, lad, what your name is?" He answered, Jesus. "So! then you are the Messiah yourself?" To which He replied: "Whom my Father shall send, He is Messiah, and blessed are they that shall hear and believe on Him." With a displeased countenance I said to Him: "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." He looked at me peacefully, and said: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And now He left, and went away with us.

At the time we did not know exactly what meaning lay in His words; but His meaning was that we should have had no need to SEEK for Him; for we might readily have supposed that He would detain Himself in that place which is the visible abode of His true Father, and might, therefore, at once have come into the Temple. We had, however, at that time as yet no correct understanding of His mission. We did not suppose that He would appear as teacher, but we believed only that, under the guidance of His heavenly Father, He would gradually rise to the throne of His ancestor David. In this direction all prophecies seemed to point; and hence also we did not at all suppose Him to be among the doctors in the Temple.

LAVATER. We read and heard so much of miracles which He is said to have wrought in His infancy and youth. Is this all true?

MARY. Not a single act did He do which could have been called a miracle. Does not St. John say expressly, that the turning of water into wine at the marriage of Cana was His *first* miracle; and thus also it was.

LAVATER. There are tender souls in the earthly life, to whom certain expressions of the Lord toward you appear harsh and severe; for example, at this marriage itself you expressed your anxiety in regard to the lack of wine, and He replied: "Woman, what have I to do with thee—my hour is not yet come." And at another time as He was sitting among a multitude of people, who were listening to his doctrine, it was said to Him that His mother and brethren were without, desiring to speak with Him, to which, as He directed attention to those standing around Him, He replied: "Behold my mother, and my brethren!" This too, sounds somewhat harsh.

MARY. This is all a misapprehension which results from the language; on the contrary, he ever honored and loved me as mother to His last hour. In my fatherland it was universally the custom for grown up men to call their mothers ISCHAH—*woman*. At the marriage He said to me: "Woman! what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come;" or, the time when I can render assistance has not yet come; for whenever He wished to work a

miracle, He had a clear presentiment of it; but He never uttered the words of power till He felt the impulse of the divinity within Him.

As to the second case, it is certainly true that the relationship of those who are born of God is much more inward and exalted than the fleshly relation of blood, because it rests upon the oneness of faith and activity. The spiritual relationship endures forever; but the fleshly, unless it is sanctified by the spiritual, ends with death. This the Lord wished to declare before His hearers by His own example.

LAVATER. Exalted mother of our Lord! in my dying life I always believed, that a part of our blessedness would consist in this, that the just made perfect would entertain each other with conversations about their earthly life. I, therefore, venture still further to inquire of thee concerning the earthly life of our Lord. May I do this?

MARY. You have believed rightly, only ask farther.

LAVATER. We read in the Gospels that Joseph was a carpenter; it is natural to suppose that our Lord also labored in the same way up to the time when He entered upon His office.

MARY. Joseph wrought in wood; he was a carpenter. Whatever of wood is used in household affairs he made; and as his son grew up, He assisted him; for he had to support us with His trade. That my son was very industrious, and withal very apt, we may conclude from His character.

LAVATER. But I beseech you, tell me, how was it that even His brethren did not believe in Him?

MARY. That is very easily understood. It has its ground in the depravity of human nature; for, although they were all acquainted with the wonderful circumstances of His birth, His poor and lowly mode of life did not seem to them to comport with the character of the future king of the Jews. They also believed, that it would better agree with His destiny, if, instead of always studying the Scriptures, He would devote Himself to the military profession, that He might be able in course of time to expel the Romans from the land. And, in general, they regarded His mild, tolerant, modest conduct as a characteristic that did not at all agree with the dignity of the Messiah; and withal there was also a little envy mingling with their thoughts. Then the long probation of the domestic life was necessary for Him also, that, in this respect, as well as in others, He might be tempted as all men are; and still in the end his brethren nevertheless became His greatest admirers and Apostles.

LAVATER. In the earthly life there are yet many other things dark to the warmest followers of the Lord, regarding the nature of the blessed Saviour. Some think that He was entirely free from passions, and had no lurings toward things of sense, while others humanize Him too much. Tell me what was the constitution of His inward being!

MARY. He was altogether like other men; the difference con-

sisted merely in this, that His body was entirely free from all infirmity, and that His moral powers stood in perfect balance with His sensuous nature. He was, therefore, exposed to all temptations to sin, but He had also the power fully to resist every temptation, so that He always carried off the palm of victory, without even in the least committing sin. He was conscious of the divinity which abode in Him, and which was inseparably one with Him; but this divinity held itself hidden in Him, so that He experienced its inworking only when His human nature was too weak for the conflict, or when He was about to work a miracle, or foretell future events. His spirit was unceasingly in the presence of God; all His thoughts, words and acts arose in this light; and hence also, all that He thought, said, and did, was just as it had to be; nothing was superfluous, nothing lacked, and nothing at the wrong time, or in the wrong place!

LAVATER. One should suppose that this perfection of piety must have made a deep impression on all that knew Him, and had intercourse with Him?

MARY. All that knew Him regarded Him as a good, pious young man; and further no one could think of Him, unless he was most intimately and confidently acquainted with Him, because He was in the highest degree retired in His manner of life. Into the entertaining society of young people He never came; not that He disapproved of it, if it was at all conducted in the proper spirit; but because He had no time for such things; and because mere amusement of this kind did not agree with His vocation. There always rested a solemn earnestness upon His forehead and eyebrows; for He was the Lamb of God which bore the sin of the world! This dignity allowed Him no amusement; but an inexpressibly calm, serene, divine goodness of heart lay pictured upon His lips; and forth from His eyes streamed the certain, confident hope of the successful consummation of His great and glorious plan of salvation.

SORROW.

Then in life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles flow,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live. *Longfellow.*

FAMILIAR CHILDLIKE PIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The mixture of sacred subjects with profane, though frequent in German, would not meet with favor in an English book." This sentence is taken from the Preface to an English translation of a popular German book of stories for children. The Translator intends it as an apology, for omitting many childlike devout expressions relating to divine things, which occur in the book. These, he thinks, would sound profane to English ears.

It must be admitted that there is truth in what he says. Having ourself once translated a beautiful Christmas story from the German, in which similar affectionate and familiar devout expressions occurred, we gave the manuscript to an English pastor to read. He was delighted with the pious spirit of the story, but remarked, that there were some expressions in it which sounded almost profane to his ears. These expressions stood woven in the easy, familiar, pious language of the story, and to a German ear were childlike, beautiful, and full of the spirit of reverent piety. How strange that, when faithfully put into English, they seemed no more to have the same tone or character!

Language is closely allied to the life of a people. It is indeed but the externalization of their spirit. In it their hearts are turned inside out. Hence, we suppose, the reason why these familiar devout expressions of the Germans do not fit English ears, must be sought in the fact, that their heart, soul, life are not the same. Yea, in this case, it would seem that their piety, devout feelings and emotions, are not the same. So far even would the two seem to be apart that what is to the one devotion is to the other profanity, or at least irreverence!

The habit, or mode of expressing pious feelings, referred to in our extract, is well known to all, who are familiar with the everyday life of pious German people. Especially is it found on the lips of the aged among us, who preserve the spirit of the old time piety. Devout and sacred words are mingled with the most everyday conversations. This is not done as though it were designed to make an impression by it. It is not done with formal solemnity, but in the most free and cheerful way. It is done as if God were one of the company, with all others present interested in what is going on; and not as if His presence were terrible but genial and necessary to make the social fellowship pleasant and complete. Hence His presence is recognized in frequent expressions that come in most naturally and familiarly.

We have an illustration at hand in a late letter-writer, who writes from Zurich, in Switzerland:

"I have but just returned from a little walk in the beautiful vineyard belonging to the house, which overlooks the city, as well as a broad-spread panorama of villages, mountains, and hills, above all of which the Alps are at this moment glowing in the mellowest of crimson and violet airs, while the mountains off toward Germany lie dozing in purple hazes. I gathered a bunch of wild-flowers beside the hedges, and slowly approached the vine-cutters. I came within sight and hearing of no single laborer who did not welcome me by shouting, 'God greet you!'

To the nearest I remarked, 'What lovely flowers, are they not, for the season?' 'Thank God,' replied the peasant, 'they are charming.'

'Bless the kind father in heaven,' said the second, 'we are having the finest of weather; God is good.'

How beautiful! thought I; these simple people thank God for their simplest blessings with every word. How worthy an example, and how easy it were to follow.

'Why, Hi-e-ry,' (the Swiss name for Henry,) said I, addressing a familiar old workman who was bending beneath the weight of an enormous wooden *keep* filled with earth, which he was carrying upon his back—bringing up the long flights of the vineyard steps, and depositing upon the lower declivity of the "wine garden" hill—'why, Hiery, it strikes me such work ought to be done by machinery, or by animals at least—it is too hard for you.'

'God gives me strength to perform my labor,' replied the man. 'We have reason to praise the good Father for this mild and pleasant weather,' continued the laborer, and he pointed to the far-away Alps glittering in the setting sun as he spoke.

'Are we not in danger of having a serious frost by-and-by?' I inquired; 'it seems to me that vegetation is getting on almost too fast.'

And the reverent peasant, unconscious of the gentle rebuke his beautiful answer implied,—an answer all glowing with divine faith and childlike trust,—said, simply:

'God has been our Father for a great while,'

And he passed on.

I shall expect to find white grapes next season larger than any others in the vineyard growing from the soil about the region in which the earth from the old man's *keep* was emptied down."

This traveller is evidently not English; or if he is, he has imbibed the German spirit, and has sympathy with German taste and life. "How beautiful!" he exclaims, "these simple people thank God for their simplest blessings with every word." Nor is he far from the mark, if we may trust the promises of God's word, when he expects the vintage to be richer, where it is under the honest, industrious, pious tillage of such childlike peasants.

There is indeed something beautiful in that simple-hearted piety which characterizes earnest German Christians in those quiet rural districts, both in this country and in the Fatherland, where the old faith has escaped the miserable watering of Rationalistic illumina-

tion. These good people have been nurtured from infancy under the influence of the educational system of religion. Piety was rooted in them at so early a period of life, that it has become part of all the habits of their life. It has been to them as natural as their food and their drink, and its influence on them has been as constant and ever-present as the air they breathe. Thus their religious life has been symmetrically developed, growing into, sanctifying, vivifying, and illuminating their entire social and secular life.

Their case illustrates the fact, that there is such a thing as piety pervading the deepest every-day life of a people, making their whole being peculiar; a piety which brings the sacred and secular together in the power of a hidden harmony, so that neither is unnatural to the other. With a people thus circumstanced their piety will not be confined to Sundays, churches and closets—though here of course will ever be its home and earthly source—but it will go with them into the streets, gardens, and fields, and manifest itself in all their ever-day secular and social life. A piety in the life and spirit of which it will be possible to fulfill the Apostolic words: "Whether ye eat or drink, or *whatsoever ye do*, do all to the glory of God." In the very instance discribed by our traveller in Switzerland, we have no more than an illustration in life of the injunction: "Giving thanks *always* for *all things* unto God and the Father, in the name of Jesus Christ."

How different is all this from the piety developed in English life, especially under its austere puritanic forms! Here the free flow of a natural, childlike religious life is checked, and this is done under the idea that it is a mode of being that cannot be made to chime in with the common details of secular life. Pious feeling is not permitted to flow with ease, and in an every-day manner, but is regarded as being bound to some formal heralding of itself. To have it rise spontaneously to the surface of life, at all times and at all places, in every business and pleasure, is regarded as an empty use of it; and hence when it is manifested with this kind of spontaniety, it seems to an English taste as bordering on the profane!

To what may be called the fanatical spirit this type of piety is equally distasteful. That kind of piety is more concerned with its own frames, than with its blessings. It looks more to itself than to God. Though it loves to bring religion into its constant conversation, this is generally done with a kind of violence, and with something of parade in mien and manner. It, moreover, associates all piety so slavishly with awfulness and constrained solemnity that it spoils the genial flow of childlike and cheerful religious life, whenever it attempts to mingle with it. It lives in the life as a kind of foreign spirit that cannot fully domesticate itself with its business and recreation, its labors and cares, its joys and sorrows. It is rather the spirit of bondage unto fear, than the spirit of freedom unto cheerful devotion and love.

To our mind the sentence quoted at the beginning of this article, in connection with the facts we have presented, is very suggestive

of thought and reflection. We may have but feebly illustrated the difference between the two types of piety, and not have hit in all points the ground of their difference; yet the difference exists, is great, and very significant. The causes of the difference evidently run back into fundamental principles of theology both theoretical and practical, and involve very many things underlying them which do not at once present themselves to our view.

FUNERAL HYMN.

"NUN BRINGEN WIR DEN LEIB ZUR RUH."

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

This body, weary and distressed,
Finds here at last its kindly rest,
By God's decree, most wise and just,
It moulders to its mother dust.

It shall not ever dust remain,
Not ever shall corruption reign;
When Christ in glory shall appear,
He'll raise the body slumbering here.

Here learn, O man, thy mortal state
Here learn how vain are small and great;
When scores, and fears, and pains are past,
Death ends the weary scene at last.

Our lives, how speedily they fly,
Death and eternity draw nigh;
Then shall the Lord rewards bestow,
According to our deeds below.

Here as we stand beside these graves,
Let each one call on Him who saves:
O God, in Jesus' name we pray,
Prepare us for our dying day!

When we have run our mortal race,
Be near us, Saviour, by Thy grace;
Let death our gain for ever be,
And sweetly draw our souls to Thee.

And O, in that triumphant hour,
When opening graves shall own Thy power:
Then joyfully may we arise,
To dwell with Thee above the skies.

THE SINS OF YOUTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Youth is not only an interesting, but a most important period of human life. At this period purity is most valuable, and sin most destructive. Though the essence of sin inheres in the spirit—though our nature is depraved and poisoned by sin from infancy, and though parental defilements are in a measure entailed, yet are there nevertheless some lingering remains of paradise that seem to bless the period of youth. With some

> "Trailing clouds of glory do we come.
> From God, who is our home."

Even the Holy Scriptures refer back to youth as a season better than that which follows. "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle." There is something of innocence upon the youthful face, as the index of a corresponding comparative innocence within. The shadows of sin are not yet so dark upon the countenance. The stains of sin are not yet so deep in the heart. The stream of life, like all streams, is purest and freshest nearest its fountain. The waters become cloudy, and rily, and impure the farther they flow along impure channels. The life of the young scion is fresh, healthy, full of life and tenderness, beautiful and vigorous in its earliest growth. As its life advances, it acquires a coarser tissue of growth, a rougher bark, gnarly and broken branches, which breaking away, open avenues by which disease and death soon begin to find their way to its heart. The young lambs are more innocent, and gay, and beautiful than later in their life. The young birds have a happier, the old ones a gloomier song!

Something analagous is found in human life. It has been truly as well as beautifully said:

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close.
> Upon the growing Boy;
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
> He sees it in his joy!
> The youth who daily further from the east
> Must travel, still is nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid,
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

As the heathen have a golden age to which they look back, with a sigh for what is past, so every spirit has a similar age of plea-

sant momories lying in the period of youth. To this the spirit reverts with joy in every later period when life is neither so pure nor so blest. The same poet exclaims:

> O joy that in our embers
> Is something that doth live;
> That nature yet remembers!
> What was so fugitive!
> The thought of my past years in me doth breed
> Perpetual benedictions,

This season of comparative innocence and joy is sweet to the recollection of after life as it is free from positive and willful guilt. Sin is the serpent in this paradise. It is sin that casts a shadow over the bright fields of youth. It is sin that plants the thorn into this rose, and causes even its fragrance to bring pain instead of pleasure. It is sin that makes heaven recede from the vision of infancy, and causes "shades of the prison-house" to "close upon the growing Boy."

O sin, what a worm in the bud of human hope! What an ominous darkness stealing over the spirit of youth! What a blight to the promised joys of early life! It is as the burning breath of the pit scorching and withering every plant in the fair garden of innocence!

We need but recall to our mind the nature of sin to be impressed with a sense of its dreadful effects upon the tender life of youth. It is said to be a poison-leprosy! It is a disharmony in all right relations of life! It is a violation of all the laws of being. What the worm, the frost, the hacking of the hatchet, the bruise of a stone, the scalding with water, the scorching of fire, is to a young and tender scion, that is sin to the youthful soul. What over-taxing, over-loading, over-drawing is to the young animial, that is the violence of sin to the youthful constitution. Its effect is to enfeeble, cripple, maim, and ultimately destroy.

At no period of life is the influence of sin so directly and surely disastrous as in youth. Not only because soul and body are then more tender, but also because there is a longer period before it in which to work out its legitimate results. We know that the effects of youthful sins do not always immediately appear, even as a bruise does not at once fester into an open wound. The effects of sin are always first inward, then outward—first in the soul and and later in the body. A worm may burrow for a long time in the hidden root before the effects of his work appear in the pale, sickly, dying leaf. When these effects are once seen, all remedy comes too late. The work of death is already done!

The sacred writers speak in sad tones of the effects of youthful sin on later life. Job says of the wicked man: "His bones are full of the sins of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust." Again, speaking of his own experience, he says: "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." David takes up the same melancholy strain: "Remember not the sins of my youth." Those who

thus speak of the sad effects of youthful sin were in the period of age at the time. They speak of the effects of sin as appearing late in life. In old age they are made to possess what they would fain not possess; and they speak of these sins as "lying down with them in the dust."

The sins of youth are said to manifest themselves in physical or bodily results. Even the bones are said to be full of their dire effects. The effects of sin upon the health of the body are so well known as to need no illustration or proof. They are open to common observation, and attested by the sad experience of thousands. Even the countenance, as the prophet testifies, doth witness of them! These gloomy effects may be seen in the drunkard and glutton, the profligate and libertine, the whoremonger and harlot! The poet's picture is true to life:

> "They are full of all disease. Their bones
> Are rotten. Consumption licks their blood, and drinks
> Their marrow up. Their breath smells mortally,
> And in their bowels plague and fever lurk;
> And in their very heart, and veins, and life,
> Consumption's worm gnaws greedily unseen."

Sometimes a vigorous constitution may for a long while resist the effects of sin. The connection between sin and misery may seem to be broken. Judgment may seem to delay. The victim may begin to say: "I shall see no evil." But judgment will come. Sin is cause; sorrow is effect; and the consequences will come. Does not disease often for a long while lie latent in the system, But is nevertheless doing its sure work? Has Etna no bowels of fire when all is so calm and quiet on the surface? Is there no preparation of internal fires going on even when there is no heaving, no opening, no running lava down its sides!

When the oldest living Indian was a boy; on a calm morning in May, when all was peace and cheer in the deep forest, he carelessly shot his arrow into a healthy sappling. The bark grew around the half-buried arrow, and the healthy wood covered it. After many years the sapling which once was, now a tree, was used as the mast of a ship. It served its purpose on many a trip over a calm and quiet sea; but at length the vessel was caught in a storm. Then the wound was revealed, and became the unhappy means of sinking men and treasures into the bottom of the sea!

Yes, youth, and even middle life may escape the effects of youthful sin; but its sorrows will come in with the infirmities of old age. In the second childhood of life will return the effects of the follies of the first; and they "will lie down with us in the dust!" Though the young may trifle with sin now, they will groan and weep over its final results then. Every sin will cost a tear. Every youthful crime will be a thorn in the pillow of age. The day of retribution will come. Nothing is surer pay than sin. Its wages of sorrow will be paid. If they are long delayed, they will come with interest. "Be sure your sin will find you out!"

Listen to the words of a wise man, who had been wicked in his

youth, and who was now old when he uttered them as a warning to others. "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all: yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they are many. All that cometh is vanity. Rejoice, O young man in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity."

Every sin is so much wrath laid up against the day of wrath. Every lust is so much fire of hell in the body. Every profane word uttered leaves a dark spot upon the soul to increase the gloom of old age. Every dishonest dollar in the purse is a canker in our treasures to eat up the rest, and to bring emptiness in the end. Every lie and slander with which we wound another is a serpent that will strike back with its fangs into our own heart.

O ye young, can ye brave the Almighty! Can ye ignore that judgment and justice which are the habitation of His throne! Trifle with His eternal laws in youth, and they will fall back upon you in old age and crush you with the weight of a world! "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Wo unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him!"

WAIT, MY LITTLE ONE.

Wait! my little one, wait!
  When you get to the beautiful land;
Tarry a little, my darling,
  Ere you join the heavenly band,
Stand close to the shining gates of pearl,
  Look out on the narrow way,
For I want the first glance of my heaven-born sight
  On my little babe to stay.

Wait! my little one, wait!
  When you reach the courts above;
Look down with the light of thy beautiful eyes
  On those that you used to love.
Whisper sweet dreams in our earthly ears
  When we lie down to sleep;
Paint bright pictures before our eyes
  When we awaken to weep.

Wait! my little one, wait!
  When you reach the celestial strand,
For thy mother may be toiling up
  To the heights of the better land.
For the years that fall like molten lead
  On the hearts this side of the sea,
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,
  My little baby, o'er thee.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

CONTENTMENT IS BETTER THAN RICHES.

A GERMAN WONDER STORY.

On an open space, upon one of the most thickly-wooded mountains of Germany, may be seen even now, the gray ruins of the Castle of Drumburg. If these old walls could speak, they might tell fearful tales; for the old castle was once the stronghold of a band of robbers, whose treasures it was said, were hidden in a vaulted cellar under a strong tower that has now disappeard, but of which wonderful stories were told.

It was a warm summer evening that a poor wood-cutter, who had been at work in the woods was passing the old castle on his way home, and saw lying in his path, an old black-looking book. Looking about for its owner, he discovered an old monk with a long gray beard, sitting on a stone and looking up at the tower. The wood-cutter was an ignorant and simple man, and very timid in the presence of his superiors; he hid himself behind a tree and watched the stranger.

Presently the monk arose, and went to the other side of the tower, and disappeared behind some stones. Lightly as a cat and stealthily as a serpent, the wood-cutter followed, and saw him stop at a door that he never remembered to have seen before. The monk struck it lightly with his fore-finger three times, and then called aloud:

"Doorlette, open!"

Immediately it opened, slowly and without the least sound, though from appearances the hinges must have been very rusty. The monk passed in and the wood-cutter heard him call again.

"Doorlette, shut!" when it immediately closed again.

The wood-cutter shook his head, for this was a strange affair. He examined the whole place closely. The door was of iron, but looked only like a mark upon the great stone and not a lock or a key hole was to be seen. He was almost tempted to pronounce himself the mysterious words he had heard the monk say, so great were his anxiety and curiosity. But his courage failed, and he went home in such a trembling and excited condition that he forgot even the old book.

After he was in bed, he began to think what a fool he had been. What could have happened to him more than to the monk? while he was quite as able to take care of himself. Then, too, the good God was there as well as elsewhere, and as long as he was doing nothing wrong, would surely protect him. He could not sleep for thinking of all this, and of the chance he might have had of getting some of the great treasure that he had always heard was in

the vault of that old tower. If he could only do that, his poor over-worked wife would have some rest, he knew, and his eight little ones wouldn't go ragged and barefooted and half-fed much longer. About himself he did not think.

The next day was Sunday. Hans had not slept a wink; but he got up at daybreak, put on his best clothes, went to the bed where the eight children were sleeping sweetly and softly, kissed each one gently on the forehead, and then walked off to the old tower. Here he sat down on a great stone, and thought of all sorts of things; but at last he got his courage up, went up to the door, and called:

"Doorlette, open!"

He waited some moments, but the door still remained as tightly shut as ever. Suddenly he remembered.

Oh!" said he, "I didn't begin right."

Then raising his fore-finger he made the three strokes—each a little harder than the other—and after the last one exclaimed:

"Doorlette, open!"

Open went the door in an instant, and Hans entered a narrow, dark passage, in which he felt as though he was wrapped in a cloud. He groped onward a few steps, and then remembered that he had left the door open.

"Stop!" said he to himself, "that's not right!" whereupon he groped back again and called:

"Doorlette, shut!" and the door immediately closed with a loud noise.

By this time accustomed to the darkness, he could look about him, and saw the whole space crowded with sacks, bags, boxes, and chests filled with gold and silver money, diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of jewels.

"Oh!" exclaimed the poor wood-cutter, "if I only had one handful of all this, it would give my little ones food and clothing for a whole year!"

But he was too honest to think of touching it, though, with all his hard work, his family were almost starving. Just then a voice from the darkness called to him and said:

"Take as much as you choose!"

The poor fellow was so frightened that he turned to run away, and would have fled out of the tower if he had not in his terror quite forgotten the words to open the door. He trembled till he was quite ready to fall, but hardly dared to trust his own ears until the voice repeated the permission. Thanking his unseen benefactor with a voice that trembled with joy, he took up two pieces of gold and a handful of silver coins, and slipped them into his pocket. The jewels he did not touch, for, as he said, they could be of no use to him except he sold them, and then people would suspect him of having stolen them.

"Take more gold then," said the voice; and Hans, in delight took a whole handful of gold, saying that was all he needed, for that was enough to last him a whole year.

"You are a worthy fellow," said the voice. "Come as often as you like, and take as much as you want."

Opening the door by the magic words, the wood-cutter ran home, told his wife his good fortune, and hid his treasure carefully away. The next day he went back, and filled his pockets and his cap. This he repeated every day for a week and then he told his unknown friend that he had enough—enough to last for all the rest of his life—so he would take no more.

Now the curiosity of the neighbors began to be excited, for the wood-cutter's family not only lived and looked more comfortably than ever, but had something for every poor creature that came to their door. But then Hans worked as hard as ever, so they concluded that he must have found a better employer.

One night after they were all in bed, the wood-cutter's wife said to him:

"Hans, do you know how much money we have!"

"No," replied Hans; "I never thought of counting."

"But can you count?" persisted the wife."

"No!" replied Hans.

"Neither can I," said the wife, "but we must know!"

"I know," said Hans, "that in the market sixteen pecks make a bushel. What shall we do?"

"Weigh it!" said the wife. "Neither of us can count so much. We must send for our neighbor's scales."

"You are right!" said Hans, and he sent to his neighbor, Martin, and borrowed his scales.

Now neighbor Martin was very miserly and very curious, and he put a bit of soft wax on the bottom of the scales before he sent them. To this bit of wax a silver coin stuck, but the wood-cutter did not see it, and the scales were sent home.

"Hi, hi! What now!" said Martin, as he turned up the scales. "Has neighbor Hans so much money that he must weigh it? Whether he has found it or stolen it, I must have my share!"

It best suited his plan to wait a day or two; then he put the silver thaler in his pocket, and went to the wood-cutter's hut. He was at work away off in the woods.

"So much the better!" thought Martin, and to the woods he went.

"Well, Hans," said he, in a most friendly way, "what did you want to weigh with my scales?"

Now the wood-cutter would not have lied for his life, and he did not wish to tell; so he turned very red, stammered and hesitated, and then began to talk about seed-corn and barley, hoping to turn the conversation. But Martin had his own purposes.

"Hi, hi! neighbor! No more of that!" said he scornfully, and drew the hard silver thaler from his pocket. "This is neither seed-corn nor barley. You've got money somehow, and I am going to have the half in full, or I will notify the police of either a robbery or a murder—perhaps both!"

Poor Hans cursed his own carelessness; but finding there was no help but in lying, told Martin the whole story, only begging him to keep the secret.

"A pretty ass I should be to tell of it," said Martin, "and set others on the scent." But he called Hans a thousand asses for not taking all he could get, and insisted upon his showing him the very spot and telling him the password as the only condition on which he would not set the police on him, and Hans was forced to promise that he would.

For several days Martin employed himself in providing bags in which to bring away the treasure; then, after a sleepless night, he rose one morning very early, put all the smaller bags into one large one, threw it over his shoulder, and went for Hans to show him the place. Hans tried hard to persuade him not to go, and even promised to give him half of what he himself had, but all in vain. Though he did not say so then, he was resolved to have that too; but he entertained the wood-cutter all the way with stories of what he was going to do with his treasure, and made it out a very good action to help him to get it. He was going, he said, to give Hans half, one-tenth to the Church, and untold sums to the alms-house, while every poor man, woman, or child in the whole district was to be clothed from head to foot, and then feasted.

Hans was forced to show him the place, but he so worked upon his fears by telling stories of horrid things that had happened from taking others into such places with those who were seeking treasure, that Martin at last agreed to demand no further assistance from him, after they got the door open, than to take the sacks out after he had filled them and taken them there.

When they reached the tower, Martin was so agitated at the thought of the vast richest he was going to get, that he could scarcely utter the words that were to open the door. He did, however, at last stammer them out, and open flew the door, with a noise that made them both tremble in every limb. Martin went in with his bag on his shoulder, but when he had groped on a few steps, he remembered that he had left the door open, and that Hans, now familiar with the place, might slip in and take some of the treasures; so he stumbled back again, and called, "Doorlette, shut!" when bang! went the iron door with a force that shook the whole tower.

Beginning now to see his way, Martin lost no more time, but drew from under his blouse a shovel he had brought for the purpose, and began filling his sacks. In the midst of it, a fierce, savage looking black dog came slowly out of the darkness, yawned, stretched himself, and then curled up beside Martin's filled sacks. Rolling up his fiery eyes to the miser he growled:

"Be off, you wretch! Let all that alone! Begone!"

The wicked man trembled so that he could not stand. He fell upon his knees and hands, and crept on all fours as fast as his failing limbs would take him to the door, wanting nothing but to get out. But in his terror he had no control of his words, or thoughts, but got everything wrong, and so kept calling:

"Doorlette shut!"

Of course the door remained as it was, and in the midst of the

piteous callings he kept repeating, he could not help thinking of the wicked lies he had told Hans, on their way, about the use he was going to make of this treasure; for nothing was farther from his thoughts than to give any part to him or the poor. Indeed he had made every arrangement before he started, to murder Hans as soon as he was done with him, and so get his wealth too.

All this time Hans outside was wondering what kept him so long, and trembling lest something had happened. He listened, but not a sound could be heard but the beating of his own heart and the sound of the wind among the trees. At last he was sure he heard a cry of agony and terror, followed by the howl of a dog. In an instant he struck the door, pronounced the magic words, and with a little unspoken prayer for help and protection, rushed into the dark passage. A fearful sight was there! The torn and bloody miser stretched upon his bags, that, except the one he had placed near the door, and which had fallen out when that opened, were filled with cinders and ashes.

Hans took hold of the body to drag it out, but suddenly perceived that the tower was sinking. He had only time to rush out himself and pick up the bag of gold, when the tower sank slowly into the earth, and has never been heard of since. Pale and agitated Hans went home, humbly thanking the good God for having given him a contented spirit that was satisfied with enough for his daily wants, and for the heart as well as power to help the poor and needy. He brought up his children to habits of industry and economy, and at this day there are none who are more deservedly respected than the sons and daughters of Hans the wood-cutter.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

BOOK NOTICE.

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This is a critical edition of this venerable symbol of the Reformed Church according to the edition of 1563, in modern German, by Dr. Schaff; published by I Kohler, No. 202 North 4th St. Philadelphia. More than one half of the little volume of 160 pages is taken up with a concise but very satisfactory History of the Catechism. The whole is designated as a contribution to the 300th anniversary of the Heidelberg Catechism, which is celebrated during this year in the Reformed Church of America. The Text of the Catechism is accompanied with notes in which variations from the original in future editions are indicated, which furnishes the reader the ground upon which the text here adopted is based. These notes are valuable. The original Scriptural proof texts are given, to which are added some contained in later editions, as also some new ones by the author, distinguished by brackets. As this work presents itself as a *critical* edition, our Magazine is not the place to institute an examination of its merits in this respect. The book furnishes internal evidence of much research and pains, and the well known scholarship of Dr. Schaff always commands confidence and respect. The Historical part is a wonderful illustration of the saw: *multum in parvo*—"much in little."

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

JULY, 1863.

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The Guardian.

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POLYCARP.

BY THE EDITOR.

Polycarp, the venerable bishop of the Church of Smyrna, is one of the most beautiful characters among the earliest fathers of the Church. Though much of his life is hidden, and much that is related rests on tradition, yet enough is historically reliable to show, that his life was hid with Christ in God, and that his martyr death was one of the noblest testimonies to the power of Christianity on record. In our sketch we pass over the legendary, and confine ourselves to that which is historically reliable.

Polycarp was born, according to some, in the city of Smyrna, or at least in Asia Minor, of parents who had been converted from Paganism to Christianity, toward the close of the reign of Nero, about A. D., 67. It is said that his parents were poor and humble, and that he at first sustained the character of a slave, and as such was brought up in the family of a noble matron named Callisto, who made him her heir. At an early age, according to one account, he became a pupil of Bucolus, the Bishop of Smyrna, and was made deacon and catechist in his church, Later, as is known from reliable evidence, he became a disciple of the Apostle John, and on account of the excellence of his character, and devotion to the cause of Christ, he was by St. John ordained about A. D. 82, Bishop of Smyrna, as the successor of Bucolus. He also enjoyed the acquaintance of other Apostles, and had, according to the testimony of Irenaeus, much intercourse with those who had seen our Saviour in the flesh.

The history of his ministry at Smyrna was quiet, but powerful and attended with great success. Though he was at times induced to take part in affairs pertaining to the Church in general, and is mentioned in such position in the history of the Church, his talents

and energies were chiefly devoted to his own flock during a long life. As a minister of Jesus Christ he was, however, universally known as a model pastor. Like his teacher, "the beloved disciple," he lived a century; and he was enbalmed in the hearts of the generation, whose fathers and grand-fathers, had been the friends of his youth and his middle life, or the children of his flock. In old age, as in youth, he was zealous, faithful and true. His beautiful life unfolded in steady and ever increasing glory. Through storms and trials he firmly held on in his course, till his long and useful life ended in victorious glory in the crown of martyrdom A. D. 167.

Though the proconsul of Asia Minor at the time seems to have been willing to look with tolerance upon Christians, he was constantly urged by the violent populace to persecute Christians. Many suffered nobly as witnesses for Christ. "They made it evident to us all," says the Church, "that in the midst of those sufferings they were absent from the body: or rather, that the Lord, stood by them and walked in the midst of them; and staying themselves on the grace of Christ, they despised the torments of the world." With the utmost tranquility they contemplated the instruments of torture, which were shown them with a view to shake their steadfastness, welcoming the torture of savage animals, and the flames of the stake, "not accepting deliverance" on condition of a denial of their faith.

In the midst of this wild heathen rage, Polycarp was demanded as a victim. On account of his prominent position, it was thought his death would arrest the zeal and overcome the firmness of Christians. On a day of public entertainment, which it was customary to wind up with some display of their indignation against the meek and quiet followers of Christ, and after they had just wreaked their vengeance upon a noble youth named Germanicus, and others, who stood firm to the death, the sport began to seem too tame for them, when the populace began to cry out: "Away with these wicked wretches. Let Polycarp be brought."

The order for his arrest was at once issued in answer to the demands of the infuriated people. "When he heard the shouts of the people demanding his death," says Neander, "it was his intention, at first, to remain quietly in the city, and await the issue which God might ordain for him; but the prayers of the Church prevailed on him to take refuge in a neighboring villa. Here he spent the time, with a few friends, occupied, as was his custom, day and night, in praying for all the churches throughout the world. When search was made for him, he retired to another villa. But he had scarcely reached it before the officers of the proconsul appeared, to whom his place of refuge had been betrayed by some who, unworthy of the honor, enjoyed his confidence. The bishop himself had again fled: but they found two slaves, and from one, whom they put to the torture, they extracted the secret of the bishop's hiding place. As they were approaching, Polycarp, who was in the highest story of the dwelling, might have escaped by the flat roof to another house—a mode of flight made easy by the peculiar style of oriental build-

ing; but he said, "The will of the Lord be done." Coming down to the officers of justice, he ordered whatever they chose to eat and drink to be placed before them, requesting only that they would indulge him with an hour for quiet prayer. But the fullness of his heart carried him through two hours, so that the pagans themselves were touched by his devotion."

Under cover of night, they placed the venerable man, now one hundred years of age, upon an ass, and so started for the city. Meeting on the way the Chief Officer, in a chariot, they commanded him to mount it. With the chief of the police in the chariot was his father Nicetas. As soon as he was seated they began to persuade him to recant.

"What harm is it to say, Lord Cæsar, and sacrifice, and to be safe?"

Polycarp was silent.

When they still continued to urge him, he answered firmly: "I shall not do what you advise me."

Whereupon they first began to rail him; and at length thrust him out of the chariot, whereby he received a severe injury in his thigh. He was perfectly meek and silent under the pain of his injury. Quietly rising from his fall, he pursued his onward way, notwithstanding his lameness, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for Christ.

When it was rumored in the city, that the venerable victim was coming "every avenue was thronged with weeping friends, eager not only to catch a last sight of his venerable form, but to beseech him to continue firm and faithful to the last." Neither fears nor threats could dampen the enthusiasm of love, of the hosts which burst forth from the lips of Christians, who knew they were thus exposing themselves to be led next as lambs to the slaughter. "Be strong, Polycarp, and quit thyself like a man," was the shout that rent the air.

With a firm step he reached the stadium. As soon as the confusion which his arrival had occasioned had subsided, the Proconsul asked him:

"Are you Polycarp?"

The venerable saint replied that he was.

"Have regard to your age; and renounce Christ. Swear by the genius of Ceasar. Repent and say, Away with those that deny the gods."

Polycarp, with a grave and serious countenance, contemplated the multitudes around him, and while beckoning to them with his hands, raised his eyes to heaven with a sigh, and said:

"Away with the impious."

"Swear, and I will set thee at liberty; revile Christ," said the Governor, endeavoring to persuade him.

Polycarp replied: "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never did me nothing but good; and how can I now curse my King, who has saved me?"

Still urging, the Governor said again: "Swear by the genius of Cæsar."

Polycarp replied: "If you are so vain as to think that I should swear by the genius Cæsar, as you say, pretending not to know who I am, hear my confession: I am a Christian. But if you wish to learn what the doctrine of Christianity is, appoint an hour and listen to me."

The Governor seemed anxious at this point to save the venerable man if he could appease the populace, and said to Polycarp: "Do but persuade the people."

Polycarp replied: "To you I have felt myself bound to give account, for our religion teaches us to pay due honor to the powers ordained of God, so far as it can be done without prejudice to our salvation. But I do not consider those the proper ones before whom I should deliver my defence."

"I have wild beasts at hand," said the Governor, "I will cast you to these, unless you change your mind."

"Call them," Polycarp replied; "for we Christians are fixed in our minds not to change from good to evil, but it is well to change from evil to good."

"If you despise the wild beasts, I will cause you to be consumed by fire, unless you change your mind."

"You threaten fire, which burns for a moment and is soon extinguished; but you know nothing of the judgment to come, and the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the wicked. But why do you delay? Bring what you will!"

All efforts to demoralize him failing, the Governor caused the herald to proclaim in the circus: "Polycarp has confessed himself a Christian!" to which words was also attached the sentence of death.

With an infuriated shout, the heathen populace, replied: "This is the teacher of atheism, the father of the Christians, the enemy of our gods, who teaches so many to turn from the worship of the gods and not to sacrifice."

The sentence being that he should die at the stake, Jews and Pagans vied with each other in bringing wood from the workshops and baths. When they were ready to fasten him with nails to the stake of the pile, he said: "Let me alone as I am; for He that gives me strength to bear the fire, will also give me power, without being secured by you with these nails, to remain unmoved on the pile."

To this they consented; and only tied him fast to the stake. Then closing his hands behind him, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he prayed, saying:

"O Lord God Almighty, the Father of Thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, by whom we have attained the knowledge of Thee; the God of angels and powers, and of every creature, and especially of the whole race of just men who live in Thy presence, I give Thee hearty thanks that Thou hast vouchsafed to bring me to this day and to this hour; that I should have part in the number of thy martyrs, in the cup Thy Christ drank to the resurrection of eternal life, both of soul and body, in the incorruption of the Holy Ghost; among which, may I be accepted this day before Thee, as a fat and acceptable

sacrifice; as Thou, the true God, with whom is no falsehood, has both before ordained and manifested unto me, and also hast now fulfilled it. For this, and for all things else, I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, by the eternal heavenly High Spirit, Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son; to whom with Thee, and theHoly Gnost, be glory, both now, and to all succeeding ages. Amen."

At the close of this prayer of heroic faith the fires were kindled. The venerable saint, as eye witnesses affirm, stood unmoved amid the flames, "not like burning flesh, but like gold or silver glowing in the furnace!" Thus died, at the advanced age of one hundred years, the venerable Polycarp, A. D. 167. The pains of the stake were soon over. Having passed the baptising fire, he received the imperishable crown, and joined in heaven "the noble Army of Martyrs."

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering with Willie Grey,

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all,
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey

Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

—*Home Journal.*

THE SINS OF YOUTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

The dire effects of youthful sin upon the body have been illustrated in a former article; but still more gloomy are its results as these are manifested in the soul, especially in middle life, and still more in old age.

That sin injuriously affects all the powers of the mind scarcely needs proof. The truth is open to common observation; and the thoughtful may easily learn it from the experiences of others around them. Sin is as a blight to the spirit. It not only darkens and weakens the mind, but it even tends to unhinge, and ultimately destroy it, as may be seen in many cases of insanity brought about by a profligate course of life.

Sin defiles the conscience; so that it is tormented by the sense of guilt. It pollutes the imagination, afflicting it with images of sin from which it cannot deliver itself. It harasses and harrows up the memory; so that it cannot forget what it would fain remember no more. There is no tormentor like memory this side of the pit. Forgetting is the greatest relief which a poor sinner can seek unless he will seek Christ. But seeking long, he cannot find

it. There is no Lethean water that will roll its peaceful wave over the memory of wicked acts. Through life the sinner is haunted by the remembrance of his ungodly deeds. Amid the loneliness of age they are still his unwelcome companions. They come like furious harpies out of the dim dark past, and beset him on every side. "Son, remember!" which were replied by Father Abraham to Dives, are the saddest words that ring through the chambers of eternal wo!

Is there a sadder sight on earth than to behold an aged worn-out sinner, sitting in the solemn evening of life eating the bitter fruits of his own doings. With the sins of youth in his bones, in his memory, he looks back with dismay, and forward with absolute despair. Having darkened the past of his life by his own acts, his future darkens itself before him. "Thou writest bitter things against me," he complains to God. But it was not God that has written them, so much as himself. Through all his life from youth, it was himself that has prepared the acts for the record, and an unseen hand was making the record of his sins of which he now complains. Had his life been better, the record would have been better. It stands as he made it; and now it is opened before his eyes, and recalled to his memory with all its boding wrath, and he exclaims: "Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth."

Not only in his bones and in his spirit does he feel the effects of his youthful sins, but he sees them in the world around him—in the bodies and souls of others. Beside himself he has corrupted others. If he cannot weep the stains from his own soul, how much less can he undo what he has effected in others. He beholds the dark stream of his evil works flowing on in the world around him and past him—and he cannot arrest it! It will flow over his grave—and he cannot arrest! It will hurl others, perhaps even his own children or friends, after him into an awful eternity—and he cannot arrest it! When he has groaned in hell for ages, the results of his sin in others will still be gathering in—and he cannot arrest the tide!

All the while the aged sinner is conscious that all this dark stream of sorrow rose in the green bright meadow of his youth. He recognizes it all as the legitimate result of the sins of his early life. In agony of spirit he exclaims: "Childhood and youth are vanity!" How sad it is, that just at the very time when he needs comfort most of all—in feeble old age—in prospect of the grave—all the sources from which he might otherwise have drawn it, are darkened by the results of his own sin.

Alas! how subtle and deceitful is sin. It hides its sting. It defers its sorrow. It lays up its penalty in secret. It gathers its stores of wrath and sends them on before to meet the coming victim when he least expects it.

How sure is the penalty of sin. How often, because judgment against sin is not speedily executed, are the hearts of men fully set in them to do evil. But the day of reckoning will come, though

it be in mercy long delayed. Where sin is sown, the harvest of sorrow will be surely gathered in due time. As the promises of the Lord, so the threatnings of the Lord, are all yea and amen. Hath he said it, and shall he not do it; hath he declared it and shall not his word stand fast? How important is youthful piety. It is recommended by many examples in God's word. It is urged by many precepts, and encouraged by many promises. They that seek me early shall find me, saith the Lord. It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. Wilt thou not at this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.

How well adapted, and absolutely necessary is God's plan of mercy and grace as unfolded in the Christian system. It proposes to begin with early life. It receives even children into the covenant of its grace. It offers a power against early inward evil, by early union with Jesus Christ, and the communication of the Holy Ghost. It furnishes restraint and direction, through Christian families and through the Christian Church. Let but the young be wise, and heed the instruction given to them, and they may safely preserve all that is innocent in their youth, and treasure up for themselves in that blessed season, precious memories for all after life, and a good hope through grace of life eternal.

Youth once past will return no more. It has gone to join the years beyond the flood. Never, O never shall we be young again. We may cry, Give me back my youth, but it comes not again. In memory only, never in reality can we travel back to that sunny spot.

Other scenes await us; and if we even return to the places familiar, the young life will never more meet us there. The trees may be green there—the fruits may ripen and fall—the swallows may still build their nests under the eves—the lark may rise from the fields and sing—the harvests may wave, and the woods be covered with the fresh glory of spring and the yellow glory of autumn; but the youthful eyes that looked upon them will see them so no more. No! it returns not again, the golden season of youth. Suns that set will rise—old years will be succeeded by new—empires will rise on the ruins of the old—and ages going will give place to ages coming, but we will never be young again.

We may sigh for those better days to return, we may weep because they are gone, but sighs and tears will fail to recall them. They are gone. O we are young but once! Well if youth can be ours but once, let us store it with sweet memories, that shall bring back to us its joy, even as the odor of treasured flowers bring back the departed who gave them to us as tokens of faithful love.

O ye young, darken not your youth by sin! Plant not the thorns of stinging memory among its fragrant flowers. Do not lightly esteem that innocence which is the light and solace that shall cheer your after years. Let not this Paradise be lost by follies that shall cast along every after path of your life the seeds of the curse.

Be wise while you may learn from God's counsel, that you may not be compelled to learn, when too late, from bitter experience.

By the love of Christ, by the peace of your souls, by all that you hope for or desire in later life, and by all the bliss and wo of eternity, we beseech you, avoid sin, that you may escape its sorrow!

"THE SLEEPING GIANT."

BY THE EDITOR.

It was regarded by many as a most truthful and appropriate hit, when Dr. Nevin, some years ago, in connection with the founding of Franklin and Marshall College, designated Pennsylvania as "the Sleeping Giant."—Thus far we had written, intending an article on the above caption, when we stopped to turn to the address of Dr. Nevin, in which the trope occurs. Finding what he says so admirably adapted to our purpose, at least in the way of introduction, we have concluded to give his words instead of our own; reserving for our next number the thoughts we wish to express on the same general subject. He speaks as follows:

"The State of Pennsylvania has not been unaptly compared to a *Sleeping Giant*. The trope finds its application and significance in three points of resemblance. In the first place, the State itself considered, is of large size and strength. By its extent of territory, its fertility of soil, its mineral resources, its facilities and opportunities of trade, the peculiar character of its vast and sturdy population, its solid material wealth, and its commanding geographical position in the midst of the general American Union, it possesses a greatness and importance which must be at once acknowledged by the whole world. Politically, it forms the keystone of the arch, on which rests the structure of our glorious Republic. No President of the United States has been made without the vote of Pennsylvania. By its conservative weight emphatically, the nation is held together and kept to its place. In the second place, however, this great giant is still to no small extent asleep. It has not yet come to the full apprehension, and proper free use of its own powers and resources. Much of its strength has never been developed; and such force as it has come actually to exercise, is too often put forth in a comparatively blind way, without the waking insight and self-conscious purpose, that should go along with it, to make it of complete account. In politics, for example, the State, good natured, dozing giant, as she is, sells her birthright for a mess of pottage; and with the power of giving the nation a President in the person of one of her own distinguished sons, in all respects worthy of the station and entitled to its high honor, quietly foregoes the prerogative belonging to her by universal consent, and by her obsequious, but powerful and decisive patronage, turns the choice in favor of a comparatively unknown stranger

from New England. But our figure implies, in the third place, that the giant which is now sleeping, will in due time, awake. The torpor which we see here, is not that of death. It is the rest rather of living powers, which may be expected to break forth hereafter, with a force proportional to the long restraint that has gone before. The secret strength and hidden resources of this great Commonwealth, as yet only beginning to come into view, may be expected before long to reveal themselves in another and altogether different way. The State will not only possess her present rich elements and vast capabilities of power, but these elements and capabilities will be understood and turned to account. Her greatness will be no longer a slumbering fact simply. The possible will be all actual. She will know and feel her proper strength, and she will be able so to use it, we may trust, that the whole nation may know and feel it also for its own good.

The undeveloped wealth of the State is at once both material and moral. It is only of late, as we all know, that the physical resources which it carries in its bosom, have begun to be properly understood and improved; and who shall say what treasures richer than the gold mines of California or Australia, are not still reserved in this form for its future use? But it is not too much to say, that the latent spiritual capabilities of the State are fairly parallel with this condition of her national resources, quite as full of promise, and of course much more entitled to our patriotic interest and regard. In comparing one country or region with another, intellectually, it is not enough to look simply at the difference of culture which may exist between them at a given time. Regard must be had also to the constitutional character of the mind itself, the quality of the moral soil, if we may use the expression, to which the culture is applied. A comparatively uneducated man may surpass in capacity and fitness, another who in point of actual education leaves him far behind; and just so it is possible that one people may be thrown into the shade for the time by another, though capable all the while in truth of a better order of cultivation, and carrying in itself thus both the possibility and the promise of a better spiritual future. In this view, we think it not absurd to magnify the mind of Pennsylvania, although it be fashionable in certain quarters, we know, to treat it with disparagement and contempt. We are persuaded, for our part, that the State has no reason to shrink here from a comparison with any other section of our flourishing and highly favored land. She may fall behind some parts of New England in the machinery of education, and she may have less to boast of just now, in the way of general knowledge among her people. Her schools and colleges are not equal to those of Massachusetts. She may not vie, in point of intellectual culture, with Connecticut. But it does not follow from this, by any means, that she is inferior to either of these States in the matter and quality of her intelligence itself; nor even that her particular culture, such as it is, and so far as it has yet gone, may not be intrinsically worth quite as much, to say the least, as that with which it is thus

unfavorably contrasted. That growth is not ordinarily the best, which is most rapid and easy, and which serves to bring into view with the greatest readiness all it has power to reveal. It is by slow processes rather, that what is most deep and solid, whether in the world of nature or in the world of mind, is ripened and unfolded finally into its proper perfection. There is room for encouragement in this thought, when we look at the acknowledged deficiencies and short-comings of our giant State, with regard to education. She has proceeded with slow and heavy course thus far, in the development both of her spiritual and physical resources. In the case of the first, however, as well as of the last, it is possible that there may have been an advantage in this delay. Time, and a certain progress in the general life of the country, may have been needed to make room for the development under its most promising form. An earlier, more active cultivation, might have proved possibly more artificial, and therefore less vigorous and free, as being the result of foreign outward influences, rather than the true product of our proper provincial life itself. This would have been a lasting and irremediable calamity. It was far better, we may believe, that the peculiar constituents of our life, the elements from which was to be formed in the end the common character of the State, should *not* be forced into premature activity, but be left rather to work like the hidden powers of nature for a time, without noise or show, in the way of silent necessary preparation for their ultimate destiny and use. In such view, they are like the mineral wealth that lies buried so largely beneath our soil, whose value is created to no small extent by wants and opportunities which time only could bring to pass. All that is wanted now to make them a source of intellectual and moral greatness is, that thay should be subjected to educational processes answerable to their own nature, and wrought into such form of general culture as this may be found to require. And may we not say, that the hour of Providence has at length struck for the accomplishment of this great work? With the mighty strides the State of Pennsylvania is now making, in outward wealth and prosperity, is it too much to cherish the pleasing belief that she is fully prepared also for a corresponding development of the rich energies that have thus far slumbered to a great extent in her moral and spiritual life; and that intellectually, as well as materially, from this time onward, her course is destined to be like that of the rising sun, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day?

What has now been said of the general intellectual character and condition of the State, may be referred with special application to the *German* element, which has entered so largely from the first into the composition of its life.

For years, as is well known, this element has weighed like a heavy incubus among us on the cause of education, both in its lower and higher forms. The fact has often been noticed and quoted, as a reproach upon the German mind itself. Rightly considered, however, it carries with it no fair room for any such re-

proach. So far as Pennsylvania may seem to have suffered, in this way, from the prevailing German character of her population, the evil has resulted, properly speaking, not from the constitution at all of the German mind, as such, but from the circumstances only of peculiar disadvantage in which this mind has stood here from the beginning. It was doomed in the nature of the case, we may say, to remain rude and inactive for a long series of years, with little or no participation in the onward movement of thought around it. A very large proportion of the original emigration from Germany to this State, consisted of persons who were comparatively poor, and who found it necessary, therefore, to devote their attention, almost exclusively, to occupations and cares immediately connected with their own personal subsistence. Their language, at the same time, formed a barrier to their free communication, with the English community, in the midst of which they dwelt. At the present time, and no such barrier can long stand. The relations of business, politics and trade, will soon sweep it out of the way. But in the earlier period, to which the case before us belongs, it was of far more serious account. It gave rise to separate German settlements, which produced a permanent isolation of interest and life, by transmitting the German tongue from one generation to another, and thus shutting out those who used it from the reigning social system of the country. No situation could well be more unfavorable for intellectual activity and improvement. There was no room in truth for action or progress in any such form; and so the energies of this part of our population became devoted almost entirely to agricultural pursuits, and to the service of purely material interests, with little or no regard to the social culture of their English neighbors. The result was, with their habits of industry and economy, that they soon rose above their first condition of want, and gained property more and more; till at length, as is well known, a large proportion of the wealth of the State is found in the hands of their descendants. But this outward favorable change brought with it no corresponding moral enlargement; it had no power of course, in the circumstances, to do anything of this sort. It served to produce rather an undue attachment to money for its own sake; and along with this, as a necessary consequence, a low appreciation of all that pertains to the proper care and culture of the mind. Thus the German mind of Pennsylvania has become, with many, in a way most false and treasonable, certainly, to the true, original constitution of the German mind itself, the proverbial type of narrow-minded ignorance and close-fisted avarice combined. No part of the community has needed education more; and yet, from no quarter, unfortunately, has the cause of education, in time past, been so much discouraged and withstood.

The evil, too, has had a tendency to fatten itself upon its own bad fruit. The want of knowledge can never fail to make itself felt as a want also of power, and to carry along with it, for this reason, a more or less uncomfortable sense of weakness and inferiority. In this way, the relation of the German to the predominant education

around him, has been too generally of a sort to create in his mind a prejudice against it, as involving in some way an unfavorable distinction at his expense. Then the bad purposes which such education has been found palpably to serve in many cases, have come in as a plausible show of reason to clothe their prejudice with still greater force. An intimate association was unhappily established in his mind thus between learning and mischief, very much akin with the union of smartness and fraud that goes to make up the character of a pettyfogging lawyer. Scholar and Yankee, grew to be terms of nearly the same sense. The prejudice has operated seriously against all education; but especially, of course, against education in its higher forms. Whatever might be thought of common schools, prudently held within proper bounds, all seminaries of a more advanced character, were to be frowned upon and discouraged as productive of evil rather than of good. Colleges, in particular, have been brought in this way, extensively, into the very worst odor. In the eyes of the German farmer, they have appeared, very generally, to be nurseries of idleness, extravagance and pride, or schools of fair-faced knavery and over-reaching art and wit, something worse in truth than an unprofitable vanity, an actual burden upon society, rather than a source of blessing and strength.

It is not easy to express the disastrous bearing of this widespread indifference and prejudice, in various ways, on the cause of education thus far in Pennsylvania. The evil has not limited itself to the German portion of our citizenship as such. This has been too large and powerful to be a simply negative factor in the life of the State. It has lent a vast positive force to the formation of its character. We are emphatically a German State. The whole spirit and conduct of the State in regard to education, as well as in other directions, have been influenced and determined to no considerable extent by the German habit of thought. All our educational movements accordingly, have been heavy and slow. Especially have our colleges been left to contend with all sorts of discouragement and difficulty. A number of such institutions have been established; but none of them can be said to rest on any proper foundation, or be possessed of much real strength. The State has indeed made them, to some extent, the object of her patronizing care; but it has been in such a way, for the most part, as to defeat, in a great measure, the purposes of her own liberality. Her patronage has been administered, with variable, unsettled, fitful policy; or one might say, perhaps, capriciously, with no policy at all. The colleges have been left, generally, to take care of themselves. In these circumstances, the number has become twice as great as the actual wants of the State require; while the resources of the whole of them thrown together, would not be sufficient to make one institution fairly equal to what is required by its honor. In the midst of such public neglect, itself the fruit and sign of the prevailing popular sentiment in regard to the interest concerned, but little was to be expected for the support of such seminaries of

learning, in the way of private munificence. In the history of the colleges of Pennsylvania, we hear of no rich donations or legacies, to erect buildings, found libraries, or endow professorships, lasting and noble monuments of a truly large zeal for the cause of letters. The only thing which may look like an exception, perhaps, to the remark, is presented to us in the magnificent Orphan College of Stephen Girard; but this most wasteful charity is no monument, properly speaking, of any really liberal interest in favor of letters, just as little as it can lay claim to the character of any such interest in favor of religion; it is but the glaring expression rather of a narrow and illiberal mind, with regard to both. Thus it is, that our colleges have been left to build themselves up as they best could, without any such endowment as was needed to make them properly strong and independent over against the low and false views of education with which they have been surrounded. They have been doomed, in consequence to a sickly existence, the unfavorable influence of which, has extended itself to the universal cause of knowledge in the State. For common schools will never flourish, where no suitable provision is made for education in its higher character; and it must be visionary, of course, to expect in such a case, that any general intelligence or cultivation, can be brought to have place, by any means, in the community at large.

Altogether, it is evident enough, that the German element in our midst has had much to do with the somewhat proverbial sluggishness of our State, thus far, in the march of intellectual improvement; and much reproach has been cast, in certain quarters, upon the *Pennsylvania Dutch*, as they are vulgarly called, for this very reason, as being a sort of Bœtian drawback and drag on the whole life of the State, greatly to its disparagement, especially as compared with its more smart and forward neighbors of the East and North. But what we have said of our moral composition, as a whole, is particularly true, we believe, of just that part of it which is subjected to this reproach. If the German mind of Pennsylvania has stood in the way of letters, heretofore, and caused her to lag behind other States, in the policy of education, we may see in it, at the same time, the fair promise and pledge of a more auspicious future, that shall serve hereafter, to redeem her character, on this score, from all past and present blame. So far as this large mass of mind is concerned, it is owing, certainly, to no constitutional inferiority, that it has not yielded more fruit in the way of knowledge and culture. The fact, as we have have just seen, is sufficiently explained by other causes. Regarded as material, simply, no body of mind in the country, is more susceptible of education, or more favorably disposed for the reception of it, in its most healthy and vigorous form. Who that knows anything of the literature and science of Germany itself, will bear to be told that there is no native affinity between the spirit of such a people and the cause of knowledge, or that it can require anything more than proper opportunity and encouragement, in any circumstances, to bring this affinity finally into view? It is a slander upon the

German mind of Pennsylvania, to stigmatise it as constitutionally inactive and unproductive, and as naturally narrow and illiberal. We have no right to charge upon its nature, what at worst is to be considered only the fault of circumstances. The condition in which it has been placed, has been such, as to consign it for years, to general ignorance, and along with this to much moral and spiritual rudeness in other respects; and this has had the effect of seriously retarding the progress of the whole State in the cause of education. But it has not destroyed or impaired, in the mean time, the capabilities of the State for a generous and vigorous self-development in this form, at a later period. Nay, it is quite possible, that something may have been gained for the force of this development at last, by the very delay which has thus been put upon it in past years. An earlier awakening of the proper German life of Pennsylvania, might have been more untimely, and so less favorable to the drawing out of its powers in their best form. It may be well that these powers and possibilities have lain buried for the most part till the present time, when the opening as it were of a new era in the history of our country might seem to make room for their being unfolded with such effect as was not to be hoped for before. In this view, we have no reason to be ashamed of the German character of our State. There is a blessing in it, with all its faults; and the time has now come, we may trust, when the secret power of this blessing will begin to make itself extensively felt. The hindrances which have heretofore stood in the way of its moral and intellectual advancement, are happily fast disappearing. Our German population has begun to free itself everywhere from the thraldom of an isolated, and therefore, comparatively stagnant and dead social position, maintained heretofore through the use of a foreign tongue, and is entering more and more into free, active communication with the general life of the State. With the falling away of this middle wall of partition, old prejudices, and old occasions of prejudice, are rapidly losing their power. A new interest is beginning to make itself felt on all sides, in favor of education. Much of course, very much, still remains to be desired, in this respect, especially as regards education in its higher forms; but never before has there been the same room for encouragement, that there is now, in the way of what may be regarded as preparation at least, and promise here in the right direction. The field is white already to harvest. What is wanted, is, that the rich opportunity should be rightly understood, and vigorously, as well as wisely improved. Let us have faith and confidence in German nature itself; let us believe, that in these circumstances it will not fail to show itself spiritually worthy of its own pedigree and race. The Low Dutch nature, extensively prevalent in New Jersey and New York, might have been considered, constitutionally, a much less promising element for the process of social cultivation; although we find it now actively associated in fact with all that belongs to the cause of education in those States. Only let the unnatural restraints fall away, which have heretofore done violence to the German heart and Ger-

man soul of Pennsylvania—an emancipation which, as we have just seen, is now fast taking place—and we may reasonably anticipate a still more cheering result. With all the deterioration it may seem to have suffered for the time, in the captivity of more than seventy years, through which it has been called to pass, the mind of Germany still lives in the posterity of her children transplanted to America during the last century; to some extent modified, no doubt by the new influences to which it has been so long exposed, but ready still to wake in the power of its now properly distinguishing qualities and attributes, just as soon as fit occasion may be afforded for such purpose.

In this view then, we repeat it, there is no reason to be discouraged with the prospects of our State, as regards education and learning. Our population contains at least the elements of a greatness in this respect, which may be expected to bear favorable comparison, in due time, with that of any other section of the country. Our mountains are not more full of buried wealth, than the spirit of our people. Let us be true to ourselves, in constructing schools and colleges for the one interest, as well as rail-roads and canals for the other, and all will be right. Pennsylvania may yet become the soil of the most thriving and vigorous literature in the land."

THE SONG OF THE SPADE.

Give me the spade and the man that can use it;
A fig for your lord and his soft, silken hand;
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give it back to the giver—the land, boys, the land.

There's no bank like the earth to deposit your labor,
The more you deposit the more you shall have;
If there's more than you want, you can give to your neighbor,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.

Give me the spade—old England's glory,
That fashioned the field from the bleak, barren moor;
Let us speak of its praise with ballad and story,
While 'tis brightened with labor, not tarnished with gore.

It was not the sword that won our best battle,
Created our commerce, and extended our trade,
Gave food to our wives, our children, our cattle,
But the queen of all weapons—the spade, boys, the spade.

Give me the spade; there's a magic about it
That turns the black soil into bright shining gold;
What would our fathers have done, boys, without it,
When the lands lay all bare, and the North winds blew cold?

When the tall forest stood, and the wild beasts were yelling?
Where our stout-hearted ancestors shrunk back afraid;
The corn stack is raised, and mankind claims a dwelling;
Then hurrah for our true friend—the spade, boys, the spade!

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY. No. 3.

WILLEHAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ERICH CARSTENS.

BY L. H. S.

"If the believer, full of pious enthusiasm, feels himself impelled to promulgate the fame and good deeds of the saints, then he will praise in them Christ Himself, he will glorify the Saviour." With these excellent words *Ansgar* introduces his sketch of the life of our Willehad, his predecessor in the episcopal chair at Bremen, which is still extant. It is indeed the Grace of God, without which we have nothing, are nothing, and can do nothing, that we must extol in every human work, and which also selected this man as such a glorious instrument.

Willehad was by birth an Englishman from Northumberland. It could be said of him: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. 31: 3). Even in his childhood he rested with his whole heart in his God, and, from his youth up, he had no other thought than to devote himself to the service of the Church. Through his pious life, and zeal as a student, especially diligent in watching and prayer, he soon acquired the greatest respect and love of his fellow citizens.

When he had been ordained presbyter, and had heard of the conversion of the Frieslanders and Saxons, as well as of their desire after the pure milk of the Gospel, he burned with eager desire to visit them. For this purpose he visited the king of his country, Alachred, and asked his permission to go thither. The king, convinced of the earnestness of his desire, assembled the clergy to advise more closely on the subject. With their acquiescence, he speedily ordered our Willehad off, as a missionary of the Gospel, to Friesland.

Willehad passed over the sea to Friesland and established himself first at Dakkum near Utrecht, on holy soil, where Bonifacius had before obtained the Martyr's crown. He met a friendly reception, preached the word of God and occupied himself principally with the instruction of youth in divine things. After he had remained here some time he was impelled to go further. He passed over the Lauwer sea into Humsterland (Humarcha) where the people were still heathens. His preaching of the Gospel gave great offence here; the heathen natives were inflamed with anger and rage. Some were disposed to kill him, but the majority decided, in accordance with heathen custom, to submit to the decision of the lot. This eventuated favorably for him and they suffered him to

go his way. From that region, where for the present at least nothing could be done, he went to the district of Drenthe, where he found more readiness to listen to his preaching, and where he succeeded in converting a considerable number. His disciples, encouraged by his success, were carried so far with their zeal, that they began to destroy the heathen temples. But this excited opposition. Willehad was made to suffer for this,—he was beaten with stripes. Some struck him with clubs, one pressed on him, indeed so closely with his sword, that he cut off the ribbon by which a relic was suspended from his neck, and yet, through the providence of God, did not injure him. Hereupon they suffered him to depart.

Charlemagne, who, in the meantime, had heard of this zealous missionary, invited him to visit him, and then sent him to Saxony, first to the district of Wigmodien on the eastern bank of the Weser. Thence he went, across the Elbe, to North Albingen and especially to the district of Dithmarschen. Here he preached the Gospel for seven years and caused to be erected, out of wood, the first church in the land at Meldorf. But a new rebellion broke out in Saxony (781) under *Wittikind.* All the Christians were persecuted and their lands laid waste. The new church at Meldorf was also destroyed, and several disciples of Willehad slain; among others *Atreban* met a martyr's death in Dithmarschen. The tender bud of Christianity was thus again destroyed. Willehad had gone before this to the Rustringer district (Grand Duchy Oldenburg) and fled from his persecutors to Friesland, and thence with *Luedger*, who was missionary at Helgoland, went to Rome where Pope Adrian comforted and strengthened him. Adam (Bishop of Bremen) the writer of this history reproaches him somewhat on account of this flight and says that he was indisposed to martyrdom. He returned soon to France and stopped at the Monastery of St. Willibrord (Echternach), in the neighborhood of Treves. He remained two years here and collected his disciples about him. He was very diligent himself and copied the Epistles of St. Paul and many other books. In the year 785 he visited Charlemagne a second time at the castle Eresburg. The latter presented him for his support *Celle Justina* (Mont Jutin in Upper Burgundy). Willehad returned again to Wigmodien, preached with zeal, re-established the churches which had been destroyed and appointed priests over them. The Saxons were gradually becoming Christians,—Wittikind himself, their leader, and Albion suffered themselves to be baptized. Charlemagne had Willehad consecrated Bishop, June 13th, 787, and appointed him first Bishop of the See of Bremen then created. This strengthened and increased his zeal for the building up of God's kingdom. He erected a church in Bremen, of wonderful beauty, although only of wood, the Cathredral, and dedicated it, November 1st, 789 to St. Peter. On one of his Episcopal excursions he was taken with a fever at *Blexum* near Vegesack. *Egisrik*, one of his disciples, complains that the flocks should be deprived of their shepherd. But Willehad, resigned to God's will,

replied: "My son, do not call me any longer from the sight of my Lord and Master. His blessings shall not be wanting to you, for all lands are full of his mercy." He died November 8th, 789. His corpse was brought to Bremen and interred in St. Peter's church which he had erected. His successor, *Willerich*, had the body placed in a chapel, but *Ansgar* had it returned to the church. There is still to be seen in Bremen the Willehad Brunnen, on the site of the chapel. Ansgar, in the course of the Biography, gives a list of thirty-seven miracles, which had been effected at the grave of Willehad.

Willehad labored diligently to live a very virtuous life. He was very temperate; wine, mead and all intoxicating drinks he absolutely avoided. His food was bread and honey, vegetables and fruits; he abstained from milk, meat and fish. It was only towards the end of his life, that he partook of fish, and at the recommendation of Pope Adrian. He was indefatigable in reading and studying the Holy Scriptures; he celebrated Mass daily and took pleasure in chanting his Psalter. A superb Latin Psalter—a costly manuscript written on parchment with large golden letters, which Charlemagne had given to Pope Adrian, and the latter had presented to Willehad, was preserved for eight hundred years in the Cathedral in Bremen and is now in the Imperial library at Vienna. He affected the hearts of many by his sermons, so that they entered upon the way of salvation. And his example, moreover, confirmed that which his lips declared. His portrait may be seen on the seal of the Church at *Ulnis in Angeln* (Duchy of Schleswig).

The Year of Nines.—An ingenious arithmetician has made the following calculations, in virtue of which he proposes to call the year 1863 the year of *nines:* "Add the first two figures of the year, 1 and 8, and you have the total 9; the last two figures, 6 and 3, give the same result. Place the last two figures, 1, 8, under 6, 3, and add, when you will have 81, which two figures united give 9. Subtract, on the other hand, 18 from 63, there remain 45, the union of which make 9. Divide 63 by 18, the quotient is 3, and the remainder 9. Multiply the four figures, 1, 8, 6, 3, one by the other, and the result is 144, which numbers together make 9. Add the figures, 1, 8, 6, 3, together, when you will get 18, which figures together give 9. Divide 1863 by 9, the quotient is 207, which three figures equal 9."

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

THE SIN OF NEGLECTING THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." (1 John 2 : 4.)

This is strong language. It even seems, at first view, to be harsh and severe.

We are the more startled and surprised, when we reflect that this language falls from the lips of John—John, the loving, who lay on the Saviour's breast mild as a sleeping lamb—John, the tender and the meek—John, the charitable and the quiet. Such words we would hear, without surprise, from the impetuous and hasty Peter; or from the zealous and heroic Paul; but that John should speak so severely, surprises us. Ah, they are words of solemn importance. He speaks in the zeal of holy faithfulness and love

This seeming severity is easily explained. John was himself so true, so holy, so obedient and devoted, that he saw the opposite of these in others stand in so shocking a light, that a holy indignation was aroused within him.

The class of persons, whom the Apostle reproves, is composed of such as profess to be attached to Christ, but who do not prove that attachment true, by obedience to His commandments. "He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

This principle is laid down in the Scripture, and is true and enduring as the throne of God: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The tree may have the shape and form of a good tree—yea, may have the leaves and blossoms—yet these are not absolute proof that the tree is good; but when the fruit is seen, and only then, all doubt is at an end.

No amount of profession—no bold declaration of purpose—no outward pretensions, can be received of God, without these authenticate themselves in obedience. "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven."

"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." (John 14. 21.) "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." (John 15 : 10.) "If ye love me keep my commandments." (John 14 : 15.) "Hereby we know that we know him, if we keep his commandments." (1 John 2 : 3.)

If this principle is true in regard to all the commandments in general, it is also true in regard to each one in particular. If it be true in regard to things forbidden, it is also true in regard to things

enjoined. Not only is it sin to do what God forbids; but also not to do what He commands.

We know that men generally look with much charity upon their sins of omission. Though they fear the law given on Sinai, they feel very little the force of that given on Calvary!

Let us, for the present, confine ourselves to the one command—it might be called the dying command of our Saviour: "Do this in remembrance of me." It cannot be denied that there are those who console themselves with a vague idea of God's general mercy, and who, in regard to this command, stand in flat opposition and disobedience to the Saviour. But it must be as true in regard to this, as it is of any other commandment: "He that saith, I know Him and keepeth not his commandment, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

Such persons would not be willing to profess that they believe themselves Christians if they were asked; and yet it sounds harsh to them when we say, from God's word, that no one is a Christian who obeys not the Saviour's dying command. What else can we say, and be faithful to God's word.

Applying, then, the principle of the passage quoted to this one point—obedience to our Saviour's dying command—*we will show, that whoever willfully disregards and neglects it has no saving interest in the great salvation.*

We say one who *willfully* neglects or disregards it If we can conceive of any one, being so situated and circumstanced as not to have an opportunity of "doing this in remembrance of Him," we have reason to believe that such a case would be excepted. God only requires of any one according as he hath. "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." (John 15 : 22.)

We are not required, therefore, to apply this principle with severity to children who still stand in the grace of baptism; to persons becoming truly penitent upon beds of languishing; to any who are removed from the means of grace by such distance and barriers as to make it impossible for them to enjoy the privilege,—such as exiles, prisoners, insane, slaves in bondage to the will of another. In all such cases we must not doubt that God, who so often and so tenderly proclaims Himself the God of the unfortunate and the destitute, will find some way, which we know not, by which to communicate to them the life of Christ without eating His flesh and drinking his blood.

But how different from these is the case of those who have the emblems almost constantly before their eyes, and yet turn willfully away from them! Here are those, for instance, who from their youth up have been taught the nature, use, design, and importance of this sacrament, and yet have never yielded their hearts to its grace. Here also are such as are, by profession, the followers of Christ—baptized, instructed, confirmed, warned, exhorted, and anxiously cared for by the Church—who can coldly look on while others are partaking! To such surely belongs the keen reproof of

the beloved disciple: "He that saith, I know him and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar!"

We will show by a few plain and substantial reasons, *why one who does not obey the Saviour's dying command cannot be a Christian.*

I His neglect of this privilege is itself proof that he has no living interest in that which it bestows—and in Him who instituted it.

Is a man thristy who turns away from the water? Is a man hungry who will not eat? Do you love that person whose will and wishes you do not respect? So here; has he an interest in Christ who shows that he has no interest in Him! He may say, I know him—but, He regards it all as daring mockery, as long as this profession does not show itself true in its fruits of obedience.

He that disregards this ordinance shows himself, *in that act*, to be no Christian; just as *any* neglect, shows a want of interest in that which is neglected.

The person who neglects the dying command shows, by that act, that he lacks all those dispositions, emotions and feelings, which belong to every one who is a Christian.

He lacks a feeling of childlike dependence upon the *means* of grace —he lacks a feeling of humble submission to Christ and his institutions—he lacks that contrition of spirit, and that tenderness of heart, which must be found in every child of God—he lacks that love to Christ which has more power than a thousand reasons to draw the heart into fellowship with Christ—he lacks that spirit of obedience, of which no Christian heart can be destitute. In short, he falls under the condemnation of these fearful words: "He is a liar, and the truth is not in him!"

II. The nature and use of this sacrament is such, that it must be plain to every reflecting mind, that there can be no fellowship with Christ in the neglect of it.

Let any one reflect what is to be attained and accomplished by it, and then say whether this can be attained without it. Did our blessed Saviour appoint the observance of an empty, useless form! Was his dying command so entirely devoid of earnestness and meaning that its observance is of no use, and may be dispensed with! Did the adorable son of God trifle with His sorrowing disciples when He said: "Do this!" Who will say that that was not the most awfully solemn command He ever gave which fell from His lips in the upper room, around the table,

> —On that dark—that doleful night,
> When powers of earth and hell arose,
> Against the son of God's delight,
> When friends betrayed him to his foes!

What is it that this sacrament is to accomplish in us, and for us?

1. It is to awaken in us a lively recollection of our suffering Saviour. "Do this in remembrance of me."

Can any one be a Christian without cherishing a tender, grateful remembrance of Him?

Does any one say that Christ can be remembered without this? We answer, not in the sense here required. We are not merely enjoined here to remember him, but the way in which it is to be done, is pointed out. "Do *this* in remembrance of me."

2. It is a *communion* with Christ. "The bread which we break is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

It does not merely represent this communion, leaving every one to seek it elsewhere, and as he pleases; but it is itself this communion. The branch can only be in communion with the vine, when it is in the vine; so we can only be in communion with Christ in the sense required, through the bread, and through the cup.

It is the medium of the communion of life in Christ, just as eating and drinking become the medium source of natural life. It is the means through which the soul comes in contact with Christ who is eternal life to the soul. "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." He *hath* eternal life in eating and drinking—in it is the communion of eternal life. "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed," the true meat, and the true drink. This is said in opposition to the manna—*it* was only typical of the true—it only sustained temporal life. Hence those who ate it in the wilderness are dead!

But this *is* the communion. There is strength in bread to quicken and increase life; but that strength is only communicated through eating. In eating alone, is our communion in that strength. So, there is life in the risen and glorified Saviour; but that life can only come to us in the communion of his body and blood. "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever."

The cup in this communion is called "the cup of blessing," because it has a blessing to bestow—not merely *a* cup of blessing, but *the* cup of blessing.

Who, then, has a right—who may dare to hope for union with Christ separate from this sacrament?

III. The declarations of God are plain and positive on this point.

"He that denieth me before men, him will I deny before my Father and angels." Again: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha!" Who is it that loves him. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." "Ye are my friends if ye do whatseever I command you." "If ye love me keep my commandments." "Then said Jesus unto them, verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."

Such being the solemn import of this ordinance no wonder that its institution was reserved to circumstances which made it the

most deeply solemn and impressive act of His life. When the price of His life had already been agreed upon—when the dark spirit of betrayal had already enthroned itself in the heart of the son of perdition—when the mock-trial, the scourge, the crown of of thorns, the insults of the mob, and when the dark, deep, dreadful crisis of the cross were just before Him. When the little band were yet together—but would be only yet for a little while—when ominous shadows of the coming separation and sorrow glided in sympathetic wo from face to face in that band of love—when men were raging around, and hell was moving and howling from beneath—when nature was almost halting in surprise at the amazement of its God—when there was such an hour, as there was not before nor shall be after, an hour of which the Son God could say: "My hour is come." Such was the time, and such were the circumstances, when Jesus "took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you." Canst thou—oh, how canst thou, neglect this command, and hope to be forgiven!

No wonder that it is written of the very first followers of the Lamb, that they "continued steadfastly in the breaking of bread." No wonder that the holiest hour, and the deepest draughts of life, which saints enjoy on this side of heaven are enjoyed at the altar of the Lamb. Here the penitent, believing heart exclaims: "Thy flesh is meat indeed, thy blood is drink indeed."

"Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more."

Such is this blessed sacrament—such its nature and design. Have you disregarded it? Are you neglecting it now? Will you do so still? Do so, and hope to be forgiven!

O bleeding, dying Lord, eating of this bread, we shall never die. We will eat, and live forever! It is good for us to draw near unto God. He will sup with us, and we with Him. We shall be united with him more and more in the power, in the hope, in the joy of an endless life.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,—
The sun gone down—
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear,
Steps into heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony grief
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee.

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

A LEGEND OF THE SCHNEEBERG.

In one of the oldest houses; in one of the oldest streets in the ancient city of Worms, dwelt the worthy burger, Philip Dorn. "Der Meister Philip" was one of that numerous class who would not, perhaps, go out of their way very far, to cheat you; but who, when a young and inexperienced customer is sent them by Providence, are very careful to make the most of the blessing by means of wearing a grave face, going to church, and carrying a gold-headed cane. Philip Dorn was universally considered a very respectable personage; but, as all is not gold that glitters, so neither was Philip quite so respectable as was commonly supposed, as will be seen hereafter.

Our hero was a jeweler, and a cunning workman in gold and silver. It happened that one day a young countryman came to his house, with a stone which he had found in the neighboring mountains, and had brought to Philip as an honest man, and one whom he could trust. The jeweler took the stone, and after examining it attentively, said, with a careless air, that it was of small value; but that he would give him twenty thalers for it. The countryman, who knew nothing of the value of precious stones, instantly agreed, and Philip paid him the money. As soon as he was gone, our jeweler took the gem, which was a jacinth of great value, and regarded it with a well-satisfied smile. "This," said he, "is the very thing which the princess has so long desired. Ah!

Philip, thou art a lucky fellow, thy fortune is made; who will now be able to stand against the jeweler, Philip Dorn?" So, after again surveying his bargain, he put it into a case, in which he was wont to keep his most precious things.

In a short time another visitor came to Philip; he was a little man of well-fed appearance, with enormous green spectacles, a high-crowned hat, and high-heeled shoes. This person demanded a stone proper for a ring, such as a diamond or an amethyst. Philip took down the case in which he had deposited his precious jacinth, and exhibited its contents to the stranger, who selected a fine diamond, for which Philip took care to ask double what it was worth; but the stranger paid him his demand without grudging, and went away, saying that he would soon see him again.

Philip replaced his case, and set out to inform his patroness, the princess, of his newly-acquired jacinth. He went to the palace, and with many bows, informed her highness of his good fortune, and was desired to return next day, and to bring the gem with him. After dispatching this business, he returned home, and again took down the case to feast his eyes upon the jewel, when, on opening it, to Philip's consternation, no jacinth was to be found. In vain he searched every corner—the gem was flown.

In great distress of mind Philip went out, and was pondering an apology for the morrow when on turning a corner, he felt some one tap him on the shoulder, and turning round, saw the gentleman in the green spectacles, who, with a knowing wink, asked him what was become of his jacinth. The jeweler was rather surprised, as he did not remember having seen the stranger examine it; so very naturally asked him if he knew anything about it. "That I do, Herr Philip," replied our spectacled friend, "and will perhaps help you to it if you behave well." Our hero eagerly asked where it was, but was told, that there were a few conditions he must agree to before getting it. On this Philip said something about "robbery," "justice," and "a prison;" but a vision of the poor countryman and his twenty thalers, floated before his eyes. So he held his tongue, merely asked what conditions the gentleman spoke of and said he would agree to any whatever to regain his lost jewel. The stranger informed Philip, that he could not tell him at present, but that, if he came that night to the forest, at the foot of the Schneeberg mountain, he would see, and perhaps regain his jacinth. Philip promised to be punctual, on which the gentleman said adieu, telling him, that he had some business to transact at Ratisbon, but would be back in time. Philip thought this rather odd, as that city is at a considerable distance from Worms, but he said nothing; so making a polite bow, he returned home.

He waited, with the utmost impatience, for the appointed time, and when at length it began to grow dark, he set out with a beating heart for the rendezvous; soon he approached the forest, and saw the clouds eddying around the summit of the Schneeberg. He went on his way rejoicing; and, although at the first step in the

wood, he plunged up to the neck in a morass, so immersed was he in his delight at the prospect of regaining his jacinth, that he scarcely noticed his immersion in the water. On he passed, through bush, through brake, frequently coming in contact with the trunks of trees, to the utter discomposure of his sedate and sober wig; the bushes seemed to get thicker, and the pools deeper, the farther he proceeded, and at length he was fairly brought to a stand by a broad sheet of water, the leaping of which was out of the question, even to a much better leaper than our friend Philip. Whilst he was standing considering what was to be done, he heard a voice crying, "Here comes my worthy friend, Philip Dorn; prepare ye the way for him," and shouts of laughter rung through the forest, At this Philip was sore amazed; but seeing the pool disappear, he stepped boldly forward, and found himself at the rock appointed as the place of meeting.

The gentleman in the green spectacles made his appearance on the top of it, and greeted Philip with great politeness: and although the rock was very precipitous, he walked down it with the greatest ease and stood at Philip's side. "Now," said he, "Herr Dorn, you will be good enough to follow me a little further;" to which Philip bowed assent, though he would rather have been excused. On they went for a considerable time, through a part of the forest that Philip had never seen before, till at length they reached a wilderness of rocks, which appeared broken from the mountain. They still proceeded, between two high walls of rock, till they came to a wide cavern, brilliantly lighted, in which Philip saw his jacinth suspended by a gold chain, which seemed to ascend to an immense height as its other end was lost in the darkness. "Now," said his companion, "there is your jacinth; you have but to stretch out your hand and it is yours." Philip stepped forward and laid hold of his jewel, and attempted to take it from the chain, when suddenly he felt the earth sinking beneath his feet, and, attempting to withdraw his hand, found it firmly fixed to the jacinth. He turned round in agony to his conductor, and saw him standing laughing immoderately, with his spectacles in one hand and his eyes flaming like burning coals.

"Hold fast, friend Philip!" he cried; "hold fast!" and instantly vanished in the darkness.

The cavern closed up with fearful noise; and shouts of laughter, mingled with cries of "Hold fast! hold fast!" were the last sounds that were ever heard by the jeweler of Worms.

MORAL.

When a heart cleaves to money, money will cleave to it. The treasure will in due time get the mastery over the heart, so that instead of its possessing the treasure, the treasure will possess it. The treasure will bind the heart to itself; and even when destruction and death gather fearfully around, the heart will have no power to let go its treasure. The heart will hang to its idol, by a fatal power, forever!

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

BY J. H. J.

Angels have often been employed in communicating tidings to man. In consulting the Old Testament Scriptures, we find that they often appeared to the patriarchs, and that they conveyed important intelligence to the prophets. In coming down to the New Testament, we find that it was angels that announced the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer. Their language to the shepherds on that memorable occasion was, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." It was angels that directed his escape into Egypt. It was angels that ministered to him in the desert. It was angels that doubtless watched with intense interest the events of the cross. And it was angels that were the first to gladden the hearts of the devoted women, the friends of Jesus, by the cheering words: "He is not here; for he is risen. Come see the place where the Lord lay." The sepulchre, where his crucified body was laid, was not his own. He was beholden to another for it." "When Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out of a rock."

Christ only remained in this tomb a certain predicted period. It was carefully watched, and powerfully guarded by his enemies, and it was from this sacred spot, that Christ arose with power and glory. The following lessons may be learned by a contemplative visit to the tomb of our risen Lord:

First we learn, that the official engagements of the Lord Jesus Christ are completed. Christ had voluntarily become a surety for the sinner, and as such he bore the curse for us. As such, he gave his life a ransom. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." He died the just for the unjust. The price that was demanded, was accepted and paid. This was done, when he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Heavenly Father, and entered the regions of the dead. Prophecy was now fulfilled and justice had no further claim.

At the appointed time an angel was commissioned to open the door of the prision, when our divine surety was liberated. And now we see Christ's claim to his Messiahship irrevocably established, and a firm foundation laid for the hope of the sinner.

We also learn, that the enemies of Christ and man are completely vanquished. Although it is appointed unto men once to die, yet death has been overcome in our nature by Christ, the conqueror; who has trampled upon all the powers of darkness. Christ has led captivity captive, and spoiled principalities and powers, appearing

with sin, satan, and death chained to the wheels of his triumphal car.

We also see, that the grave is a hallowed spot. Christ our risen Saviour, has perfumed it with his fragrance, divesting it of all its gloom, so that it now becomes the happy retreat of the worn out pilgrim, where all such can sweetly repose until the day of full redemption. For

> "The graves of all the saints he blessed
> And softened every bed,
> Where should the dying members rest
> But with their dying head."

We also learn, that the grave is only the temporary abode of mankind. While Adam, our federal head, forced his way into it, the second Adam, the Lord from Heaven, by his glorious resurrection and ascension, has made a passage through it; so that now, through all its dark and dreary extent, there is inscribed in glorious characters, Christ has abolished death. "Life and immortality are brought to light through the blessed Gospel of the son of God." "Now has Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Again, by a visit to the tomb of Christ, we may learn where we may find Jesus. Not in Bethlehem, nor in the garden, on the cross, or in the sepulchre, but at the right hand of God, where he now sits exalted to be a prince and Saviour, where he waits to dispense the blessing of his grace; where he waits to give remission of sins to all who believe and call upon his name. In the language of the Apostle contained in Hebrews 4 : 16, "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Here we are taught, that in God there is help for men, and that it is our duty to come unto him in the name of Christ, that for his sake we may receive mercy. "Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water," which means internal and external purity.

In approaching God, Christians should discard and reject all mediators except Jesus Christ. They need no other and to trust in another is to reject Christ. Let the sceptical come and admit his claims, come and receive him as the Son of God. Let every mourning sinner come and have faith in his ability to save, seeing that "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." Let the timid believer come, and be no longer kept in bondage through fear of death; for it is the privilege of all to exclaim, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "And did he rise? Hear it, O ye nations; hear it, O ye dead! He rose; he rose; He burst the bars of death! Then first humanity triumphant passed the crystal gates of life, and seized eternal joy!"

Let all the heavenly host unite to crown him Lord of all.

THE LIFETIME OF MAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live?

"Thirty years," replied Nature, "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how I shall have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl!"

Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years.

The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; thou wilt not have to labor as the dog and ass. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he; "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should puddings ever rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded by a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years.

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

As last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed the man.

"When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire upon my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life shall seem to me the most desirable, I shall die. Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period."

"Then thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass beside."

"That is not enough," replied the man.

"Take likewise, the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated the man; "give me more."

"I will give thee, then, the ten years of the ape, and in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy. He labors carefully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen of the ass come next; burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies down in the corner, and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form a conclusion.

The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of the children.

FOR ME.

BY Z.

For me was bowed that sacred head;
For me that sacred blood was shed;
For me that crown of thorns was worn;
For me that load of guilt was borne.

For me was felt that cruel scourge
My heart from deepest guilt to purge;
For me that dreadful cup was drained;
For me that holy heart was pained.

For me those mocking robes were worn;
For me received the blows and scorn!
Oh Blessed Jesus! let me strive
Fear thee, and in thy love to live.

For me was nailed fast to the tree
That Holy One! My soul for thee;
For me He hung 'twixt earth and heaven,
For me His blood was freely given.

Oh Saviour, let it not be vain
For me, that Thou hast borne such pain;
O let it not be still unsought,
The bliss for me so dearly bought!

Oh Jesus! for this love of Thine,
Accept this broken heart of mine;
Accept, it Lord; 'tis thine alone,
Without Thee I am all undone.

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward heaven, of which it is the most perfect synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto a crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps city and forest like snow-flakes to destruction before it.

And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived for years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all our senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle to our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

The eye is indebted to it for the magnificence of sunrise, the brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the morning, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphant arch," the winds would not send the fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens; the cold either, would not send snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor the hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky; our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning, plunge the earth into darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a shield of her rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of the night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and then a handful; and gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, and like man, she goes forth again to labor until evening.

Those nervous folks, who are annoyed by everybody that approaches them, annoy every body they approach.

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THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D , whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

From and after January the 1st, 1863, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **M. Kieffer & Co.,** Chambersburg, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The new Publishers propose a general renewal of its mechanical and typographical appearance. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the new volume appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality in the new Volume; and shall do all in their power. in co operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

AUGUST, 1863.

M. KIEFFER & CO.,
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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers to "THE GUARDIAN," who have not paid their subscription for the current year, will find their bills enclosed in the present number. As the subscription price is comparatively small, and our terms call for payment in advance, we trust that none will overlook their account, but promptly remit to us the amount of their bills. It will be borne in mind also, that we do not take a subscription for less than a year. Were we to do so a volume in each case would be broken, and thus one object of the publication would be defeated, that of furnishing a full and interesting volume at the end of the year, for the library.

We shall be pleased also to find our friends making efforts to increase our subscription list. We can still furnish copies from the commencement of the year, so that the volume will be complete. None need, therefore, to hesitate to subscribe, even during the progress of the year. If properly encouraged, we hope, at the commencement of another year, to make still further improvements, so that "The Guardian" shall be in appearance, as well as in matter, all that its friends can desire it to be.

M. KIEFFER & Co.

The Guardian.

VOL. XIV.---AUGUST, 1863.---No. 8.

THE INCARNATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the Incarnation begins the divine-human history of our adorable Saviour. As God He existed before, even from all eternity. He now begins His existence, not only as human, but as human and divine in one person. Here He enters our nature, and through it into the sphere of time and space. He is conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; and thus He becomes Immanuel, God with us. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us and we beheld His glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

I. We must consider the person who became Incarnate.

It is the same person who is mentioned, in the beginning of the second part of the creed, as "Jesus Christ our Lord." History, however, shows that it is not only possible, but common and easy, for men to profess faith in Him under this name, and yet to assign to Him certain attributes, and deny to Him certain others, so as to make Him a being quite different from what the creed designs, and the Scriptures warrant. Persons may call Him JESUS, a Saviour—may call Him CHRIST, the anointed—may call Him their LORD, and yet they may have very false and inadequate ideas of the true dignity of the Person whom they call by these names, and from whom they expect the good which these names indicate and promise.

The question, therefore, properly arises, Who is that HE, who was conceived and born? The answer is given: "God's eternal Son, who is, and continueth true and eternal God."

1. We are here taught that the person who became Incarnate was the "SON." Not the Father, nor the Holy Ghost—not the first, nor the third person in the Godhead, but the second. "The Son is the *middle* person in the divine Trinity, and, therefore, He is properly the *Mediator*.

The person who became Incarnate was not the Father in *another form*, or as another mode of manifestation.

This was the idea entertained by an ancient sect, against whom this word SON is directed. The Sabellians, a sect that rose in the third century, taught that there is but one person in the Godhead. They held that the Son and the Holy Ghost are only virtues, emanations or functions of the Deity. They compared the Divinity to the natural sun in the Heavens: the substance is the Father, while the Son is the light, and the Holy Spirit the heat. They held that the divine influx went out from the Father as a ray of light goes out from the sun; that this entered the man Christ Jesus, and enabled Him to exert miraculous powers on the earth, but that it again returned into the Father, as a beam seems to return into the sun. Accordingly, the Son would not be divine, but only a divine influence; nor would He be a being distinct from the Father.

Persons are still in danger of falling practically into this same error. Whenever it is forgotten that the Trinity is a mystery, and it is attempted to explain it by illustrations taken from the world of nature, this error is admitted. Thus Luther compared it to hot iron—here is the iron, the light, and the heat. The Indian compared it to a river covered with ice and snow—here is the water, the ice, the snow, and yet all is but one water. In both these illustrations, the light and heat, the ice and snow, are but attributes or different forms of the iron and water. The illustrations, therefore, only meet the Sabellian view of the Trinity. Three different forms of the same being is easily conceived; but three distinct persons, or beings, in one, is a matter beyond our natural reach, and can only be received and rested upon by faith.

He, therefore, who became Incarnate, was not an attribute or emanation from the Father, not a different manifestation of the Father, but a distinct person from the Father, the second person which is called the Son.

2. The person who became Incarnate was the "eternal Son."

This is directed against those who believe that though the Son is a being distinct from the Father, that He is, nevertheless, not divine, consequently not eternal, but that He is a creature afterwards brought into existence—that He is a very exalted, the most exalted of beings, greater than all angels, but still a created being—not divine, self-existent and eternal.

This error was broached by Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, who began to promulgate his peculiar views at the beginning of the fourth century. It received a wide-spread adherence, and perpetuated its influence over several centuries; but it was gradually thrown into the shade by the more rapid progress of the truth.

This error was again revived in 1531, by Faustus Socinus, in Tuscany, and became a sore trouble to the Reformers. It gave birth to the sect called, after their leader, Socinians. In modern times this error still exists, and has its home in the American Unitarian system, and in a still more modern sect calling themselves Christians.

Besides these more prominent exhibitions of this error, it has also, in all ages, been held by smaller sects, such as the Carpocratians, a branch of the ancient Gnostics—the followers of Paul, of Samosata—by Thotenius, a Bishop of Galatia—and in modern times by various deistically-inclined persons.

Against this error, we are taught, that he who became Incarnate was, and is, the "eternal Son." Not created in time, but self-existent from all eternity—"who is, and continueth, true and eternal God."

3. The person who became Incarnate after this Incarnation, "*continueth* true and eternal God."

His being conceived and born is the first stage in His humiliation; but we must not imagine that His Incarnation was a degradation—that He became anything less than He was before—that His divine nature was left behind in the Incarnation. Against this we are guarded, "He is, and continueth to be, true and eternal God."

Of Him who appeared in our nature it could still be said: "This is the true God and eternal life." (1 John 5: 20.) Though Christ was of the Fathers, as concerning the flesh, He was still "over all, God blessed forever." (Rom. 9: 5; Heb. 1: 10, 12.)

Olevianus has well said: "The eternal Son of God, who is one essence with the Father and the Holy Ghost, without laying anything aside, without undergoing any change, and without mixture of His divine nature, became what He was not before, namely: true man."*

It will add greatly to our reverence for Christ, if, when we read the record of His acts and teachings, we keep this truth steadily before our minds. Beholding Him in His deep humiliation, we are prone to forget His dignity. True, we may, at times, when mighty works do show themselves in Him, have a transient sense of His divinity, yet we find it difficult to maintain it steadily in the gentler and more ordinary exhibitions of His character. Yet we ought to feel it always, that we may be ever filled with the deepest reverence of soul before Him. So that we may feel that the babe in the manger, meek, mild andl ovely, as only a babe can be, is a divine babe —that He at whose feet Mary is sitting, and upon whose bosom John is leaning, who takes little children into His arms with a blessing, who invites the humble penitents to Himself, and who speaks so many wonderfully touching words of promise, is the true and eternal God." What new power, and life, and love, would accompany all His words to us, could we steadily and fully realize this blessed truth.

II. We must consider the Incarnation itself.

The eternal Son of God, remaining and continuing the same, "took upon Himself the very nature of man, of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost." Or, as the creed expresses it: "He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

---

* Sudhoff's Olevianus; p. 69.

The conception and the birth of Christ must be distinguished from each other; for they are not only separate from each other in time, but different also as to the agents by which they were effected. The one was by the Holy Ghost, the other from the Virgin Mary; the one was from Heaven, the other from earth; the one was of divine source, the other of human. It was meet that Immanuel, who unites in His person God and man, heaven and earth, should have both sources unite in His Incarnation.

This distinction between His conception and birth, was not made in the ancient creeds. Without any distinct mention of the conception, they included both in the idea of His birth, and said: "Who was born by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary;" or, "of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary."

When it is said, in a way which makes Him passive, "He was conceived," "He was born," we are not to understand that the deepest ground of the Incarnation was in the agents by which He was conceived and born. His conception and birth, it must be remembered, did not produce this wonderful being; but only effected the union of the divine, which existed before with the human. It was an entering of the divine into the human, and an assuming of the human into the divine, so as to make a divine-human being.

The divine is, therefore, to be regarded as first in order, as over the human, and as not passive, but positive. Immanuel is not man with God, but first God with man. The human did not assume the divine, but the divine assumed the human. "The Son of God" was before the "Son of man."*

Hence, in the definition of this article in the Catechism, the Son of God is set forth as the first agent, as active and positive, over and before, the agents active in His conception and birth. He "*took upon himself* the very nature of man, of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost"

This is agreeable to the representations of the Scriptures. "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant." (Phil. 2: 7.) "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself, likewise, took part of the same. For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but he took on Him the seed of Abraham." (Heb. 2: 14, 16.)

In order to get a clear and true idea of the Incarnation, several things must be kept in mind.

1. In the Incarnation the divine was not changed into the human. This the divine perfection could not admit. The divine can lose nothing, cannot become less than it was, but must remain divine. By a change of the one into the other, the true idea of a

* The Lord being most kind and merciful, and loving mankind, He united man to God."—

"It behooved the Mediator between God and man, by his relation unto both, to reduce them both to amity and concord, and to cause, that God should assume man, and that man should give himself to God."—IRENAEUS.

Mediator would be lost.* He must remain God while He becomes man, and thus became a Mediator by uniting both in one person. This error was maintained by the Eutychians, and also by the Flandrian Anabaptists in the Low countries.

2. We are not to think that the relation of the divine to the human was merely in the way of a power at hand; like the divine assistance which sustained and aided the prophets, only in a greater measure. This was the idea of Nestorius. Hence, he would not admit that Mary was the mother of God—that the divine was in no sense conceived and born, but only the human, and that the divine was only with the human as aid and inspiration. Thus, some believed, that the divine only united itself with the Son of Mary at His baptism. The Nestorians held that it was only an union of will and affection.

3. In the Incarnation there was not a mixing, merging or melting of the divine and the human. The finite is not adequate to mix with, and fill out, the infinite. The Eutychians believed that as Christ was conceived by the Holy Ghost, that therefore His flesh was produced from the substance of Divinity, and that thus the divine was changed into the human, and the human into the divine. The human is assumed by the divine, so that we, in a certain sense, become "partakers of the divine nature;" and so, also, did the human in Christ partake of the divine; but there can be no *change* of the divine, so as to allow of a mixture with the human. Christ is ever one thing as the Son of God, and another as the Son of man—one person, but two natures. "If we should confess such a mixture and confusion of substances as to make a union of natures, we would be so far from acknowledging Him as both God and man, that thereby we should profess Him to be neither God nor man, but a person of a nature as different from both, as all mixed bodies are distinct from each element which concurs in its composition." (Pearson on the Creed; p. 254.) If the divine nature were mixed with the human, then the Father and the Holy Ghost, as well as the Son, would be Incarnate; for the divine nature is the same in all the persons of the Godhead.

All these views are opposed and set aside by the declaration: "He took upon Himself the *very*, or the *true*, nature of man." If the divine was changed into the human, or the human into the divine, or if such change took place only in part, then it was no more a true human nature.

If the divine was merely associated with the human in the way of power at hand, then it was not a true assumption of the human into union with the divine.

If there was a mixing and merging of both natures into one nature, then the human was no more a true human nature. Hence, neither of these conceptions can be entertained; and they are properly thus excluded by the words: "He took upon Himself the

* The Mediator was to be an example of virtue and holiness to His redeemed ones, which He could not be as God; wherefore he Incarnated himself.—LACTANTIUS. (See King's His. of Apost. Creed; p. 147–148.)

very nature of man;" while at the same time "He continueth true and eternal God."

We have here clearly stated what He took upon Himself: "The very nature of man."

This includes:

1. That He took upon Himself a true *human soul.*

We are not to think that He took only a human body, uniting the divinity with it, so that the divine nature occupied, and filled out, the place of the human soul. This was anciently the doctrine of the Arians and Apollinarians. Arius taught that Christ had nothing of man but flesh, and to it the Word was joined as its animating principle. Apollinarius distinguishing between the Psyche or soul, and the Nous, mind or spirit, admitted that Christ assumed the former, but not the latter.

This would be a denial of His true humanity; for to a true human being belongs a human soul or spirit, as well as a human body.

The Scriptures assure us that "Jesus increased in *wisdom* and in stature." (Luke 2: 52.) Wisdom cannot, on the one hand, be predicated of the flesh; nor, on the other hand, can the wisdom of divinity, which is infinite, increase. That, therefore, of which wisdom is predicated, was not the body; and that which is said to have increased in wisdom, was not divinity. It could only be the human soul which is both capable of wisdom, and of increasing in it.

The Son of God had also a *will* distinct from the Father, and hence, also distinct from His own divine will, which is one with that of the Father. "Not *my* will, but *thine*, be done." (Luke 22: 42.)

He manifested those *affections* and *passions* which belong to the human soul, when He said: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." (Matt. 26: 38) He said, also, before His departure from His body: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke 23: 46.) This could only be said of His human spirit; for, as to His divinity, that was not so separated from the Father as allowed of the idea of commending it back. He was, therefore, in union with a true human soul.

2. He took upon Himself a true *human body.*

It was not a mere show, a mere semblance, a mere phantasm, that deceived the senses. So taught Simon Magus, and the Gnostics. "A body hast thou prepared me." (Heb. 10: 5.) "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God." (1 John 4: 2, 3.) To deny this is Anti-Christ, because it denies a full, true union of Christ with our nature, and thus denies Christ as come to us.

His body grew naturally, and by degrees; it was nourished in the ordinary way, for "He came eating and drinking." (Matt. 11: 19.) He was subject to hunger and thirst. He was weary, and slept. (John 4: 6; Matt. 8: 24;) Wept—(Luke 19: 41; John 11: 35.)

Suffered the agonies of death and died. (Matt. 26: 36, &c.) "The thorns which pricked His sacred temples, the nails which penetrated through His hands and feet, the spear which pierced His sacred side, give sufficient testimony of the natural tenderness and frailty of His flesh. And lest His fasting forty days together; lest His walking on the waters and traversing the seas; lest His sudden standing in the midst of His disciples when the doors were shut, should raise an opinion that His body was not true and proper flesh, He confirmed first His own disciples. "Feel and see," that a "spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me to have." (Luke 24: 39.) He took upon Himself, therefore, a true human body.

3. These two parts of true human nature, namely a true human body and a true human soul, He also assumed and possessed in their *true and proper union with each other.*

He grew in wisdom and in stature—the two developed themselves in united harmony. He was susceptible of temptation. (Matt. 4: 1, 16, 22; Heb. 2: 18.) "For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities; but was, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4: 15.)

Thus the nature of man, the soul and body, though in the Incarnation taken into union with the divine, continued in their proper relations, in their several parts—a true body and soul, constituting a true human being. "So that He, which was perfect God, was also perfect man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting." Thus "He took upon Himself the very nature of man."

As to how He took upon Himself the very nature of man, we are informed that He was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." He "took upon Himself the very nature of man, of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost."

When the conception is to be attributed to the Holy Ghost, we are not to regard Him as the productive, but as the conditional cause. The conception is predicated of Mary, and ascribed to her by the angel: "Thou shalt conceive." (Luke 1: 31.) The action is ascribed to her; the operation by which she was enabled to conceive, is ascribed to the Holy Ghost. (Luke 1: 35; Matt. 1: 18.) Hence, we are correctly taught that *He took upon Himself* human nature, "of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary."

In regard to her from whom Christ took human nature, three things are to be noticed.

1. Who she was—her name.

Her name was Mary. We can hardly seek anything peculiarly significant in this. It was a common name in that day. It means, indeed, both "exalted" and also "bitterness," both of which senses, if the name was designed to be prophetic, are fulfilled in her character and experience.

As her name is the representative of her character, it will be proper here to allude to this.

1.) She was an *humble* woman. Her life was among the lowly.

She was the espoused of a carpenter. She alludes, herself, to her "low estate." (Luke 1: 48.)

Her "low estate," however, must not be regarded as referring to moral character. There is that in all her conduct and words, which shows her to have been deeply pious. Nor does it refer to her intellectual character. Her prudence, her discretion, her deportment, her wonderful dignity and self-possession, in the most delicate circumstances that could be well imagined, entitles her to the character indicated by her name—"exalted." Besides this, her song, in which there is manifest a ready acquaintance with the Old Testament Scriptures, blended with a vein of the purest poetry, mingling with the warmest and holiest feeling and sentiment, shows that she was not defective in strength and polish of mind. Her lowliness refers altogether to her humility of heart, and her social position.

2.) She was modest, retired, quiet, and meditative. Her character, in this respect, is fully and beautifully portrayed in the words: "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." (Luke2: 19.) The shepherds "made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child. And all they that heard it, wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." (17, 18.) "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart!"

When the annunciation was made by the angel, "she was *troubled* at his saying, and *cast in her mind* what manner of salutation this should be." (Luke 1: 29.) Here is deep anxiety and earnest thought.

2. What she was—her state or condition.

This is designated by a name added to her original name—Virgin. In this there is a fulfillment of prophesy. "Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." (Is. 7: 14.) That she continued a Virgin, has been piously believed by the Church, which called her "Ever-virgin Mary."

3. What she did—her action.

Two things are attributed to her.

1.) She conceived Jesus. He assumed true human nature, as to His soul and His body, from her. Some have taught, that as He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, His human nature, and the flesh of His body, was formed from the substance of the Spirit. But the essence of the Spirit is divine, not human; it could only be human by being taken from that which is human. So it was predicted. (Is. 7: 14.) So it was announced by the angel. (Luke 1: 31.) So is He, after His birth, declared to be. (Luke 1: 42.)

2.) She gave birth to Jesus. He was born of the Virgin Mary. (Luke 2: 5, 6, 7.)

Thus she was, in the true sense of that word, the mother of Jesus, as she is frequently styled by the sacred writers. Elizabeth calls her the mother of the Lord; and, by the general consent of the Church, Deipara, the mother of God. (Pearson on Creed; 271.)

The declaration that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, rests upon several passages of Scripture. (Luke 1: 35; Matt. 1: 18.)

It was originally aimed against the Ebionites and Cerinthians, and such like errorists, who taught that He was conceived in the same natural way as are other men, and that Joseph was not only His reputed father, as the Scripture expresses it, but His true father. These did not allow the extraordinary and mysterious conception of Christ, but reduced the mystery to the level of nature.

The agency of the Holy Ghost, in the conception, includes several things.

1. By His mysterious action or operation to produce the effect of conception, in the absence of the natural and ordinary condition, so that the human nature of Christ might be formed of the mother alone. (Luke 1: 35.)

2. "The Holy Ghost miraculously sanctified that which was conceived and produced in the womb of the Virgin, so that original sin did not attach itself to that which was formed;" so that the human nature of Christ might be holy. (Luke 1: 35.) "*Therefore*, also, that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God"

If we keep in mind that Christ *assumed* human nature, the divine being thus present and positive; and, also, that the Holy Ghost presided over the mystery of the conception, we need have no difficulty in knowing how Christ could be born without sinful defilement, even though we should not admit the immaculate character of the Virgin Mary. The Holy Ghost could so preside over the assimilation of His substance, as to prevent any contagion of depravity from affecting the Holy Child.

It must be remembered, too, that sin is not something natural to human nature, but was rather brought upon it from a foreign source, and by foreign influences. We may easily, therefore, suppose it possible for Christ, under the operations of the Holy Ghost, to assume human nature in its true original character, without the admixture or taint of natural depravity.

3. "That the hypostatical union of the two natures, the divine and the human, was formed by the same Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin, immediately, and at the very moment of conception." If the union of God with man took place either before or after, then it was not effected by conception and birth; and then, also, the Incarnation was not a true, but an unreal and fantastic conjunction with our nature. That, only, is a true human being, and that, alone, belongs to a true human being, which is conceived and born.

The whole Trinity was active in the Incarnation. "The Father prepared for His son a body. The son took upon Himself the form of a servant. Prominently active was the Holy Ghost, who rendered the Virgin fruitful, sanctified that fruit, united soul and body; also, the divine and human nature in one person." (Schodde.)

III. We have yet to consider the object, or end, of the Incarnation. Why did the Son, who is, and continueth to be, true and eternal God, take upon Himself the very nature of man, of the

flesh and the blood of the Virgin Mary? "That He might, also, be the true seed of David, like unto His brethren in all things, sin excepted."

1. He was born of the Virgin Mary, "that He might, also, be the true seed of David."

This was necessary to the fulfillment of prophesy. "I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David, my servant, Thy seed will I establish forever, and build up Thy throne to all generations." (Psalms 89: 3, 4.) "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In His days shall Judah be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is His name whereby He shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." (Jer. 23: 5, 6; Is. 11: 1.)

That Christ was a descendent from David, through the Virgin, is seen from the genealogical tables in Matthew 2, and Luke 3. To this, also, the angel alludes, when He announces the birth of Christ to the shepherds. (Luke 2: 11.) This is directly mentioned by the angel that announced His conception to the Virgin Mary. "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David. And He shall reign over the House of David forever; and of His Kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke 1: 32, 33.)

How wonderfully confirmatory of the true mission of the God-man, is this fact. The family of David had, at this time, lost all its royal dignity and position. They moved in the circles of the lowly. Mary was espoused to a carpenter. There was thus a humiliation in the family of David, similar to that of the Messiah, himself. Those who were of royal blood, and belonged properly, by birth and by promise, to the high places of the earth, were dwelling in humble, peaceful and pious obscurity. They occupied exactly that position which was adapted to the parentage of Him, "who, though He thought it not robbery to be equal with God, for our sakes, took upon Him the form of a servant."

But how unlikely such an event to the unbelieving! How strongly confirmatory of its heavenly origin, when it proved itself true by its wonderful accompaniments, and the gradual increase of its power and glory!

2. He was born of the Virgin Mary, that He might be "like unto His brethren in all things."

"Wherefore, in all things, it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren; that He might be a merciful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." (Heb. 2: 17.) If He had not been a true man, He could not have had true sympathies with men. But in that He, himself, hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." (Heb. 2: 18.) He could only become like His brethren in all things, by becoming human.

Though to establish and fulfill prophesy, and also rightly and naturally to claim a Kingly character, He must come from a royal

family; yet, that He may be like His brethren in all things, He must, at the same time, enter human life on its humblest level. This He did in being born of the espoused of Joseph; in being born in Bethlehem, a place "little among the thousands of Judah;" in being born in a stable and cradled in a manger, having not where to lay His head; in having taken upon Him the form of a servant, and, for our sakes, becoming poor!

We think too little of the advantage which Christianity has derived from the humble, and strictly human birth of our adorable Redeemer. Never could His mission have gained such access to, and acceptance with what the sacred record calls "the common people," had He entered our nature as an official dignitary, out of some high place and position. It would have been regarded, then, with suspicion, as a device to save the interests of those occupying place and power. All His success would then have been ascribed to the influence and accompaniments of His station; and all His success would have been regarded as favoring the assumptions and privileges of the few, and as endangering the interests of the many. So far as He could have won upon the people, He would only have inspired them with awe and fear, instead of winning them with love, and to love.

3. He took upon himself our nature, being conceived by the Holy Ghost, that He might differ from His brethren only in one point: "That He might be without sin."

"Sin excepted." This does not render Him the less truly human; for sin did not originally belong to human nature. It was thrust in upon it by a foreign source. It did not adhere to our first parents, and yet they were truly human. So the saints in Heaven are free from it, though they are still human.

A GEM OF THOUGHT.

There is not a heath, however rude,
  But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
  And scent the evening hour.
There's not a heart, however cast
  By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
  To love and call its own!

LITTLE THINGS.

Hearts good and true have wishes few,
  In narrow circles bounded;
And hope that lives on what God gives
  Is Christian hope well founded.
Small things are best; grief and unrest
  To rank and wealth are given,
But little things on little wings,
  Bear humble souls to heaven!

INSTRUCTION.

BY D. G.

Our present state demands instruction. No one can accomplish the designs of his present being and reach the end of life that now is, without instruction or training. Though we are all created with certain capacities and powers for knowledge, we are not created with knowledge itself. Knowledge is acquired by a slow process, and by dint of close observation and hard study. It is not the result of our physical growth. Full stature does not bring with it full knowledge. To grow wise and to grow tall are two very different things, have different principles, and look to wholly different powers. Yet it is universally felt that the two should, by some means, be made to keep pace with each other. Hence independent agencies are created to expand our original capacities and draw out and cultivate our powers. These are at hand early in life. The first school is the lap of the mother, whose looks, and gestures, and tones, and caresses are the agencies to excite the young energies and create, in the tender mind, a demand for further progress. Here, more frequently than we often imagine, is laid the ground of destiny. Just as rivers take their rise in little mountain springs, so do great mental powers, that sweep with the majesty of the storms, through the domain of science and morals, receive their first kindlings from the eye and tone of the mother. Stepping from this school, children find others ready for their reception on every hand. The State has shown wisdom in lending its aid for their increase and multiplication, knowing full well, that without education among the people, there could be no power to accomplish the ends of our ordinary natural life. Without it no one could properly appreciate the natural and civil blessings by which he is surrounded; nor could any be qualified properly to carry forward the various forms of business, which go to enrich the nation and spread comfort through all the departments of domestic and social life. It is universally felt, that men must be educated and instructed in order, that they may be qualified to attend to the ordinary duties of the present life and reach the true end of their natural being.

Now if natural instruction is every where conceded to be so necessary and important, then it must be also conceded that spiritual instruction is much more so. If, in order properly to transact the affairs of our natural life, every man must be educated and instructed, then it is very easy to perceive that our spiritual life involves a still greater demand in this view. For just as the spiritual is higher than the natural—longer and more important, so much more urgent is the demand for instruction.

Besides this, the nature of every man demands spiritual as well as natural instruction. If the mind of man is the basis of intellectual instruction, the soul of man is no less really a basis of spiritual instruction. To be satisfied simply with intellectual training is to neglect the greatest and most important part of our being; and this is the point in the wise man's remark, when he says, "He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul." The soul needs instruction, just as much as the mind needs education and as the body needs food and raiment. Spiritual instruction is the food of the soul; and to refuse it is to despise the soul, to permit it to starve and sink down to death. "Man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." If he would stand forth in the true integrity of his being, man must not only feed and clothe the body, train and educate the mind, but also receive instruction for the soul.

And is it not true that every day's experience adds new confirmation to the fact, that mere mental training, however complete this may be in itself, does not qualify men to attend properly to the affairs of the present life. Unsanctified knowledge is only unsanctified power. It does not change the passions. It does not create honesty and industry It does not evolve the spirit of obedience; nor does it excommunicate the strong feelings of selfishness which are inherent in every heart. On the other hand, it can only bring these out, develop their strength, and give them a wider field on which to display their powers: for all these things are already in the nature of men, and natural education, as the word itself imports (*educo*), can only develop or expand and bring out what is in.

This is the true ground of that objection which we frequently hear urged against education and schools. It is not, as some are wont to regard it, wholly a sign of ignorance on the part of those who urge it. On the other hand, it indicates a very profound insight into facts. It carries with it a truth which no one can resist or deny. Such education alone can never meet even the ordinary demands of our natural life. At best it can only set forth our poor nature educated and prepared for greater wickedness.

But we do not censure the State for doing this work. We praise it. The mind ought and must be educated, and the State ought to do it. But the work should not stop here. The Church has a work to do as well as the State; and the Church ought to do it. It is hers to *instruct*, as it is the State's to *educate*. The State draws out, but the Church puts in. These two great agencies, though they are not formally united in this country, and perhaps never ought to be, can yet never be sundered in their action, without the most serious detriment.

To the Church has been given the high commission to *instruct* men, and thus complete what the State has begun. "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The Church, therefore, instead of finding fault with the State for the negative character of education for which it has provided, should properly lay herself out for her part of the work. If it is

negative, it is so only in the absence of what the Church ought to supply. To her belongs the religious part of it. This great feature in her mission, seems, in this fast age, to be very nearly lost sight of. It was not so in better times. The day was when the school house stood side by side with the church, and when it was considered perfectly within the province of the pastor to superintend the instruction which was there imparted Now this is seldom seen. Has the change been an improvement? We think not. The solid, substantial and intelligent piety of our fathers, as compared with that which now generally prevails, is sufficient to vindicate their wisdom and to show our folly.

Spiritual instruction is the connecting of the human mind, in a positive way, with the divine mind. It is a meeting of the innate capacity which has been excited and strengthened by education, with its proper food and nourishment from without. It is a putting into the mind and heart, as the word instruction, from *instruo*, implies, what was not in before, and which is necessary to be in, in order that the innate faculties themselves may be properly developed, and when developed, be active for the happiness of man and the glory of God. It is the putting in of the mind and will of God, of creative divine words and doctrines, and of the light and grace which always accompany these. It is a true furnishing of the human temple, without which it must remain empty and sounding with all the education it can command.

It is not only a breathing in of the divine and heavenly, but also a breathing in, in a certain regular, systematic way. Divine truth, as it lies in a fragmentary form, is taken up and analized. The different portions are arranged and put in their appropriate places, and thus a continuous, harmonious and beautiful system of truth is produced. Thus Scripture is made to illustrate Scripture, and that which once seemed a contradiction, is now a beautiful harmony—that which once seemed absurd, now appears as a great and pregnant truth—and that which once excited the jeers of the infidel, now becomes a divine power constraining his faith and homage.

It is in the spiritual just as it is in the natural field of revelation. No ordinary mind single handed and alone can go out into nature, and from what he sees here and there, understand Botany, Mineralogy, Geology or Astronomy: and yet all the principles and facts which are comprehended in these sciences, are in nature before him. But he cannot understand them; they are too irregularly scattered, too widely spread, too deep down, or too high up. But if they are brought together, by the careful research of ages, if they are properly arranged in the order of their own existence, and if the eye can range over them all at once, then he can understand them. These systems are the keys by which he can unlock nature and understand what before was all mystery. From this point he goes forth amid the Handiworks of the Almighty, and all is luminous and beautiful. He beholds the flower blooming at his side, and immediately he knows where it belongs; he sees the

mineral, and at once he knows how to classify it; he penetrates the earth, discovers its different strata, and knows their meaning; he lifts his eye to the heavens, and what was all confusion to him before, is now the most perfect order. In a word, after having mastered these systems, he is prepared to wander amid the immensity of God's works, to understand each part, as far as they can be understood, and to see the whole moving forward stamped with the grandest perfections and pervaded with the most beautiful harmony.

Just so in the department of the Bible. To send the mind into it, without some comprehensive system by which its parts are related, with a view to gather therefrom this, that and the other doctrine, is like sending it into nature that it may discover the laws of plants, the forces in crystilization, or the proper places of the stars in the great vault of night. It cannot be expected. No mind has such mighty power. The field is too wide, and the facts are to numerous and variously diversified. It is not for any one mind originally to develop the full meaning of any portion of the Bible, much less of the whole, which yet each one should understand. This is the work of ages—let each succeeding generation link its effort with the preceding, then there will be progress. Let the grand field of revelation in like manner be properly systematized—let the various portions akin to each other be brought into their proper places—and from the whole let the great and leading doctrines which it comprehends, be clearly and distinctly made to stand forth in proper systematic form, and then let these be put into the mind and heart, connect themselves with the natural thinking and feeling of men, by an earnest process of instruction and study, then will they be prepared to see wonderful things in God's holy law—all will appear plain, beautiful and harmonious. With such a key, they can pass from part to part, extract the true meaning, and see beauty every where.

Now this is what is meant by spiritual instruction. It is not a cramming the mind with fragmentary facts, which lead to no intelligent result, which give no definite shape to Christian character; but a breathing into it, in their own beautiful order, the great and leading doctrines of the Bible, just in such a way as the logic in every mind demands them, which then become the mould of Christian character.

And when they are thus in, they become a part of the mind itself; they weave themselves into its very texture, and no power can eradicate them. They are there as a permanent fact, operating continually upon the thought, changing the feelings and passions, creating deep longings after God, and constitute a medium through which God pours his grace upon the soul. Here is the positive element in education, which the Church of Christ only has power to impart, and without which no learning can be of permanent benefit to any man. With this education completes itself, and man becomes prepared for the duties both of the world that now is and of that which is to come. Thus man comes not only

to the power to know right, but also to do right. With this he stands forth, not with an educated body simply, nor yet with an educated mind simply, but as an educated man, body, soul and spirit—prepared to live, prepared to die, prepared to live again in a world, which, to say the least, requires a no less highly educated state than the present.

From this we may see the truth of the wise man's remark, "He that refuseth instruction, despiseth his own soul." He sets aside the highest interest of life in time. Everything that is dear in freedom, everything that is precious in peace and harmony, and everything that is grand in truth and righteousness, he jeopardizes by depending upon mere education without the inbreathing of God's converting grace. And then he foregoes everything that is beautiful, everything that is grand, and everything that discovers harmony in the kingdom of grace: for all these things can be seen only as they are pointed out. And then besides all—and higher than all for him personally—he forgets that his soul, however famished here, shall live on forever: but not with the instructed angels, not with the instructed saints, not in the place of holiness and purity and happiness, but in its own place, away from God, and under his wrath. Truly he despises his own soul.

How important that this great truth should be properly heeded by the young! Youth is the period at which to receive the blessing which Christian instruction has to impart. Should this interesting period be allowed to pass away without improvement in this direction, the opportunity in all probability will be gone forever. Think of this ye that are still in the sunny season of youth; and may the Holy Spirit so influence your hearts, as to lead you to the fountain of wisdom, whose streams will flow forth to enrich and bless your whole subsequent life.

A CONSTANT MIRACLE.

The Bible itself is a standing and an astonishing miracle. Written fragment by fragment, throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society, and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free; cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing, history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, literal statement, precept, example, proverbs, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer; in short, all rational shape of human discourse and treating, moreover, on subjects not obvious, but most difficult; its authors are not to be found, like other writers, contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matters of fact and opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.

THE CHILD'S LITTLE EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Several years ago, while on a summer recreation tour, we had the pleasure of spending a delightful day with a company of literary and intelligent Christian friends, at a lovely rural country seat some miles out from one of our principal cities. Seated in a group, under the shade of a venerable elm in the lawn, the matter of Hymns, their authors, and incidents connected with them, came up in the conversation. Each one contributed to the general fund of interesting information, which enlivened the occasion and made it mutually instructive.

Suddenly, but very naturally, the conversation turned to the little prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep." A number of pleasant memories connected with it were called up, and many interesting incidents to which it had given rise were related. At length it was suggested, that it would be a good idea to write the history of this little prayer, embodying an account of the many instances in which lasting impressions for good had been made by it, and publish it as a Sunday-school book.

"Good! good!" was the response which came with true heartiness from the whole company. "Let it be done."

It was then further agreed that the company then present should take the matter in hand. It was farther arranged, agreed, and resolved by motion duly made and put to vote, that we, which pronoun here means the editor of the "Guardian" should write the little book! We very naturally protested, resigned and declined; but no excuse was taken. It was an honor of which any one might be proud and thankfully accept, provided only he had any hope of the possibility of accomplishing such a work successfully. We wished in our heart, that we were able to do the work thus gently laid upon us, and expressed ourselves to that effect to the company. In answer they all promised to assist, by ferreting out and furnishing all the information on the subject within their knowledge and reach. We are sorry, however, to say, that this part of the contract was not afterwards faithfully fulfilled; at least the company, or committee "on information," failed to report to us.

As to ourselves, we took the matter somewhat seriously, and felt bound to attempt our part of what we had thus promised. For

some six months we kept up a pretty lively correspondence with prominent men in different parts of the country, extending it even across the water to England and Scotland, plying at the same time our investigations in such other directions as gave any promise of success. The letters we received, as a general thing, contained more encouragement to us "to go forward and accomplish the beautiful work," than materials which might serve to make it possible. As for instance, one of the most prominent divines of New England, beautifully says: "I am glad you have undertaken to do this great and good work for "Now I lay me." You call it one of 'the little things,' but it may be truly said of this, as of 'those little ones' who say it, that its 'angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven.' I hope that you will pursue the beautiful plan."

All right. A beautiful thing it would surely be, if it were accomplished. There the trouble lies. Let the reader understand, that we are not now about to write said little book; but are only telling him what was once proposed to be done, and what might perhaps be done, if there were a sufficient number to work at it. What we at present design is to present, in several successive numbers of the "Guardian," some materials and thoughts, we have gathered, pertaining to this little prayer, so that if hereafter any one should undertake to complete the task he may have the benefit of our little trouble and success. Besides, if any of our readers should have on hand any facts, incidents, or memories pertaining to this prayer, we will be happy to receive them; and they shall be faithfully embodied in the series we propose here to contribute. This is a rare chance to any one who wishes to aid in making a little book! Let him that hath a prophecy on this interesting subject utter it. We will gladly be editor for all. Send in your facts, and incidents.

II.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF THIS LITTLE PRAYER?

Echo answers—who? On this point the Rev. Dr. Bullard of the Massachusetts Sunday School Society says: "I really do not suppose there is any living person who can throw any light on the subject of, who is the author of, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' For thirty years I have tried to keep my eyes and ears open to ascertain, and have not yet succeeded." After such an endeavor, by a man so favorably situated to ascertain the fact, who can hope to solve the mystery?

So far as we know, its first appearance has not been traced farther back than the "New England Primer." We saw some years ago an article, in which it was traced to this source; but whether it was said to have appeared in the first edition, or only in a subsequent one, we are not able to remember. Its authorship has been ascribed to Dr. Watts; but this, so far as appears, is not based on any historical facts; it has been rather supposed, as its simplicity and spirit naturally reminds one of Watts. It is not found in any of his works.

To know the author of this beautiful prayer would seem to be desirable. Yet that knowledge would only satisfy curiosity, without conferring any benefit. True, the author of it has won for himself an honor which one would hardly exchange for that of being author of "Paradise Lost," yet he enjoys it no less in heaven for its being unknown on earth. If the author is ever to be discovered in that happy place, the millions of "little ones," who uttered their first devotions in its language will find him out; and it will be a happy thing for him, that he will then be beyond the danger of being made vain by their praises!

Is there not a beautiful and significant providence in the fact, that its authorship is on earth unknown? It is only the more purely a true and catholic form of devotion as being entirely dissociated from its human source. It now belongs wholly to piety and the Church. It speaks now from the heart of the Church, and is the voice of her general life, and is not the utterance of any one of her organs. It seems to be the way and the habit of the life of Christianity to make human names and individualities disappear in her devotions. Hence her sublimest Creeds, Hymns and Prayers cannot be definitely traced to any precise time at which they originated, or to any particular individuals from whom they proceeded.

Who is the author of the Apostles' Creed? Who of the Nicene Creed? Even the Athanasian Creed, cannot be shown to have as its author the father whose name it bears. It has been attributed to St. Hilary, and to Vigilius, as well. Who is the author of the glorious old Litanies? That sublime ancient Angelic Hymn, the Gloria in Excelsis, has also been attributed to various authors—to Telesphorus, to Symmachus, to St. Hilary. Not even the time of its origin, much less the author, is known. The same is true of the "Te Deum." Some ascribe it to St. Ambrose; some to him and St. Augustine, and others to St. Hilary, and still others to Nicetius, Abundius, and Sisebutus. The fact is, that no one knows when it originated, or who is its author. The same obscurity hangs over the origin and authorship of many other of the most excellent Hymns used in the devotions of the Church.

We lose nothing by this mystery. It aids rather in making these devotional forms more sacred to us. The fact that the names and circumstances connected with their origin have disappeared, is an evidence rather of their truly Catholic spirit and character. The piety of the Church produced them by the genius of its modest and retiring children, and in its devout love of them, it thought not permanently of those gifted fellow heirs of the common faith, who were not only willing, but anxious that their own humble names might disappear on earth to shine in heaven.

On this principle we have always been averse to the practice of having the names of their authors appended to hymns in the Hymn Books of the Church. Those forms of devotion which furnish true pious utterances to our heart, are to us truer and better in the sweet forgetfulness of all human instrumentality in their production. The mystery which hangs around the Gloria in Excelsis and

Te Deum, make them seem to us as if they had come from heaven, and had only been caught up in some glorious hour of sublime sanctuary Jubilee, by "the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of Martyrs, and the holy Church throughout the world."

In like manner, this little prayer has no one to claim it. It belongs to mothers and to children. In using it, there is nothing to think of but its own blessed sense. It comes to the couch of infancy like an angel visit, giving no account of itself other than in the blessing it imparts to the trusting heart of childhood.

However, if any one knows, where it comes from, let him tell it for the satisfaction of the curious. If not, it shall be all the more dear and interesting to us for the mystery that hides its source. Like the "Letters of Junius," or the Ossianic Poems of McPherson, wise men shall study more carefully its contents, with the hope of finding reflected in it some features of the great *stat in umbra.* Meanwhile, little children may regard it, as they do the beautiful things on their Christmas tree, as a gift presented by the unseen hand of the CHRIST-CHILD Himself.

PREPARATION FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Proper preparation for participating in the Holy Supper of the Lord is a very important matter. God will not only be worshiped, but He will be worshiped aright. He has instituted His ordinances, not that they should be desecrated by us through an improper use of them, and thus turned into a savor of death unto death; but He has graciously furnished us with them as means and helps to a holy life. This they will be whenever they are used in accordance with the will and direction of Him who has instituted them.

How is it then that there is so much worship and yet so little apparent benefit to the worshipers? Why is there so much hearing, so much praying, so much singing, so much communing, and yet so much hardness of heart, so great want of love and devotion, so little heavenly-mindedness, so little living near to God, and joy in His fellowship and service? Why is this? Is not God willing to bless, and to bless through and in the use of His ordinances? Has He not instituted them for this very purpose, and adapted them by an unerring wisdom to this end? Have they not, in the sweet experience of thousands, proved to be all that God has promised to make them? Why then is there so much service and so little excellent and gracious effect? The answer must be plain to all. The means of grace are not used by us as God designed they should be.

We propose to answer the question, What preparation is necessary, in order to appear at the table of the Lord with acceptance to Him, and with profit to us?

The first thing that must necessarily go before partaking of the Lord's Supper is a formal profession of religion, and an orderly attachment to the Church.

We know that there are persons who consider connection with the Church of no real importance. They suppose that God can be pleased, and His eternal favor secured, without a formal connection with His Church. Of these kind of persons there are two classes. The one class consider the ordinances themselves, which the Church dispenses, as of no account in obtaining the favor of God. The other class, though they consider the ordinances indispensable as means of grace, still think that any one who feels so disposed ought to be permitted to partake of them whether he is attached to the Church by a regular profession or not.

As to the first class—it is exceedingly strange, that any one should have sufficient nerve to charge God with folly in instituting means of grace which are not necessary. Get thee behind us, foul spirit! We know thy voice. Thou who of old didst say, "Yea hath God said, ye shall surely die : ye shall not surely die :" art the same, who art now crying in the hearts of the children of disobedience, "yea, hath God said, ye shall keep mine ordinances, ye shall not surely keep them."

As to those who confess the importance of ordinances, but think a profession of religion by connection with the Church not necessary, they do err not knowing the Scriptures.

These sin against order. God is a God of order, and not of confusion, and on this He insists on all the Churches. He to whom order is the first law, who has written order on all the workmanship of His hands, cannot endure disorder in the sphere of grace. Suppose, however, that the use of the ordinances is allowed to persons who are loosely everywhere and bound nowhere, there will at once be an end of order. There is a postulate of true philosophy which says, that no one should consider himself free to do what he would not be willing should be done by all others. Let this rule be applied to the case before us. Let all do so, and where would be the Church, where would be the ordinances, who would preserve and administer them? Nothing like a flock would remain; every sheep would wander alone; and instead of a Church "compact together" growing up a living and holy temple in the Lord, we should soon find no Churches, no ministers, no ordinances, and no order.

That a public profession of religion by a connection with the Church is necessary before partaking of the Holy Supper, is evident from the history of the early Church as recorded in Acts 2 : 41, etc. After Peter's effectual preaching, it is said : "Then they that gladly received his word, were baptized : and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." What kind af adding this was, is plain from what is said afterwards ; "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved:" *i. e.*, Those being saved he added (See Greek). Then it is said of these that were added : "And they continued steadfastly in the

Apostles' doctrine and in fellowship, and in *breaking of bread,* and in prayers."

We see in this example, that the same grace which brings repentance unto life, urges the person at the same time to an immediate profession of his religion by attaching himself to the Church; and this as preparatory to breaking of bread in the Holy Supper.

Further, Christ says: "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10: 32, 33. Here those who do not confess Him are declared as unfit for heaven; and He declares that He will deny them! Are such then fit for the table of the Lord? If they are not fit for heaven, they are not fit to commune with Him on earth.

None then should dare to partake of the blessed feast, which is set in the Church, as long as he is out of the Church. God wants none at His table but such as are willing publicly to profess themselves His children. The invitation is regular, the way is regularly open, and whosoever will, can regularly come and partake of the water of life freely. But let no one come, like the servant who refused to put on the wedding garment, without having come according to the king's order, lest he be thrust out before all the guests and it be shame unto him. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

This regular, and orderly connection with the Church by an external profession is not of itself sufficient. *It must also be done in a right spirit.*

This profession in itself does not constitute him an acceptable guest. If this was all, it would be an easy thing to come acceptably before the Lord. Though the form is important and cannot be dispensed with, as we have seen, yet it is nothing unless it is filled out, animated, and pervaded with the power. The form of a tree, the bark, roots, limbs and the whole outward organism is important, but it is not the tree without the life. The order and mechanism of a machine belong to it, but it is nothing without the power. The limbs, muscles, bones, organs, and all that joins and compacts our body into such harmonious order and regularity, are all indispensable, but are nothing but dust without the life and power of the soul. So it is in church-membership. All the outward order and duty belonging to a public profession of faith by an outward and visible introduction into the Church, are necessary and dare not be dispensed with, but they are nothing without the life, the spirit, the power.

There is, therefore, something necessary to be done in the spirit of the person himself. The other part is done by the ministry of the Church *to* him; this must be done *in* him, in order that the outward profession may not be empty, but filled with a spiritual life and power. In one word, the soul must be in the profession; the life of religion must live in the form of profession.

To this, two things are necessary. The mind must be *instructed.* When any thing is to be done by us, we must understand it. So in religion. We cannot be religious without learning what it is. This knowledge must be gained, just as we gain any knowledge, on our part.

We are aware, that the idea of teaching religion has been hooted at and ridiculed. If, however, all that has been ridiculed were false, we should have to give up some of the most precious doctrines of our holy religion. Even at the resurrection, when Paul preached it, "some mocked." Ridicule is no test of truth. It has always been but a weak opposition, when catechumens have been addressed with a sneer—"Ay, learning religion!"

It remains true, that part of the preparation necessary to make a good confession consists in being taught. Religion has been regarded in all ages as educational. The Prophets taught. Christ taught. The Apostles' taught. In the early Church, and in all ages, there have been those, part of whose duty it was, not only to preach publicly, but also to catechise. In the early Church there was a distinct order in the Church called Catechists. This has been the order of the Reformation Churches, long before the systems or sects of those who condemn it, had any existence. It is still the case, as it was when Philip met the Eunuch and instructed him, that none can learn or understand without a teacher.

It may confidently be asserted, and all experience and Scripture will prove it true, that professions will only be stable, when those who make them, do it intelligently—with a full knowledge of the plan of salvation, in its essential features. No one builds a tower, and sitteth not first down to count the cost. No sensible person makes a profession of religion, unless he has some comfortable assurance, that he understands his duty. For this the Church makes beautiful provision. May the excellent ordinance live forever! May there never be wanting those, who, like the Eunuch, shall say, "How can I understand, except some one teach me."

Teaching is, however, only the one side of this preparation. The truth, as taught, must also have *affected the conscience and the heart.* This knowledge must work experience. The doctrine of repentance must not only be understood by the mind, but the power of penitence must affect the heart. The doctrine of faith must become of practical effect; it must work by love, purify the heart, and overcome the world.

Here, then, are two things which are sometimes made extremes. Some insist on a mere knowledge; others on mere feeling or experience. Both are wrong. Religion is neither the one nor the other; but it is the living union of both. The truth must be known and felt. The mind must learn, and the heart must feel. "They that *know* thy name, will put their *trust* in thee."

When one comes thus, with the knowledge of God in his mind and the love of God in his heart, he is ready to enter regularly into the Church, and is prepared to pass through the Church to the Holy Communion. If any one should, then, put the question,

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" we answer, first, "This is eternal life, that we should know Thee, the only true God." "Let the word of God dwell in you richly." We answer, secondly, "He is not a Jew that is one outwardly." But "the kingdom of God is within you." "The sacrifices of God are a broken and a contrite heart." "I live, yet not I, but Christ, liveth in me."

The communicant must also have an external character and walk, which correspond with the Gospel. He must be of good report among them that are without.

It sometimes happens, that persons, who are members, and who have, perhaps, entered the Church in the way we have described, are, nevertheless, deficient in their constant walk. They may seem devoted and regular in their services and duties of religion, and yet live so as to cause others to stumble.

One object in the communion is to exhibit God's glory, and testify for Christ in this public and solemn expression of our love to Him. But this is all lost on the minds of others, when our life contradicts our profession. Those who see us at the table, also see us in the world. The Apostle enjoins it upon the Church to have such persons excluded. "But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or an extortioner: with such an one no not to eat." (5 Cor. 5: 11.)

Well does the Heidelberg Catechism ask: "Are they to be admitted to this Supper, who, by confession and life, declare themselves unbelievers and ungodly?" The answer is: "No: for by this the covenant of God would be profaned, and His wrath kindled against the whole congregation; therefore, it is the duty of the Christian Church, according to the appointment of Christ and His Apostles, to exclude such by the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, until they shew amendment of life"

We would hardly think it possible, that any one of such character would attempt to commune. Yet there are such. What the Lord says to those who eat and drink unworthily, does not deter them. They forget what the Apostle says: "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils." Yet both drunkards and drunkard-makers have polluted the Lord's body and blood with their unholy hands!

To a suitable preparation for the table of the Lord, belong, also, feelings of amity and love towards our fellow-beings.

The law on this subject is distinctly written, and cannot be set aside. "If thou bring the gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

This refers not to sinners that are without, for it is impossible to be always at peace with them; and to be reconciled with them, would be to give up our own christian character. It refers to fellow-christians whom we have injured. "Thy *brother*." The ex-

pression, "and there rememberest that thy brother *hath aught against thee,*" is peculiar. It means if you have done anything which was wrong against him, so that he holds you in account. Sins against them are debts, which they hold against us. If you have thus given cause to thy brother to have aught *against thee,* go and be reconciled to him.

"*To him.*" This implies that the offence was, on your side, against him. You have injured him. He is right in holding you. Now, he is not to give up, and confess to you, and ask your pardon, and thus reconcile himself to you. But he is to stand where he is, and you are to be reconciled to him. The Scripture, for instance, does not say that God is to be reconciled to us, but we are to be reconciled to God. Because God is the injured one, and we must come to Him, not He to us. So here. Be reconciled to your brother, whom you have injured. This all you are to do before you bring your gift to the altar.

The Scripture also, elsewhere, inculcates the same. We cannot love God when we hate our brother. We cannot ask forgiveness unless we forgive. We cannot have the favor of God while we injure our brethren, and remain unwilling to confess our fault, make restitution, and ask pardon. So long, also, as this feeling abides in us, we dare not bring our gift to the altar. If we come with such murderous thoughts of anger and hate, God will call to us with a voice, which will at once make us feel our guilt: "Where is thy brother Abel!"

There is another rule which belongs to this matter of reconciliation, which is to be remembered by the brother that is injured. Persons, by a natural pride, will cherish personal injuries; and though they see that the one who did it is sorry and grieved, they want more humiliation, and take a wicked satisfaction in refusing to forget and forgive. Let them hear this rule: "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven." (Matt. 18: 21, 22.) Again: "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him."

If he "trespass against *thee.*" This has reference, of course, to *personal* injuries. He may commit a crime which affects you, but which is, at the same time, a crime also against society—against the Church or the State—or against both. Over such crimes you have no power. You have no power to forgive for the State or for the Church, or for society, any crime committed against them. The trespasser must atone to the powers against which he has sinned, and it is your duty to hold him, equally with others, to a due penalty to restitution and atonement for the crime. If a man steals your horse, burns your barn, or commits any other crime of the kind, it is a crime not "against *thee*" only, but also against

society, and you have no power in the case; because society, in general, is interested, and, for its own safety, must insist on the penalty. The case is between him and the offended power, and not between him and you. His crime, though it has involved you, does not affect your gift at the altar. It would be fearful, indeed, if a Christian's conscience and the acceptableness of his worship, were in the power of every lawless person!

There is suitable preparation necessary as regards the frame, spirit, and temper of our own minds and hearts.

What must be the frame of our hearts? We fear there is a zeal, in this respect, which is not according to knowledge. We fear some raise the standard too high. Some, we fear, would exclude such as Christ receives. Some, still under the spirit of self-righteous uncharitableness, would exclaim, in horror, at the sight of Christ and his guests: "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Some would require of the guest full assurance of faith. They would exclude the soul, feeble and doubting. The trembling soul must first get joy, and the troubled soul must first get grace, before they can come. Some would even, perhaps, insist on perfect sanctification. To this we would say, the holy need no cleansing blood, and the strong need no strengthening bread.

The Scriptures point out to us the kind of guests which are to come. They describe to us their qualifications, and tell us what kind of preparation is necessery to an acceptable approach.

Penitence. Penitence is a godly sorrow for sin—for all our remaining imperfections—for our unfaithfulness—want of love—omissions of duty. Here we see our sins, the evil of sin, the cost of sin, as at no other place. In His spirit of self-sacrifice, we see our want of devotion, as we see it no where else. Here, too, are we melted and tender. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."

Humility. The humble have the promises. They shall be exalted. "He that humbleth himself, shall be exalted." "The meek will He guide in judgment." "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." There is enough to make us humble, if we will only remember it. This is our place—at the feet of Christ. Humility is the essence of piety—pride the worst of spirits. By it angels fell. "He knoweth the proud afar off." "He giveth grace to the humble." Humble yourselves, therefore, under His mighty hand. We have an example in the woman of Canaan. (Mark 7: 24; Matt. 16: 22.)

Faith. Humility and penitence are the way to faith. "When I am weak, then am I strong." A sense of our own nothingness, turns us over on Christ. Faith recognizes Christ in the Supper as food, drink, strength, and salvation.

Devotion to Christ. "How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me?" (Judges 16: 15.) Our energies must be devoted to Him. He must be our Lord and Master. He must be our desire, our joy, our hope, and our all. What are we devoted to? Pleasure? Riches? Honor? Sin? Earth, in any sense? Christ must be supreme. He must have the first place in

our hearts. Do we thus love Him? His Church? His people? His worship and service? Here while we see His devotion to us into death. Here we must be devoted. Here we must learn devotion.

Hungry and thirsty. Those that are full, or who feel full, need not come hither. Go ye out into the highway, and bring in the poor, the halt, the maimed, the blind. "Ho, every one that *thirsteth*, come to the waters." We can only eat properly when we are hungry; only drink when we feel thirsty. Hungry for grace—thirsty for His Spirit. Like the prodigal, tired of the husks of sin, and eager for better food. This is the preparation which the Master of the feast approves.

TERCENTENARY STANZAS.

BY BLANCA.

I.

Across the gulf of a hundred years
We, maidens of to day,
  Send greeting o'er
  To the other shore,
In the distance far away.
We hail you, on our festive morn,
Daughters of mothers yet unborn!

II.

When your answer shall come back again
Our bodies in dust shall lie,
  But our souls above
  In the land of love
Shall catch the welcome cry,
And echo from beyond the grave,
"Keep ye the trust our Fathers gave!"

III.

With flowers we've dressed our church to day
The latest bloom of Spring,
  And so do ye,
  When the Jubilee
A century shall bring,
Aye! nobly wreathe the church's brow
When ye shall stand where we do now.

IV.

We with our flowers will have passed away
  And attained a higher birth,
But the Church hath folded her wings to stay
  'Till our Lord shall come to earth
You with your flowers will soon be gone,
Vanishing, even as we have done.

Lancaster, Pa.

CARL GOCK.

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

The tide of modern emigration from Germany into Pennsylvania, did not fully set in till after 1830. Prior to that date there were, however, occasional arrivals. Among these were frequently adventurers—half-educated, rationalistic spirits, who saw, in the quiet German districts of the State, fine openings for the display of boldness, and that cheap talent of pretension with which some of them were largely endowed. These found no difficulty in setting up as musicians, school teachers, botanic doctors, and sometimes even as preachers. Among our trusty and unsuspicious forefathers, this class of pretenders often played a very conspicuous part. They, however, gradually found their own level; and worn out fragments of them are still to be found floating about as traveling paupers.

A very notorious member of this fraternity, in his time, was Carl Gock, whose career we propose briefly to sketch. His life will show how dangerous the influence of this class of men often proved to be in communities; and how much injury and evil their smartness enabled them to originate and accomplish.

This Gock came to this country in the first quarter of the present century, and settled, so far as his restless life enabled him to settle at all, in Albany Township, Berks County, Pa. Here he taught school for some time. He professed to be greatly delighted at having escaped from the "tyranny of European Governments," and became exceedingly fond of "a free country." He soon got his hand into politics, though he never rose higher than the position of a Township Delegate to the Nominating Convention of his adopted county. In this capacity he wore the "blushing honors" of public confidence, for the space of twenty years. There was, during all this period of time, not a single Convention held in Reading, when the indomitable Carl Gock did not respond to his name as delegate, plenipotentiary, from old Albany. In his hands, so far as his constituents were concerned, the country was regarded as perfectly safe.

Our Gock was also gifted with great power of tongue. He could speak as long as any living man, without saying anything! Of him it could be truly said, as it was of the hero in Hudibras,

> "He never oped his mouth,
> But out there came—a word!"

He was possessed of strong lungs, a loud voice, knew plenty of words, and never hesitated whilst he spoke. He always regarded his audience as composed of "true Americans," "honored fellow

citizens," "guardians of liberty," and "independent voters," and, hence, addressed them accordingly. Possessing these talents for public oratory, he was enabled to make himself prominent in every political canvass, besides earning his liquor, which flowed down his throat as easily as his words flowed out. Wonderfully was his pride gratified, when allowed to harangue a crowd, and equally wonderful was his satisfaction in imbibing the whisky, always richly furnished on such occasions by the candidates, whose merits he wafted over the gaping crowd by the wind of his mouth!

For the space of twenty years was Carl Gock in the tide of his political glory. But at length came an evil hour for our patriot. True, it had been noticed years before, that Carl Gock, the illustrious delegate from Albany, never had any money when on his way to the Convention, whilst he was always flush on his return! Still no one thought of connecting the effect with its probable cause. Up to the time when our Gock last represented Albany, it was customary, in Convention, for the delegates to cast their votes for the nominees silently; but now a resolution was introduced, requiring all to vote openly, by *Ayes* and *Noes*. By this simple test, it was discovered, that the illustrious delegate from Albany had always promised his vote to *all* the candidates, pocketed the fees from each, and then voted silently for whom he pleased! Before the rule requiring a public vote had been adopted he had already given his promise to three, and received pay "for value received," which contracts he was afterwards not only unable to fulfill, but the circumstance became the occasion of his full exposure. Sad day for Carl! "Othello's occupation was gone." He, at once, lost the confidence of his constituents, and from that day he was no longer delegate from Albany Township.

Our Gock now became disgusted with politics! Having been all his life unmarried, he had no particular ties in Albany, and, hence, began "to circulate." He now found his early education in play again; and having "studied the science of botanic medicine at the University of Tübingen," he became a kind of circulating "herb doctor." The garrets of farmers in various parts of Berks county, became the depositories of the medicinal herbs he gathered, whilst the kitchens answered as his labratories. The medicines he thus made had, of course, great virtues, as all the medicines of "quack doctors" have. These, to save agencies, he peddled himself. In this way, if he did not keep the farmers in health, he, at least, kept himself in liquor. Not altogether forgetful of his earlier taste and vocation, he still sometimes "kept school," especially in dull seasons and in dull communities.

During that period of his life in which lie twenty years of his political career, he also devoted some attention to authorship. When, in 1821, some congregations, with their ministers, declared themselves independent of the Synod of the Reformed Church, and formed an independent Synod—or so-called "Free Synod,"—Gock saw a good opportunity for making his demagogic talent useful in futhering the disorder. Accordingly, he wrote and published, in

1822, "Die Vertheidigung der Freyen Kirche von Nord Amerika"—a defence of the Free Church of North America—a book of 120 pages. This book shows the character of his mind and heart. It is a complete jumble of rant and rhapsody—*ad captandum vulgus*—an appeal to the low and ignorant prejudices of irresponsible men—full of rationalistic and downright infidel flings at the Church and its ministers. Notwithstanding the shallowness of the performance, this book exerted a powerful influence upon the ignorant of that day, the effects of which have been felt down to the present time. His object is to show that Synods are tyrannical in their government; and that, especially in the establishment of the Theological Seminary, in which the Church was, at that time, earnestly moving, the ministers design to oppress the people, and ultimately to take away all their civil and religious liberties!

Copies of this mischievous book are still extant; and wherever any disposition toward ecclesiastical insubordination manifests itself in any congregations in that region of country, the book of Carl Gock is still sought and re-read. The book was ably answered—if we can speak properly of an answer to such a bundle of incoherences—by J. C. Kepler, in 1823. This reply covers 160 pages, and evidences a much greater thinking and writing ability, than the book of Gock. Though the book of Gock has intrinsically no merit, yet it has done more than anything else he ever did, to make him notorious. The spirit of ecclessiastical independence, which has lately broken out anew in that region, has, to a great extent, its roots in the miserable influence of this irresponsible vagrant.

"What became of Carl Gock?" we lately asked an old citizen of Berks county. We had heard of him often and much, especially in some researches we were called to make into the past history of the Church, in that portion of Pensylvania. We were pretty well acquainted with his character and mischievous doings, and were, therefore, anxious to know what had been the end of the man. To our surprise, we were informed that he is still living.

"Where does he reside?" we inquired.

"In the Berks county poor-house," was the reply.

Is this, indeed, the end of this man, we said within ourselves? Our old friend assured us that it was even so.

From that time we determined to pay him a vist, a resolution which we had the opportunity of carrying into effect, some weeks ago. With a friend in Reading, we took a morning ride to that home of the poor and wretched. On inquiring of the keeper in regard to Gock, he assured us that the veritable gentleman was under his care, and that he would present us to him.

Passing through a brick-paved entry, in the cellar part of the building, we saw a little, old man, with a piece of a broom-stick, as a cane, in one hand, and an old tin cup in the other, coming toward us, walking as erect as a Napoleon.

"There is old Gock," said the keeper. He stopped him, and informed him, in a loud voice, (for the old man is hard of hearing,) that some gentlemen wished to see him. Whereupon he turned

around toward us with one of those peculiarly polite bows, which only a "learned German philosopher" can make. We found him very talkative.

But the appearance of the man. As we have said, he is small of stature—has a good forehead, a small eye, (which is not without some fire,) a large nose and chin, which two features of his face nearly meet each other, over a broad, sunken mouth. His hair is grey, but not white; his manner is firm and determined; and he still shows himself possessed of his old pride and will.

He does not only retain his old facility in speaking, but has the same ability manifested in his book, of talking on a great variety of subjects, which have no connection, other than he gives them by a certain, strange kind of incoherent fluency. As he was a politician before he entered the theological sphere, the subject of politics still showed itself uppermost in his mind. He told us that he was "a Washington, Federal, Independent Democrat;" that he always discarded the motto, "principles and not men;" and that his motto was "principles and men." He said he had worked hard, in his time, for the political interests of his adopted country, and seemed to feel hurt, that his labors had not been permanently appreciated. Lifting himself up, and turning towards the keeper, he said, with great emphasis:

"All this have I done for my country, and why am I here? I have broken down my health for the good of others, and why came I here? Here I cannot recover my health, and why am I here? My friends have forsaken me. They have brought me here—and for what? They have brought me under as to my body, but not as to my spirit!" It was his opinion that some secret association had conspired against him; and, to get him out of the way, had brought him to this place.

At this point the friend who accompanied us, asked him whether he had not once written a book against Synods. Straightening himself, and assuming a very consequential attitude, he said, with a pleasant emphasis, putting his first finger up along side of his nose, as the learned do, when they are about to make a nice point:

"Yes, against the ministers, I wrote. If it had not been for me, they would have become the masters. I curbed their tendency to tyranny. Yes, against the ministers, I wrote a book. In the night, I wrote it, whilst I was teaching school in Albany. I worked hard, and now I am here; and why am I here?"

When we asked him in regard to his religion and faith, he said: "I am a Lutheran—an old Lutheran." At this point he seemed to be seized with a sudden, sad and serious spell. He said he was now seventy-two years old; that he was useless and forsaken; but he trusted that God had not forsaken him; and then repeated, with much feeling, several verses of Luther's celebrated Battle Hymn:

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

We addressed to him a few words, such as we thought appropriate to his present feelings and condition, and then bade adieu to Carl Gock!

The reader will make his own reflections on the history of this man's singular career, as we certainly did for ourselves. There hangs a moral by the tale, which it is not difficult to discover, and turn into a lesson. He will, no doubt, die in the poor-house; but the influences he has exerted for evil, will live long after him. His "little knowledge," coupled together with pride and boldness, proved to him, and many others, a very "dangerous thing!"

OUR HENRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A NAME-SAKE, AGED SIX YEARS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Past is thy life's brief day,
  Thy earthly course is run;
Since thou hast found the homeward way,
Our bleeding hearts would meekly say,
  Thy will, O Lord, be done!

Thy ways, dear Lord, are right,
  In all vicissitudes;
Good when our days are calm and bright,—
Good in our spirit's deepest night—
  In joy and sorrow, good.

To Thee, our covenant Lord,
  We gave our precious boy;
And can we mourn when Thou dost take
Him to Thyself, and kindly make
  Him heir of heavenly joy?

Gone from the loved on earth,
  He's joined the loved on high;
Scarce had he left this world of sin,
When heavenly gates received him in,
  Where he no more shall die!

Hail! hail, my sainted boy!
  White robes and palms are thine!
I could not call the back to me,
But I, by grace, shall go to thee,
  And thou shalt still be mine!

BOOK NOTICE.

EVANGELISCHE ZEUGNISSE.—The June number of this German homiletical Monthly, edited by Rev. Dr. Schaff, and published by I. Kohler, No. 202, North Fourth St., Philadelphia, is received. It contains two sermons, a number of miscellaneous articles, and an interesting synopsis of news from the Church in Europe. The Magazine is well adapted for ministers, and an intelligent reading laity.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D , whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

From and after January the 1st, 1863, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **M. Kieffer & Co.,** Chambersburg, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The new Publishers propose a general renewal of its mechanical and typographical appearance. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the new volume appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality in the new Volume; and shall do all in their power. in co-operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS---ONLY $1.00 A YEAR---IN ADVANCE:

Any one who sends us five subscribers with $5 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for $10; twenty-seven for $20.

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M. KIEFFER & CO., Publishers, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

Geo. S. Bale

LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE

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A Monthly Magazine,

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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

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THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Apostles' Creed was not formed and finished in its present completeness at one time. It grew, as an organism, from the baptismal formula. The third part consisted at first only of the words: "I believe in the Holy Ghost;" this was the germ of all that follows. As Christ and the Holy Ghost are one and inseparable, so must the articles which spring out of that of the Holy Ghost, rest back in living unity with the article of the Son. Hence the article of the Holy Ghost is followed, or rather continued and enlarged, by the article of the CHURCH, which being "the body of Christ," shows the oneness of the second and third parts of the Creed—exhibiting also the fact, that the Spirit does not begin an independent work, but carries forward that of the Son, so that the Son and Spirit are one in operation as they are one in essence.

In like manner the Communion of Saints is a product of the Church, growing out of it as members out of the body. The Holy Ghost carries forward the work of Christ and His own work, in the Church; and the Church carries on its work, and that of the Spirit in the Communion of Saints. The Heidelberg Catechism also very properly shows the connection of the Communion of Saints —effected by the Holy Ghost through the Church—with Christ in the second part of the Creed, in making the communion of saints have its basis in their "being members of Christ, and in common partakers of Him."

This being the position and the relations of this article, it is easy to understand why it was added to the Creed at a later period than that of the Church, becoming thus an appendage and necessary enlargement. We find, accordingly, that this article was not in

the Creed in the time of Augustine, who died in 430. It was, however, introduced soon after. The immediate occasion of its introduction, seems to have been the sad schism of the Donatists. These sectaries, without pretending to have any doctrinal cause for such a course, separated the African Church from the Church in general, and proudly proclaimed their schism to be the only true Church, condemning all else as out of its pale—denying the validity of all ministerial acts but their own. Here was pride, presumption, uncharitableness and schism, which called for a testimony from the Church: this was uttered in the article of "The Communion of Saints." This testimony would show them, that in vain did they profess to believe in the Holy Catholic Church, while they, by their schism and arrogance, ignored the communion of saints in the Church. By making the communion of saints of none effect, they excluded themselves from the Church, in the bosom of which this communion must and does exist.

The article teaches us to believe in the communion of saints with Christ *through* the Church, and the consequent communion of the saints with each other *in* the Church: their relations to Christ and to one another. The occasion which led the Church to locate this article thus, fixes the sense in which the ancient Church held it, and this historical sense is its true sense. By it the Church would teach the Donatist schismatics, and all similar alienations and isolations from her unity in charity, in all time: that the general must always be acknowledged as over the individual; that the Church, as the body of Christ, is before, and greater than, the members; and that to ignore communion, is to ignore Christ, the Head, and His body the Church, and thus, also, all title to being saints; for the saints exist only in communion.

In order to see the extent of this communion of the saints in Christ, and with Christ, or how far it reaches, and what it comprehends, we must understand the term saints. We must not take the word saints, or Holy ones, at once and alone in its absolute sense. It is used in the Scriptures relatively, as well as absolutely. As there is good, better, best, so there is holy, holier, holiest. The word saints refers to, and includes *position*, as well as state—the initiatory, as well as the final and perfect. Hence, those that "are sanctified" *in Christ* Jesus, are still "called to be saints." It includes, 1. Those in a *position* of separation from sin. 2. Those in whom there is going forward the *process* of grace, involving the conflict between sin and holiness. 3. Those in the *state* of glory and holiness. All these are scripturally included in the term saints, and are in communion with Christ.

1. Those in a *position* of separation from sin. We say *position*, because we wish, by that word, to imply nothing positive as to holiness—only a position of promise, like that of the seed in the earth, which has not yet commenced to grow. This gives us the first, and most outward meaning of holy, as used in the Scriptures, viz: a separation. "It is well known that the primary notion of the word *holy*, signifies no other than the separation of a thing or

person from a common or profane, to a peculiar and religious use." *

In this sense of holy we must include, 1.) The seed of pious families. The offspring of believing parents are, in virtue of their Christian birth, holy unto God—in a measure or degree separated for Him. Even Judaism allowed an advantage, in this respect, in favor of infants born of Jews, previous to circumcision—a gracious position was allowed them. They "considered a child as born *out of holiness*, whose parents were not proselytes at the time of the birth, though they afterwards became proselytes. On the other hand, they considered the children of heathens as born *in holiness*, provided the parents became proselytes *before* the birth. All the children of the heathens were reputed *unclean* by the Jews, and all their own children holy."† The offspring carries with it something of the sanctity of its parentage. "If the root be holy, so are the branches." (Rom. 11 : 16.)

If the life of the second Adam is to cover the ruin of the first, His union with the race must reach back to its fountains; His prospective or prevening union with the seed of the pious must begin with their being, and, consequently, *precede* even the sacrament of baptism. The first and deepest ground of grace is the union of Christ with our nature through and in the Incarnation, which becomes the sure basis of our union with Him in grace. The parent that is in union with Him in this way, being separate or holy, has the assurance that his seed shall stand in the same position. Yea, so gloriously does grace triumph over nature, that where only one of the parents is in union with Christ, the children are holy. "The woman which hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean; but now are they holy." (1 Cor. 7: 13, 14.) See Gerlach *in loco.*

Thus the children of believing parents are, even before their baptism, in a certain state of holy separation, occupying a position of advantage, by which, though their salvation is not thereby made absolutely certain, yet the hope of their salvation is thereby strengthened.

Should it be asked: Why, then, is baptism afterwards necessary? We answer it is as necessary to its full spiritual life, as natural *birth* is to the full natural life of the child. The baptism is the birth into the objective or outward family, or kingdom of grace. But neither in the natural nor in the spiritual, is birth the beginning of the being. As in nature, there is the greatest possible difference to the future character of the child, whether it be born in the hut of a Hottentot, or in the bosom of a Christian family; so is it the greatest difference whether it be born merely in the world,

* King's History of the Creed; p. 341.

† Clark on 1 Cor. 7: 14.

or whether it be born into the Church. This birth into the Church is by its baptism.

Is it further asked: Are those infants, born of unregenerate parents, then lost. We think there is ground for believing, that Christ's union with humanity includes also such infants, *while* they are infants, and before the positive form of actual sin, and until that relation is lost or cast away later, by positive and conscious sin. Yet what a difference between such infants, and those of believing parents! They are without the sanctified position just described as occupied by the offspring of the pious; and they remain, through infancy, without the birth by baptism, into the objective constitution of grace—without a mother—without being in the Church—without the divine guarantee that the Holy Ghost shall dwell in them—drifting in the world, exposed to the perilous uncertainty of ever afterwards being won into it by the determination of their own will and choice! In regard to them, the solemn challenge may well be made: "How can a man be born when he is old?" (John 3: 4.)

2.) In a higher sense, therefore, are those infants separated to holiness who, by the sacrament of circumcision in the Old, and by that of baptism in the New Testament, have been positively introduced into the gracious kingdom of Christ. Nearer, and more promising of the final fruits of salvation, is their union and communion with Christ. They have "put on Christ;" they are not merely united with Him subjectively or germinally through and in the new humanity, but also objectively through and in the Church. Their dark, unconscious hope has taken form and body; they have not only something *in* them driving them, but also something *outward* bearing them. Their birth-right has become a church-right. They have membership in the body of Christ. They are apprehended by His saving power. They have the Holy Ghost, who dwells now in them as in Christ, as the communion between them. They have now the divine warrant for laying hold of all the means of grace, which open up their fountains of life around them! They have "put on Christ," are "planted in Him," are in the "ark." They are now in a position where God says: "You *are* mine."

2. Those are regarded as holy, or as saints, in whom grace has commenced as a positive life, and who are in the process and conflict between sin and holiness.

These are such as, having been baptized, do now endeavor to grow in its warranted and communicated grace. These being not only in the *position*, but also in the *process* of grace, are saints in an advanced sense. Their communion with Christ is not, as in the case of the unbaptized, a mere prophesy, but an actual communion, becoming more and more conscious and complete. They are no more only as the seed having the possibility of growth, but as *seed in the soil*, with all the conditions of growth around it, and feeling already, and with ever-increasing consciousness that growth is actually going forward to the flower of hope, and the fruit of

life everlasting. They have not merely the birth of water, but also of the Spirit; not only the washing of regeneration, but are also in the renewing power of the Holy Ghost. (Eph. 4: 12; 1 Cor. 1: 2; Rom. 1: 7.) Such are "saved by hope," and as such are called saints, and as such are in communion with Christ.

Thus, all that are in the Church, through the initiatory sacrament, are called saints. Many of them may not be now, and may never hereafter become saints absolutely, as was the case with many in the holy nation of the Jews, and as is the case now in the Church. Such fall back, or rather remain, in the class of those who are holy merely in the sense of separation and position; such as are only separated from sin, but not united to Christ. They are like a seed that has the power of growth, but which, for some reasons that are known, and for some that are not known, never puts forth growth—like blosoms and unripe fruit, that fall and perish without ever coming to perfection.

3 Those are saints in a still higher, and in the highest sense, who have passed the *position*, and also the *process*, into the *state* of absolute holiness. These are the saints in Heaven. These are not the saints *to be* sanctified, nor the saints *being* sanctified, but the saints "that *are* sanctified." (Acts 20: 32; 26: 18.) These are the saints departed through death into the place of absolute separation from sin. (Rom. 6: 7.) These are "the saints in light" (Col. 1: 12.) Here they enjoy the highest union and communion with Christ.

These different grades of saints are, in such sense and degree as we have explained, in union and communion with Christ. The first is a union effected by His taking our nature to Himself; the second, by taking that nature so united to Himself into the Church; the third, by taking us in the Church—into Heaven. Blessed are those who do not perish in the bud, or are not lost by the way!

These "saints that are sanctified," are removed into that place and state, where the outward and inward separation from sin is complete.

This is a point which cannot be fully reached in this world. Here is the land of the curse. The ground is cursed. The air bears the curse, and is the habitation of the prince of evil. The promises which call, and the hopes which allure around, are the legates of sin. There is no retirement, no separation so complete as to shut out this world's evil powers. Wherever the air penetrates, there breathes sin and the curse.

Even the Church here, that waiteth, is in the world. Its external side borders on the region of the curse; and, in its warrings with sin, it is more or less penetrated and invaded by unholy powers. "Now we see not yet all things put under him." The spouse is black, sunburnt, and will be so until she is safely housed in the heavenly palace.

As, therefore, the Church, so far as it lies on *this* side, is not perfect, so it cannot fully perfect those that are in her bosom. It will only complete all its members with itself in the higher state. There Jesus will "present it unto Himself a glorious Church, not

having a spot or wrinkle, or any such thing: that it may be holy and without blemish." (Eph. 5: 27.)

Then there will be no more world around the Church, and in conflict with it. No vexing nations of uncircumcised will, border on that Canaan. No Achans will carry into it, and seek to hide unholy spoils, to prove a plague spot and a curse. No Jonas in that ark, to be called out by the voice of angry storms and threatening waves, to the alarm of all. No Judas, hiding a devil, to poison with perfidy and woo the embraces of the saints. There will be no coverings there to secrete seeds of sin and sorrow. No science, specious but false, building foundations against God. No selfish trafficking in treasures, alluring into its marts, and tempting souls to bow down to it, satisfied away from God. No social life, circling in eddies, to draw the affections from the glorious stream, which pours toward the heart of Jesus.

Behold paradise regained! Behold a sanctified outward world for sanctified beings—nothing secular, nothing profane—everything one holy sacrament, opening into the heart of Jesus, and to the fountains of holiness, of eternal life and love.

There, too, the idea of *saint* will become still farther complete, in the full harmony and holiness of soul and body.

This is never attained in the Church here. The Church proposes the sanctification and salvation of the body; but as the body belongs to the outward man, it is last reached, and last completed, by the renovating and sanctifying process. Though it begins here, in regeneration, its completion belongs to a future and higher stadium of the Church's triumphs. It is here known only in the way of earnest. The resurrection of the soul from spiritual death is reached here: this includes that of the body, and looks forward to it as its end; but this last achievement belongs to the second resurrection. "Blessed is he that hath part in it!"

Here the saint in process, has already his conversation in Heaven; but it is only that "from thence he may look for the Saviour: who shall change his vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto himself." (Philip 3: 20, 21.)

Now he is "risen with Christ," and *seeks* those things which are above—sets his affections on things above—is dead, and has his life hid with Christ in God. But this is not yet what shall be! But "when Christ, who is his life shall appear, then will he also appear with him in glory"—soul and body!

The holy Apostle Paul felt the painful disharmony between the body and the soul—between the new central life of grace in his soul, and the strong pressure of the outward man. (Rom 7,)

There is true ground in Christianity, also, for the old complaint of heathenism as to the disharmony of body and spirit. Not, indeed, that the body is the hopeless enemy of the soul, but that the powers of evil assail the soul longest and last through the body: and especially that the renovation and holiness of the soul can only become complete in the glorification of the body. (Rom. 8.)

In that life above, this harmony will be complete—a holy outward world—a holy body, as the willing organ of a holy soul. That is the perfection of the idea of saint. Blessed is he who can say, with an unction which is the true beginning of this transcendent bliss: "As for me, I shall behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

O, glorious hour! O, blest abode
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

1.) This subject shows us the wide range of the kingdom of grace. There is nothing too small, nothing too great for grace.

It lays its foundations in the germs of humanity. As Jesus began His human life as a babe, so grace begins in babes. It begins before self-conciousness, before knowledge, before the exercise of will. It is a true mother—it seeks to bias and commit the earliest powers in favor of grace. Is the infant born depraved, so that sin abounds: it is born at the same time, an heir of the promise with its parent, and is already holy by separation, that grace may much more abound.

This same kingdom of grace extends over the whole of the scene of earthly probation. It provides for the protection and growth of the life of grace. It takes in also the sanctified spirit's heavenly history. It is the same grace all the time—in its dawning, in its rise, and in its glorious meridian of glory in the highest heaven.

2.) The truth we have unfolded preaches to us the exercise of charity towards the weaknesses and infirmities of God's covenanted people.

How common are harsh and sweeping judgments! How easily do men on account of a few blemishes condemn the whole! "Judge nothing before the time." There is a stream, *covered with bubbles!* Do not say it is *all* bubbles. What we see is but the *outward* life.

What we see is only life in *process.* The life which produces the process is the thing to be seen and admired!

3.) This thought furnishes ground for great encouragement to humble souls who are cast down and distressed under a sense of their many imperfections.

Ye are not yet come to the rest! The very earnestness of the struggle is the best evidence that you are taken up by the process. Be not dismayed if new conflicts appear at every step. Patiently fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ. Glory in tribulation. Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Bear the cross, despising the shame. Always lift up your eyes, for your redemption draweth nigh; and now are you nearer than when you first believed. Let your watchword be: *I count all things but loss;* and what is loss, that I count gain to me! Be patient, and believe; your glorifiation will be reached in due time.

DER KERCHAGANG IN ALTER ZEIT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Es thut eme gans von Hertza leed,
  Wann m'r ans Alte denkt;
Nau geht fascht Alles überzwerg,
In Land un' Staat, in Haus un' Kerch—
  M'r fühlt sich recht gekränkt.

Denk yusht a' mol ans Kerch-Geh'!
  Wie war's in alter Zeit?
Darch Hitz un' Kält,' darch Staab un' Schnee,
Isch Alles ganga, Grosz un' Kle',
  Bei reich' un' arme Leit'.

M'r is net yaehtig nei gerrent—
  Gekläppert mit da Schu;
Sche isch m'r ganga, sacht un' bläd,
Im Stuhl sich leis in Hut gebät—
  Sell wert nau net gethu!

In's Lied hott Alles eigestimmt—
  Sell singa war en' Freed!
Nau thut fascht niemand 's Maul meh uf—
Zum singa gehn die Bordkerch nuf
  Paar Buwa un' Paar Mäd?

Mit Demuth hott m'r zugehorcht,
  Was a' der Parra sagt;
Nau sitzt m'r stoltz wie Jurymann—
Gukt wie der Mann doch schwetza kann!
Un' wie er sich betragt!

Die alte Worhet hott m'r g'liebt,
  Un selwer a' gewent;
Nau denkt mir, als m'r schläfrig sitzt,
Wie doch der Mann die Sünder schwitzt!
  Er gebt's ihn' yuschtament!

Un wan m'r in der City wohnt,
  Schliest m'r sich an ken Ort:
Wo yuscht en grosser Schwätzer brüllt,
Do wert gewiss die Kerch gefüllt—
  Un' unser eme isch dort!

Was Hutlerei! was Hutlerei!
  Die Leut hen leichte Köpp;
'S'is alles leer—ken saft, ken sals—
En Braten ohne g'schmack un' Schmalsz,
  En lappiges Geschlepp!

LESSONS FROM BIBLE HISTORY.

BY Z.

In the 5th chapter of Exodus we are furnished with a manifestation of that same spirit of unbelief and shortsightedness, which has often, in the history of men and nations, produced much mischief. The first attempt of Moses, who was to be a deliverer to the Jews, wrought evil instead of good results. The tasks of the Jews, already heavy enough, were made still heavier, and their condition of bondage and toil made still more irksome. This change for the worse they attributed at once, and as a matter of course, to the effort for relief and reform made by Moses, and laid all the blame of their increased trouble and toil to his charge. "The Lord look upon you and judge," said they, "because *ye* have made our savor to be abhored in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hand to slay us" Even Moses, with the timidity which seemed to attach to all his acts at the beginning of his great work, accepted this as a true conclusion, and carried their accusation from himself to God, "Lord wherefore hast thou so evil entreated this people? Why is it that thou hast sent me? For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name, he hath done evil to this people, neither hast thou delivered thy people at all."

Moses and the people, in their disappointment at the failure of this first effort, forgot the promise of God and the inherent justice of their cause. God had promised to deliver them, but not by their first effort, on the contrary, he had very plainly said to Moses; "I am sure the King of Egypt will not let you go; no, not by a mighty hand," and had fully explained that their release would only be effected after he manifested his power and wrought his wonders in the land of Egypt.

This identical short sighted spirit of unbelief is aroused by every great reformatory movement. It met Moses in the case we are contemplating; it met Jesus whilst he labored on the earth, and it has met, and will meet, every earnest determined effort made by any of His people looking towards a putting away of abuse, or a moving forward in the way of legitimate historical development in His body the Church. It always attributes effects to wrong causes. In the case of Moses, it attributed the increase of their tasks to the effort made to obtain for them the privilege of going up to worship the God of their fathers, instead of placing the blame upon Pharaoh where it properly belonged. It was not the fulfilling of God's command by Moses that caused the mischief, but the hardness of Pharaoh's heart. And yet it appeared so plausible and plain, that their tasks would not have been increased had Moses not spoken to Pharaoh, that even Moses fell in with the common and popular error and laid the sin to God's charge.

In looking at past ages in the light of history, we can readily see the folly and sinfulness of such views and such actions; but we shall be equally foolish and sinful if we suffer ourselves either as individuals, as did Moses, or as a people, as did the Jews, to be deceived and led astray by this same blind spirit of doubting and unbelief.

This feeling of despair at the failure of their first effort, is not so surprising in the Jews in view of their condition at this time and for a number of years previously. Reduced by the Egyptians to a state of abject bondage, they were already broken in spirit and disposed readily to submit to greater outrages, rather than by resisting to risk a still heavier increase of their burdens. Living under the terrible incubus of such a system, it is not surprising that the Israelites were but poorly prepared for the deliverance which God had in store for them. They had been debarred for years all the blessed privileges of their religion—and as a consequence had lost that firm and active faith in the God of their fathers, which had ruled and governed the hearts and lives of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; and Moses had good ground for his assertion that this people would not hear him. The effects of their bondage did not cease with their exodus from Egypt. Upon every fresh trial they were manifest. But the fact that they were not prepared, so far as human wisdom could judge, for the freedom and deliverance the Lord had in store for them, did not prevent Him from accomplishing by the hand of Moses just what he designed to accomplish. He did lead them forth, after he had shewed forth his power by the plagues he visited upon the stubborn and wicked Egyptians and by the hand of Moses afterwards gave them that great, yet concise code of law which remains in force to this day.

We discover also in this portion of Bible history, another and very important lesson. It is the responsibility of the people of a country for the conduct of their rulers. In this case it was the government, and it alone, which was the direct cause of the enslavement of the Jews. The kings of Egypt governed with absolute sway; but although the people were not active in the oppression and enslavement of the Israelites, yet they consented to it passively, and thus rendered themselves partakers of the guilt of their rulers. It is not possible for any one man, or any small number of men, to force a nation to do a great wrong, unless the people either actively participate in it, or passively fold their hands and refuse to prevent its consummation. In either case they are alike guilty with their rulers. To deny this principle is to make God guilty of gross injustice in His treatment of the Egyptians. The plagues fell not only upon the house of Pharaoh and his servants, but smote the whole land of Egypt. The people suffered with their rulers, and when the last blow, that most terrible of all, fell upon them, even the little children were not spared, but from the hovel of the lowest, to the palace of king, the wail of agony went up for the death of the firstborn of every household, and these little ones paid with their lives a portion of the penalty of their rulers.

Verily the people of a country are responsible before God for the acts of their government, be that government kingly or democratic—one of absolute one man power, or one emanating from the people.

These lessons of history are only valuable to us, as we apply the instruction they impart to governing and ordering of our own lives as Christians and Christian citizens. If we glance at them only curiously, in the same spirit with which an antiquarian regards some fossil of the past, we shall fail to make over to ourselves any benefit which God designs shall result to us from the study of this history. We must apply these principles in our own lives; we must make them active whenever occasion presents itself, or whenever duty calls us to advance or defend them; we must profit by them, and not suffer ourselves either to fall into the place of the Egyptians as tyrants, nor into the doubting, halting and stumbling spirit of the poor degraded and enslaved Israelites.

In our own country we are especially called upon to remember this great truth. Here every man has a voice in the selection of those who bear rule, and the principle that the people are responsible for the acts of the government can more readily be understood. It will not do to say that you will not have anything to do with the selection of these rulers. You must have something to do with it; you cannot escape the responsibility—it rests upon you, and if you refuse to meet it, you simply make yourself a party to any wrong which may be committed, because you did not, as much as in you lieth, strive to prevent it.

The selection of those who are to make and execute the laws of our country, if left in the hands of corrupt and dishonest men, by your indifference or failure to discharge your responsibility as a Christian citizen, you know will result in wrong doing and evil, and upon your head will rest the penalty, just as well and rightfully as upon those who plotted the mischief and wrought the wrong. You dare not plead ignorance. It is your business to make yourself acquainted with the governmental policy of the country, with what is proposed to be done, what reforms are needed, what laws are just or unjust, and to decide for or against every measure, as God gives you wisdom, and then so to labor and to act as to aid in securing what you believe to be right and proper in the sight of God and in accordance with His will and word. Only in this way can you faithfully discharge the fearful responsibility, which rests upon you as a Christian citizen. Only in this way can you serve God in any sense as a responsible part of the great whole of a nation.

There is no hereafter for a nation. It cannot, in the very nature of things, exist in the world to come, and hence all its acts receive their reward or punishment in this world. If an individual sins, he may hide his guilt from his fellow men and go through life unpunished; he may die and bury the secret of his guilt with him in the grave, but in the world to come he will receive his punishment. So is it with the just. It is not always, nor yet often, that honesty

and holiness meet with their proper reward in this life; it is reserved for them in all its fullness for eternity. But with a nation it is not so. Here in this world, where its life begins and ends, it will receive the reward for its good and the punishment for its evil deeds, and in these rewards or punishments every citizen will be more or less involved. Is a nation blessed? The blessing falls upon the just and the unjust. Is a nation cursed? Every citizen must bear his portion. We do not mean by this, that God has not power to interpose for the protection of his own people in a special manner, when it pleases Him so to do, but we do mean that these interpositions must be special, not general in their character and effects, and that as a rule every citizen in times of national calamity and distress bears, in some manner, his porportion of the general punishment and sorrow. This fact, aside from the absolute duty of man to serve God without the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, should be an additional incentive to every Christian citizen to make use of his talents and privileges to secure the enactment of righteous laws and the election of faithful and Christian men to enforce and maintain them.

From this portion of Bible history we learn another fact worthy of notice. It is this: God uses the nations of the world for the promotion of His glory. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him," and so rules and governs among the nations that His kingdom is continually coming more and more in the earth. So long as a nation is not guilty of some great wrong against God's law; so long as it serves His purposes and makes its life advance His glory, it will not be overthrown. All the powers of the earth may array themselves against it; legion on legion of armed men may march against it; bolt after bolt may be hurled at its life, yet God will preserve it from all its enemies. We have many forcible examples of this in the history of the Jewish nation. Time and again were they cast down and given over to the dominion of their enemies because of their evil deeds, and often were they preserved from their foes, whilst they stood in right relations to God, even when the power of their assailants seemed to be irresistible. It may be urged that this nation is not a fair example in proof of this general truth, inasmuch as they were God's peculiar people and He dealt with them differently from any other people. But, since the advent of our Blessed Saviour, Jehovah is no longer the God of the Jews only, but even as the gates of Heaven were flung wide open for humanity in Christ our Lord, so has God become the God of all nations that will serve Him, and will extend to such His preserving and protecting care just as He did under the old dispensation to the Jewish nation. In Christ the line of separation between the Jews and the rest of the nations of the earth was broken down, and the road is now open and free for any people to walk in the way of God's will and to have Him for their King.

The most striking illustration of this truth, next to the one just cited, that presents itself to our mind at this time, is that of Switzerland. A little nation bordering on some of the mightiest of the

earth, often defying their power in defence of its rights and liberties, it has been maintained in its integrity by the power of the Lord for centuries, against all the assaults of its enemies. The foot of the oppressor never long pressed its free soil. Soon deliverance is at hand for them and they are kept in the enjoyment of their freedom.

Has this not been for some great purpose? Was it mere chance, or the bravery of its people that has kept Switzerland so long free? Let the life and labor of the heroic Zwingle answer Let the life of the stern reformer Calvin answer. Let the great reformatory movements of the sixteenth century, the mighty powers which have swept from its mountains over the whole of Europe, across the broad Atlantic and even to the distant isles of the sea; let these answer the question, whether God preserved the life of Switzerland for some great purpose, or whether it was mere chance and national bravery that secured this end.

God is not a God of chance, but works in history, according to a fixed and settled purpose, and towards a determined end, and so long as a nation subserves His righteous purpose and moves towards the accomplishment of His will, He will see that it is maintained and preserved. If a people set themselves over against God's will, if they persist in the commission of wrong, and will not learn wisdom either from God's word or the history of the past, God will most assuredly give them over to destruction, and suffer them to fall before their enemies.

The fact, that God works in history and uses the nations for the promotion of His glory, is proven also by the general condition of the world at the time of Christ's advent. Almost all the nations of world at that time were under the dominion of the Roman power and were governed by its deputies after the manner that characterized the Roman rule, which rarely sought to destroy nationality in any conquered people, but allowed the people the enjoyment of all their peculiar religious customs, so long as their customs did not interfere with the payment of the tribute and taxes which were always extorted from them. This general government, this massing of the world into one great empire, prepared the way for the ready spread of the Gospel, and afterwards when the power of the Roman Emperors was brought to bear against Christianity in the way of persecutions, the very fact that this power was almost world-wide and that their edicts were published throughout the entire empire, brought to the notice of all the people the religion they sought to destroy, and spread the knowledge of Christ in a much shorter time than would have been possible, had the world been governed by many rulers and divided into many and independent countries. And was all this the result of chance? Was this great world preparation for the advent of Christ mere accident? Far from it. It was in fulfillment of that great plan, which from the beginning God had devised for the salvation of men, and just as He worked before the coming of Christ towards that end, so is His power still active in the world, directing and controlling every

event of history, so that all things may work for the ultimate triumph of the kingdom of His dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

BY THE WILD SEA SHORE.

Alone I walked by the wild sea shore,
Where the billows had burnished the silver floor.
And I paused by the spot in the lonely glade,
Where the holly and pine cast their mournful shade ;
And a sombre feeling came o'er me then,
As I sat in that last abode of men,
Whilst a strange weird group—some twenty or more,
Were digging graves by the wild sea shore.

Here, on the face of their native soil
The careless negroes cheerily toil,
With bursts of mirth, and shout and song,
They lighten their labor the whole day-long.
And oft they pause 'neath the sun's fierce glow,
To brush the sweat from each swarthy brow ;
Yet light is the task (their servitude o'er,)
This digging of graves by the wild sea shore.

The trains have come, and the rites begin—
How rudely they jostle the coffins in !
No service is read, no prayer is told,
But o'er each bosom the sand is rolled ;
No marble is planted, nor line to show
The story of those who sleep below ;
But the spades are shouldered, the work is o'er—
And twenty new graves mark the wild sea shore.

And thus each day, by the pine's dark shade,
Swiftly the grave-diggers ply the spade ;
And the trains come down from morn till night :
With those who fell in the bloody fight.
Here friend and foe have a common lot—
Rank and distinction alike forgot—
One earth receives and one sky bends o'er,
And the dead are alike on the wild sea shore.

Over the narrow neck of land,
Are scattered the graves on every hand ;
Dirge-chanting waves on east and west,
Whilst the pines stand guard o'er each sleeping breast ;
And at early noon and at set of sun
From the fort booms forth the thunder-gun ;
But unheard are the waves and the cannon's roar,
By those who sleep by the wild sea shore.

And still in the future the sea shall flow,
And the ships from afar will come and go,
And o'er its prey the sea gull scream,
Where the fisher repairs the broken seam.

The snowy sands on the storm-winds drift
Where other pines their forms shall lift,
But departed each trace forever more,
Of the graves that marked the wild sea shore.

As I turned from the scene with a saddened heart,
I said, "Oh! why will proud man depart
From the sacred paths of truth and right,
To challenge his brother in deadly fight?
Ambition and power, whose fearful cost
Is unreckoned till all is gained or lost!
Oh! ye who would yearn for that goal no more,
Go stand by those graves on the wild sea shore!"

And a time worn truth I had oft heard told,
Came back again in this proverb old,
As I thought of those forms unto earth thus hurried—
That "though we are born, we are not yet buried."
When Death hath fixed his unerring aim
How worthless is Glory! how empty Fame!
We would barter earth's laurels many times o'er,
Rather than cross to that shadowy shore.

And I saw as I went on my lonely way,
Through Fancy a glimpse of that awful day
When the World's huge grave shall offer its dead,
And the myriads rush with a mighty tread,
When soldier, civilian, grave-digger—all
Shall hasten to answer the trumpet call
Of him who will swear that time is o'er,
And trembling stand on eternity's shore.

SEA SHORE, May 27, 1862. CAVALRIST.

[*Columbia Spy.*

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—Whatever profession, though in itself not directly unlawful, yet leads men needlessly into many and strong temptations to sin, will always, if possible, and if he is not under any pressing necessity, be avoided by a man who is sincerely desirous to do all things to the glory of God. Every innocent profession may equally and indifferently be chosen by any good man; but yet, even in that choice, his main and ultimate end will be the exercise of right and truth; and the mutual, comfortable support of men in justice, faithfulness and charity, profit, power, credit, reputation, and the like, may very innocently and very justly be aimed at by men in any business or employment whatsoever. But these things must always be desired with a due subordination to the interests of virtue, which is the glory of God, and the only true and final happiness of men. Whoever, in the great lines and main course of his life, aims merely or principally at worldly and temporal ends, in the attainments of those ends, he has his reward.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

HOW A ROMAN EMPEROR LIVED.

Bruce, in his "Classic and Historic Portraits," gives the follow- sketch of that effeminate creature, the Emperor Heliogabalus:

In his magnificence, Heliogabalus was truly Oriental. He had beds and couches of solid silver. He adorned others of his beds with gold. His chariots glittered with gems. They were drawn sometimes by elephants, sometimes by stags, and sometimes by beautiful naked women. His drinking and cooking vessels were of silver. He was also guilty of the luxury, which, at a later period, St. Chrysostom charges as a sin against the Christian ladies of Constantinople—of using vessels of the most precious material for the most ignoble purposes.

He had cups artificially perfumed for drinking, and others on which lascivious designs were sculptured, an iniquity not confined to ancient and heathen times. At table he reclined on couches stuffed with the fur of hares or the down of partridges. He wore cloaks heavy with gems, and used to say, that he was burdened with a load of pleasure. He had gems in his shoes, sculptured with designs by the finest artists. He wore a diadem of precious stones that he might resemble a woman. He is said to have been the first Roman who wore robes of entire silk. He never, it is said, wore a ring for more than one day, or twice put on the same shoes.

In his more refined and elegant luxuries he was the rival of the ancient Demetrius Poliorcetes. He had beds and couches of roses, and walked amongst lilies, violets, hyacinths and narcissus.

When he wished to add the piquant flavor of cruelty to his enjoyments, he would stifle a courtier to death in a bed of flowers. He swam in water perfumed with saffron and precious unguents; and wine and aromatics were poured into his fish-ponds and his baths.

In eating and drinking he appears not so much as a glutton, but as the chief of all royal epicures—the equal in gastronomic science of the renowned Apicus. He joined with all who studied the pleasure of the palate in admiration of the dish which the Romans made of the teats of a newly farrowed pig—the most celebrated of ancient luxuries. After the example of Apicus he indulged in dishes made of the tender parts of the heel of the camel, and of combs torn from the heads of living cocks. This latter delicacy, Cassaubon, in his commentary on the passage in the Augustan historian in which it is referred to, tells us, is at this day—that is in his day, two hundred years ago—passionately sought after by men of learned palates. Like Vitellus, he seems to have had his appetite whetted by the expensiveness of the dishes which he procured; and in sacrificing the rarest and most beautiful birds for the sake of eating their heads, their brains or their tongues.

At one entertainment he displayed on his table the heads of six hundred ostriches, whose brains, as well as those of the flamingo and thrush, were amongst his favorite repasts. He also indulged in the tongues of peacocks and nightingales, believing that they had a medical virtue in averting epilepsy. He also made dishes of the mullet, of the eggs of partridges, and the heads of pheasants, peacocks and parrots. We wonder at the destruction of creatures so lovely to the sight as the peacock, the flamingo and the pheasant, for the particle of delicate eating to be got from them; but epicurism and gluttony consume and destroy all other tastes.

The genius of Heliogabalus shone particularly bright in the cooking of fish. In this department he is said to have invented new modes unknown to Apicus; but with a refined hatred of things common and cheap, he would never taste fish at all when he was near the sea, but always took delight in them when far removed from water, just as he took a fancy for having snow brought to him in mid-summer. He offered rewards for the discovery of new dishes of exquisite flavor, and he had a humorous way of stimulating the invention of those around him in this science. When a courtier, after exerting his best skill to please him, produced a dish which he did not relish, he made the ingenious artist himself continue to eat of that dish and of nothing else, till his faculties, sharpened by disgust, enabled him to find out something superior for his master.

Like Nero and Caligula, Heliogabalus had his jocularities—generally practical ones—sometimes merely absurd, sometimes characteristically cruel. His most harmless entertainments in this way consisted of the suppers which he would give one night to eight men, all of them blind of one eye, sometimes to eight deaf men, eight black men, eight tall and eight fat men.

He kept lions and leopards, which lay at table with him, in order to frighten his friends. He would get a company filled with drink, and after locking them up for the night would let loose amongst them lions, leopards and bears, with their claws pared, to terrify them; and many, it is said, died of fright.

At other times, when daylight would break in on the company who had been drinking the night before, they would find themselves in the arms of an ugly old black women. At other times he made sham entertainments, like the Barmicide's feast in the Eastern tale, setting his guests down to dishes made of wax, ivory or stone, painted after nature. He collected serpents together and let them loose to bite his visitors. He would tie his courtiers to a wheel and have them whirled round in water, calling them, in allusion to the mythological fable, his "Ixionite friends."

Fearing a violent death from the vengeance of the people, Heliogabalus had made preparations, which turned out to be all in vain, for terminating his existence in an elegant manner. He had poison mixed up with the most precious articles, he had robes of crimson and purple silk ready to strangle himself with, and golden swords to stab himself with. He had also a high tower built with rich adornings, where he might breathe out his last in royal state.

The manner of his death was just the reverse of all that he desired. After being slain, his body was first thrown into the common sewer, then dragged through the streets and cast into the Tiber. According to Herodian and Dion, the same indignities were inflicted on the body of his mother, who was killed at the same time. Dion represents Heliogabalus as having been slain in her arms, and states that both their heads were cut off, and their bodies stripped naked, and that the one was thrown into one place of the river and the other into another.

THE CHILD'S LITTLE EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

III.

THE CATHOLICITY OF THIS LITTLE PRAYER.

As no man claims its authorship so no sect or branch of Christendom can claim it as exclusively suited to its own peculiar religious views and ideas of devotion. No one has ever heard, from any quarter, that it has been charged with heterodoxy. True, in its original form as including only four lines, it has been thought defective because it does not express formally that prayer must be offered up through the mediation of Jesus Christ; and hence a final line has been added, at a time and by a hand unknown. Thus:

"And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

But may not the child be taught to address the whole prayer directly to Christ, under the name "Lord," under which name He is frequently mentioned in Scripture.

The popularity of the prayer evidences its catholicity. It has been found so well adapted to its end, that it is almost universally in use; and is in the English tongue the classic infant prayer. It is safe to say, that ever since its existence, millions of children in every generation have been taught to use it; and there is not an evening that settles down around the habitations of men when this prayer is not lisped from a countless number of infant lips.

Its use is not confined to any class or condition of society. It is the prayer of the rich and of the poor, of the learned and unlearned, and of the high and the lowly. It ascends from huts and hovels, from cottages and farm houses, from palatial city residences and princely country villas.

A paragraph went the rounds of the papers a few years ago,

stating, that Queen Victoria taught it to her princely children. Though our republican ideas might lead us to make no particular account of this, yet if true, it would be a pleasant incident. The fact, however, is not confirmed. To ascertain the truth of the report, we addressed a letter to Dr. Cummings of London. In his reply, dated Jan. 17th, 1861, he says: "I applied personally to the Duchess of Sutherland, who is a member of my flock, as to the alleged royal use of the Child's Prayer you inquire about. I have reason for believing that the report is not true." The little prayer is, however, said to be used in England and Scotland as it is in our own country.

The fact of its general use shows, that there is a general feeling in the Christian mind that forms of prayer, committed to memory and devotionally repeated, are a want which cannot be left unsupplied. Christians in denominations where forms of prayer for public devotion are discarded still feel themselves bound to teach their children this and other prayers. It seems not to be feared that this course might produce in their tender minds a bias toward formality in devotional feeling. Nor is there in fact any ground for such a fear. Facts and experience prove the contrary. These devotional forms, savored by long use, and imbedded in the pleasant memories of childhood, linger with great blessing in the heart through all after life, and continue to be sweet as all the sacred recollections of that period of comparative innocence which has been left behind.

IV.

THE USE OF THIS LITTLE PRAYER IN AFTER LIFE.

The fact, so well known, that many who have been trained to the use of this little prayer in childhood have been reluctant to give up its use in later life, has its ground in a deep philosophy. This prayer is child*like*, but not child*ish*, and hence it is as suitable for the future adult as for the present child. Prayers for children ought never to be such as they will entirely outgrow. Whilst they must leave behind the childish, they ought never outgrow the childlike. The very spirit of Christianity is childlike; and we must all receive the kingdom of heaven as little children. The associations of childhood bound up with the prayer give it a sacred power over the heart in after life. The feelings and memories it inspires, are not like toys, to be cast away and left behind by an advance to manhood. The simple dependence on God which true infant prayers express, serve admirably ever to call back the heart from its later tendency to self-dependence, and enable us to return to, and realize the implicit faith of childhood.

Hence we find that the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, the Angelic Hymn, the Te Deum, and many other venerable and anointed forms of piety, while they are in all respects adapted to be lodged in the early memories of childhood, are at the same time the true pabulum on which the ripest adult piety may feed; even as a seed finds the soil adapted to all its infant needs, even

though it has not yet tested, and cannot as yet appropriate, all the powers that lie in that same soil for its future and riper use. On the same principle the Bible, whilst it is a suitable book for children, is none the less adapted to all the needs of adult Christian life.

This being so, the zeal which some parents manifest to encourage their children to pray *originally,* seems of doubtful propriety. Such prayers are far more likely to be childish than childlike; and by their puerile character the sublime in devotion is easily made ridiculous and that which should be solemn and sacred becomes ludicrous.

An instance will illustrate the result of praying originally. It is related of a little boy, who, after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he called "praying his own way." He had a large number of brothers and sisters, whose needs and peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, on commencing this exercise he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his stupor, he said: "O Lord! bless Lizzy, and make her better than she is." His head fell back on his pillow; but soon rousing, he murmured, drowsily, "Bless Henry too." It was in vain; the tongue refused its office, so he added, indistinctly, "O Lord, I can't, there's so many of 'em;" and he sank into the deep slumber of childhood. At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said, "Lord, please bless father, and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless sister Mary, and give her a new heart. O Lord! bless mother; but you need not give her a new heart, for she could not have any better one than she's got."

The experience of many parents will furnish similar illustrations. The quaint originality of the attempt may for the moment please the parental heart; but it is easy to see that the effect of it must be any thing else than to inspire the heart of the child with the sacredness of devotion. If the experiments of adult attempts at original prayer in public so often prove ludicrous, if not ludicrous and profane, as abundant instances prove they do, have we any right to expect anything more successful from children? Little streams, and we may say also, shallow streams, are soon lost unless they have channels prepared for them; and we may even say that it is no disadvantage to large and strong streams to keep to the courses cut out for their flow. Nor ought an infant stream as it grows in strength to be *transferred* to a *new* channel; it is only necessary that it should widen its own channel as it increases in strength. The same water, moreover, which constituted the rill, must still make part of the stream and the river.

We must take the infant with us into the child, the child into youth, the youth into the man or the woman; never leaving behind any part of the identity of our life, but suffering the tissues of our early life ever to be a beautifying and sustaining substance of what follows. We would all be better and lovelier as men, did we

retain more of the child and of childhood to modify and mould the coarser features of adult life. If

"The boy is father to the man,"

the man must continue to honor that father, and cherish his nurture and monitions, according to the spirit of the commandment that hath the promise.

It is not strange then, but altogether natural, that this little prayer of childhood should have been found to many so dear and precious even when the almond blossoms began to cover their heads with their crown of soft white glory. It is said that John Quincy Adams, and also Bishop Hedding of the Methodist Church, were in the habit of repeating this little prayere very night from the time it was taught to them by their mothers to the end of their lives. The same is true of thousands, who find the words and spirit of this prayer altogether adapted to their devout use in commending themselves into the hands of God just before closing their eyes in nightly sleep.

There have been also many amusing cases of notoriously wicked men, who, when sudden danger threatened them on sea or land, anxious to pray but unable to utter anything, began with the words imbedded in their memory by a mother's pious care, saying: "Now I lay me down to sleep." An instance is well authenticated of a man who had been piously trained by his mother, but who afterwards boldly affected to be an atheist. Overtaken by a fierce thunderstorm, when on a journey on horseback, he rode hastily for shelter under a tree which was soon after struck by lightning; fearfully alarmed, and scarcely knowing whether he was dead or alive, he commenced crying out: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Such incidents reveal how shallow a thing infidelity is. It may coil itself like a deceitful serpent around the *mind,* and be a presence there cold to the sense of the victim and repulsive to the one who beholds it, but it fails in most cases to reach the *heart,* which always gives a truer signal; and especially if a mother's care and love has once filled that heart with fragrant religious memories, it will carry its latent riches of reverence for sacred things even when the outward life has been deformed and disfigured by sin. No doubt this little prayer instilled into the heart in innocent rosy childhood, has been in thousands of cases a "seed that remained" when mind and life had been corrupted and spoiled by the rude, unbelieving, and sinful ways of the world. The same feeling which caused the dying Lieutenant in a Hospital to exclaim, "God of my Mother, hear me!" will cause many a prodigal, who may otherwise cast off all restraints and habits of piety, to call to mind, as he lies down for the night, this beautiful prayer so often repeated after his mother's voice in earlier, purer and better days,

A mother's influence is proverbial. Out of the quiet inner circle of home life she moulds, and afterwards by her own spirit in them, still rules kings and princes, the great, the wise, the representative men of the world. Even king Lemuel will not forget, amid the

splendors of the throne, the words "that his mother taught him." Let philosophers go on with their teaching, the mother's influence shall not be far behind them. If her lessons do not even outreach their wisdom, they will surely mingle with them and sanctify them to their true end, and use. Let not the day of small things be dispised:

> "For little things,
> On little wings,
> Bear little souls to heaven!"

THE CONTENDING POWERS.

BY D. GANS.

Virtue is a plant of difficult growth. In this world it is surrounded by an unfavorable atmosphere and has to contend with many violent storms. Yet if it die, there is no circumstance that will palliate the misfortune, and if it live it will be a hardy plant, beautifying with its flowers a dreary and desolate world, and sustaining by its fruits many noble aspirations which would otherwise perish.

Virtue and vice contend for the mastery upon the same stage, but the circumstances are very different. The plaudits of the million greet and nerve the latter, while but a few voices, low and faint, reach the former. Vice is the spontaneous out-gushing of the human heart, natural and easy in all its acts, while virtue is a labored effort at every step, requiring for its continuance under an active form a clear mind and determined will. Vice, in its progress, has a clear field. The distinction between right and wrong has been obliterated; the principle of honor has been removed out of the way; the voice of conscience has been hushed, and the idea of accountability has been shoved so far into the future, that it is seldom found to obtrude as a real present obstacle. Virtue is affected and modified in its activity by all these forces. It is bound by law, while vice, like the rushing stream, sweeps before it every providential barrier and glories in the freedom of its own reckless nature. Vice is crowned in the very efforts it makes, while virtue, though it labor hard and incessantly, must yet wait long for its reward. Vice is attended by a present prosperity, which fans its unhallowed fires and quickens its unholy instincts. It is robed in purple. Large domains lie conquered at its feet. Princely retinues wait its bidding. Halls of revelry lie open to it. Merriment and song are heard in its palace. Even those, upon whose brows 'shame itself is ashamed to sit,' nevertheless themselves sit upon the highest thrones and share in the largest fortunes.

With virtue it is very different. It cannot do what vice can.

Honorable poverty it prefers to ill-gotten gain. It has no jubilant songs to ring out upon the multitude over the degradation of truth and the destruction of right. In the competition with vice, it has no present success whereby to prove its legitimacy and gain friends to its standard. Generally, its position is humble—its countenance is subdued, and not unfrequently may be seen upon it evident marks of inward grief and pain.

Why is it that virtue must thus fight its way, while the progress of vice is so easy? Why is it that virtue must wait so long for its reward, while vice is crowned immediately? Is it because there is no God upon the throne of the universe? Or is it because God favors vice, and is indifferent to the cause of virtue? No, neither of these is true, but the opposite of both is the fact. The reason we seek elsewhere. Virtue, like gold, to become fully purified, requires the fire; and like the victorious wrestler in the Olympic games, to have its powers fully matured, must be painfully exercised. Its nature is compacted by every defeat which it sustains. It is a trial to behold the present victories of vice, but it is a trial which adds new strength to virtue. It teaches patience and submission. To be compelled to be active without the stimulus of a present reward, is to cast it upon the principle of faith and make its activity pure and disinterested. Truth, and right, and honor are, in themselves, irrespective of reward, worthy of our sacrifices and most earnest efforts. God is not willing that we should hold this only in the way of theory, but requires that we actualize it also in the way of practice, by voluntarily choosing virtue, though it lead to trial and present pain, rather than vice though it be now ready to place its glittering crown upon our heads. This practical struggle of virtue matures its life; and when it shall have successfully endured the conflict and risen up out of the dark world of strife to the throne of light to receive its crown, it will fully justify the apparent contradictions which God has permitted to exist in the world. Virtue saved and matured in a comparatively few minds, will be worth more through the endless ages of eternity, than all the gain of vice which terminates forever with time.

But virtue is not left wholly to the withering power of discouragement. Though it may be able to point to no outward gladsome signs, it yet realizes much inward joy and satisfaction. In its defeat it bears in it the sense of victory. Because it is in the right, its effort to accomplish the right is pleasant. Its groans are sweeter music than the jubilant songs of vice, and the libations of its tears more cheering than the wine poured from a thousand cups. Virtue, though it can claim few victories over the world in the form of wealth, position and pleasure, carries in it nevertheless a real present reward. The rays that concentrate in it from the future create a present light which clearly reveals the darkness of vice by which it is surrounded. Its sense of purity and righteousness makes it strong in the midst of weakness, courageous in danger, contented in suffering and even hopeful when vice is revelling amid its grandest trophies. Virtue gives to the hut of poverty the

grandeur of a palace, and to rags more than the beauty of the royal robe. It gives a real pleasure to every sacrifice which is made in its cause and prepares even to meet death itself with a strength of purpose that excludes all fear and regret, whilst upon the pallid brow, cold and still, it weaves a crown more glorious and unfading than ever adorned the head of a king. In every agony it hears the voice, which it knows to be potent for all the world: "Be still, and know that I am God."

Here virtue receives its chief encouragement. In the dark vicissitudes—amid the confusion of conflicting elements—when clouds overhang the sky, and vice seems to sweep everything before it, virtue, however sad at heart, raises her head and distinctly sees God—the mighty king—the Supreme Ruler of the world.

Vain indeed are the mere resolves of the human mind against insidious and powerful temptations of vice. The boldest and the strongest have already been swept away like cobwebs by the storm king, or brush-wood by the raging torrent. True virtue is composed of better stuff than human policy, prudence or resolution. Love of the beautiful, love of the pure, and love of the good, for their own sakes, is the highest point to which, in its natural form, it has been enabled to rise; but even from this point, in the case of some of the noblest minds, it has been dragged to the deepest depths of vice and crime. Never did the flowers of the Grecian literature give such attractive grace to the principles of right and honor, as that they, by their own force, would constrain the homage of the heart. It is not the Beautiful, the Pure and the Good, as Ideals, that can nerve the will and charm the affections into obedience to the law of right for its own sake. Before these ideals can have sufficient power they must become incarnate in our being, and spread through us their beauty, purity and goodness And the law of right must be seen, not in its abstract form, because thus, at best it is cold and unattractive, but as taking to it flesh and blood—as rising up among us in human form—as uttering warm words—as breathing living counsels—as meekly contending with vice and as infallibly illustrating virtue—as seen, in a word, exhibited in the glorious Saviour, "God with us." Here is the right under a living form, which alone can charm into being and mature into power the inward love which springs from the Beautiful, the Pure and the Good which have entered us. With this love in us, and the law of right beaming from human features in Christ, and speaking from His every act, we will realize the enthusiasm of virtue, placing it beyond all price, and capable of withstanding all assaults.

This is the inward nature of virtue under its Christian form. In the enumeration of the seven graces, made by the Apostle, we learn that virtue is the second: "Add to your faith virtue." It implies faith, and faith implies a change of nature —the absence of vice, impurity and deformity, and the presence of the Beautiful, Pure and Good. Virtue implies this faith as its basis—the foundation on which it stands, and from which it beholds the absolute

right incarnate in the living Redeemer. Here is the spirit—here is the basis, and here is the model of all true virtue.

Will right ultimately succeed over wrong? From the bosom of true virtue, Faith answers, Yes. It faulters not, it doubts not. It knows that the Lord is God; it knows that He who made the world still governs it; and it knows that in the Redeemer absolute sovereignty was inaugurated in the life of the world, which will turn, and overturn until vice shall be sifted out and virtue triumphantly established.

Confusion may reign for a time. The contest between truth and error may be allowed to go forward for many ages; but in every effort moral nerve is being created, human wills are being more firmly organized, and society as a whole is being elevated to higher stages of perfection. God is working by means, maturing strength by means of the contention which He permits, and even by the victories, here and there, which He allows vice to achieve. The progress of virtue is none the less real for being silent, and the power effecting this progress is none the less divine for the use which it makes of human instrumentalities. God is sovereign of of the world; and God favors virtue; and virtue must ultimately triumph.

The virtue in which faith is enshrined yields not to fear. It allows no fluttering of the heart when dangers threaten. "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, and though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Amid the most violent rage of men, when those, whose virtue is not permeated by faith and thus fastened upon God, are trembling and crying out with fear, he in whose breast true virtue reigns, hears the voice of God, and is still.

He is not inactive, but calm in action. It is the very nature of virtue to be vigorous and energetic, but its vigor and energy are calm and noiseless. It is like the motion of the planets—the sweep of comets—the change of seasons—action, mighty, but silent. It is the silent lightning that kills, not the roaring thunder. Affective energy lies not in the tempest, the earthquake, or the fire, but in the still small voice. It lies in the calm spirit that sees every where, amid the war of elements, the majesty of God, and which in a meek and quiet way strives to carry out His will, with the unquestioning conviction that this will must ultimately triumph over all opposition.

This is the model of effective power for man. He who from His throne said, "Be still, and know that I am God," was the same as He who, amid the waves of Galilee, said, "Peace, be still." Follow Him where you may—to the retirement of the mountain, to the grave of His friend, to the hall of His foes; see Him amid the garden, behold Him on the cross, and everywhere, He is calm and serene, because His human nature reposes in the divine, which is omnipotent and cannot be moved. He doubts not, He fears not, He knows that, though He die, the powers of darkness must ulti-

mately succumb, and that truth and righteousness must rise and reign on earth. Christ crucified, rather, Christ risen in the Christian, is the life and power of true virtue. A person pervaded with these facts makes no great parade of empty words, as to what he would do were he assailed by temptation, or required to endure any special trial or affliction. In stillness he sets his heart against the first, and in unmurmuring resignation he welcomes the last. When arduous duty presents itself, he calmly goes and performs it, and confidently expects the blessing of God to attend it.

Hope, no less than faith, speaks from the bosom of true virtue. If faith is its foundation, hope is its animating spirit. You cannot separate these two. They are knit, like the hearts of David and Jonathan, into each other. As faith gives virtue a solid, present foundation, a spiritual, supernatural life—the will and the power to stand by that which is true and right, even at the sacrifice of all temporal interests, hope cheers this life by impressing upon it assurances that God is leading the way into the future. It is hope in connection with faith that gives quietude and calmness when the waves of iniquity and vice threaten to engulf all of truth, goodness and virtue that is left to us. Hope is the anchor; it steadies the soul; it fortifies the mind. Beyond the clouds which bound the present vision, it sees a clear sky, a cloudless sun, a glorious day. God is in advance of history, and through the principle of hope He speaks back to the soul when, through the confusion of conflicting elements it knows not where to look and says, "Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."

Virtue, grounded thus in faith and animated thus by hope, is more than the mere embodiment of human resolution connected with a cultivated love of the Beautiful, the Pure and the Good: it has, besides, something of divinity about it—a power to resist and do what nature under its highest forms could not resist and do; and then, realizing the conviction that the right, the pure and the good, whether in the race or the individual, must finally succeed, it can have no motive to yield, at any time, to any extent, or for any consideration, to their opposites. Error and vice, with all that may be found connected with them, must be destroyed. Their successes are but for a moment, and then they are overwhelmed in everlasting defeat. Life is but a span, and then eternity begins. To this brief space are the triumphs of vice confined. It cannot cross the boundary line to pollute the pure atmosphere of heaven. Virtue, though it suffer here, will be happy there; though it be clad in rags here, will be attired in glory there; yea, and even while suffering here, is more really triumphant than vice can be in its boldest and strongest hour. What inducement, therefore, can such virtue have to yield, at any point, to the blandishments of vice under any of its forms? It is better than life; for life may be a great curse, but virtue must be an endless blessing.

Virtue, based on faith and permeated by the Christian hope, is alone the virtue adapted to this world. It alone can see God amid

the terrible vicissitudes of history, leading the way to ultimate truth and purity ; it alone, therefore, is able to stand firmly amid the seeming contradictions of Providence, which made the feet of the Psalmist well nigh to slip, and which have caused many of mere natural virtue to give up confidence in truth and purity altogether, and to open the door wide for all the passions of a corrupt nature. Such virtue sees God and rests upon Him during the night and day—abroad and at home—in secret and in public, and knows that nothing can remain hidden. Faith in God, as He moves in history, and the hope of confidence that God will at last bring truth and purity to a glorious victory—these are the elements which make up the virtue which is invulnerable to the shafts of the world—say to Satan, on the mountain or in the wilderness, or beneath the shades of night, "Get thee hence Satan," and keep thy soul calm and patient amid the sorest trials.

Let this be the nature of our virtue. We need it now (1) in view of the civil confusion that surrounds us. Why should God permit this? Why should He allow rebellion to gain such vast proportions? Why should He allow error to gain such a preponderance over truth! Allow not the confusion to divert the mind from God. God is still in history. The night will finally pass, and the day will dawn, and in the light of it we shall see the divine purposes. In the mean time, while the foundations shake beneath us, let us listen to His voice. "Be still, and know that I am God." No truth shall be destroyed—the right will and must triumph. Right, truth—let these enter our virtue ; let us not, in view of any temptations, turn from them.

We need this virtue (2) in view of the dangers that beset the Church. Let us not fear for her safety amid her present fiery trials. To celebrate her safety was the special object in the composition of this Psalm. "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early . . . He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth ; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire Be still, and know that I am God." Therefore no weapon formed against Zion shall prosper. There is a virtue which when dangers threaten either Church or State, readily yields to the pressure, and becomes reckless. It is faithless and hopeless.

We need this true virtue, finally, in view of the dangers that beset our own souls. We shall be tried on every side. We live in a day of recklessness. Floods of iniquity are dashing over the world. To be true and faithful to ourselves—to our sense of right, require strong virtue. Let us be still, and gaze upon God. Let us hear and labor. Thus let us die.

Do the Right.—Of all the forms skepticism ever assumed, the most insidious, the most dangerous, and the most fatal, is that which suggests that it is unsafe to perform plain and simple duty for fear that disastrous consequences may result therefrom.

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY. No. 4.

ANSVERUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. LUEBKER OF PARCHIM.

BY L. H. S.

Where now the old city of Schleswig and the ancient and venerable Church of Haddeby are found, opposite each other, on the woody banks of the Schley, a bridge over the Schley formerly united the two places under the name of Haddeby or Heidebo. In the eleventh century of our era, one of the most celebrated men of the country, named Oswaldus, had enormous possessions at that place extending thence to Holstein. To this brave knight, who was attended by many freemen as followers, and his pious spouse Agnes, who was a model of a holy life rich in works and testimonies of faithful love, God gave, in the middle of the century, two boys in succession, the elder of whom entered early in life, under the stimulus of temporal honor and earthly fame, upon deeds of chivalry in the world, remained abroad many years and nothing being heard of him, his afflicted parents were obliged to give up all hope of seeing him again. On this account the younger, who was called *Ansverus*, was designated and selected, even in his fifteenth year, as the heir to the great possessions of his parents. But his soul aspired after spiritual possessions and that wisdom which is of heavenly origin, and therefore his associations with his paternal possessions did not satisfy him. Either through the advice of the Bishop of Schleswig, or the wonderful guidance of his own inclination, he came, in his solitary and inquisitive wanderings, to the monastery founded near Ratzeburg, about the time of his birth, by the pious Slavonian Prince Gottschalk, in honor of Saint George. On the road a dream had predicted, that he would wander thither and himself attain the position of superior of the same, and that he would serve God faithfully to the end of his life. His purpose was then matured to devote his life to such peaceful deeds and works as were pleasing to God. With cheerful spirit he knocked at the gate of the monastery. The Abbot opened it and granted his request. He became then a monk, after the order of St. Benedictus, and devoted himself to all the practices and teaching, which conduct to the road to everlasting life. Henceforward he devoted himself with zeal, as the rules of this order allow and favor, to the study of the sciences, not exclusively to earthly knowledge, but with equal care to that holy wisdom which is pleasing before God. An old monk was detailed to instruct him, in obedience, humility, and abstinence. His zeal in all was so great that he excited surprise

with the well-meaning brothers, and ridicule with the proud, as is even yet the nature of sin and the way of the world. The friendliness of his nature, the purity of his soul, his unceasing desire after learning, involuntarily attached the better class of monks to him. He bore the cruel and unjust accusations of some of the brothers with humble calmness, but at the same time with the most happy results, since his irreproachable character was acknowledged He attached himself with special intimacy to a brother of the cloister, called Oswaldus, which may be accounted for by the circumstance that he bore the same name as his loved father. This monk, moreover, entertained also great and hearty love for him and saw him in spirit set apart for great things, as the frequent visions, which he had with reference to him showed. Indeed, the attention of all the brothers was directed to him in such a degree, that, when he was accustomed to seek a solitary place for prayer and private meditation, they attributed to him secret communications with the angels. In time with nearly all, hatred and aversion were converted into love and admiration. To this end they related many wonderful stories, which originated in consequence of this and have been widely circulated. When the Abbot of the Monastery died, the monks unanimously selected Ansverus as their Superior. Then there was shown in the life of this man, that all tribulation, which is temporal and light, dare not be considered in comparison with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Ansverus lead his monks, convinced in heart and conscience, with justice and mildness, through precept and example, to a life in faith, love and patience, so that his contemporaries said of him : "He followed in faith Abraham, in hope good old Simeon, and in love the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, who has mercy on sinners, awaits their repentance and wills not the death of the sinner, but rather that he may live."

But the other half of the prophecy, communicated to Ansverus, that he would faithfully serve God until death, was also gloriously fulfilled. The Sclavonians still sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, their hearts were hardened and the seed fell on stony places. Even in Gottschalk's soul wonderful changes had taken place before the truth obtained the victory and governed him. His father Udo, who reigned as Prince of the Obotriten from 1025 to 1041, was at heart inclined to Christianity, but kept quiet through fear of the Saxon Duke Bernhard and had his son baptized and brought up as a Christian in the monastery of St. Michael at Lünaburg. When Gottschalk learned that his father Udo had been slain by the hand of a Christian, he fled from the Monastery, forswore his Christian faith and persecuted the Christians in such a manner that he broke into Holstein with a marauding band which he had collected together. But he fell into captivity under Bernhard, repented of his misdeeds and again obtained his liberty. After this he acquired great reputation in the long wars of Canute the great against the Norwegians and the English, and married a Christian relative of the same. He returned then to his fatherland, which had become free through the death of the despot, and so en-

larged his domain that he was acknowledged as king of the Obotriten, Vagrians and Polaben.

Notwithstanding the great zeal for the Christian Church and its Institutions, which he exhibited from this time, still it happened that the distant Ratzeburg, without his being able to prevent it, fell into the possession of the Saxon Duke Ordulf. Then a rebellion broke out among the heathen Obotriten, which a second time nearly annihilated Christianity in these regions. Terrible outrages were committed and Gottschalk himself was surprised at divine service, in the church at Lenzen on the Elbe, and slain. July 15, 1066 a swarm of heathen Sclavonians, with unprecedented fury, fell upon the Monastery of St. George, and "like wild lions full of cruelty tore the sainted Ansverus with his twenty-eight brothers of the Monastery from the same and *dragged* them to Riesberg two thousand paces distant" (this, however, is not clearly proven) in order that they should there be stoned to death.

Ansverus went to meet his destiny with the courage of firm faith. In order to make sure that no one, through the terrors of an impending death full of torture, should be induced to recant, he requested that he might die last of all, which was granted him in the false hope that he would still alter his views. Their invincible firmness only inflamed their enemies to a redoubled rage; they crushed twenty-six monks with stones in one assault. But this even awoke new fruits of faith. Wonderful phenomena accompanied this heroic deed of faith. A wife said to her husband: "Seest thou not the dazzling brightness of God and the angels, who conduct the souls of the sainted martyrs to eternal joy? With this sainted company we will abide, and it is useless for us to separate from them, on which account we will openly acknowledge that Christ is the Son of God in whom we believe, and we will declare that we are Christians." The man, who had not the same measure of joyous faith, answered: "But we have still many little children at home, who are under our charge." The wife undismayed added: "The heavenly Father is a Protector and Helper of the orphans, whom He has created, and we will undergo this death to the praise of His name and in His honor; but He will take care of them and will be their truest Guardian and Protector." Both with firmness underwent a martyr's death.

But when also the last two monks of the Ratzeburg Monastery had fallen, Ansverus returned thanks to the Lord for the fidelity of these men and recalled to his mind in fervent prayer the example of St. Stephen, whose death should strengthen him to a steady imitation. All the corpses were now gathered together and buried in the neighborhood where they had been stoned, but Ansverus was buried in a hewn stone vault of the Monastery which he had occupied. And a miraculous blessing even rested on his grave. About two hundred years later a blind man accidentally coming to this vault and praying there to God—his sight was restored him. When this miracle was made known to Evermodus, Bishop of Ratzeburg, he had the corpse of Ansverus disinterred, and carried

in great honor to the Cathedral Church of Ratzeburg. At this time, about 1330 or somewhat later, the martyr Ansverus was canonized as a Saint by the Church. Thenceforward, the fifteenth, and afterwards the eighteenth day of July, was dedicated to his memory and was a general holyday. He was a saint much respected and celebrated throughout that whole country; even after the commencement of the Reformation his festival was celebrated. According to the Church order of Lauenburgh, a Te Deum was sung on the Sunday after the festival in honor of his memory and, with prayer and thanksgiving, mention was made of him in the service. Of the memorials dedicated to him, there are still preserved a stone cross, which stands at the side of the foot-way from Ratzeburg to Buchholz, and a memorial tablet on the north side of the choir, in the side aisle, of the Cathedral.

The Foundation, established in 1154 by the Duke Henry and Bishop Evermodus appointed to the Episcopate of Ratzeburg, stands in no direct connection with the Monastery of St. George, but simply in an indirect and spiritual relation. That Monastery was plainly an advanced missionary station, a temporary preparation for a proportionate activity, which should succeed in still greater measure and which, after even this experiment was wrecked in the bloody persecution of the heathen, did in fact succeed. Of the contemporary existence of the Episcopate and the Monastery not a trace is to be found anywhere.

STATISTICS OF THE GLOBE.

The following curious facts are stated on high authority. The earth is inhabited by 1,288,000,000 of inhabitants, namely, 360,000,000 of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 of the Mongolian race; 190,000,000 of the Ethiopian; 1,000,000 of the American Indian; and 200,000,000 of the Malay races. All these respectively speak 3,064 languages, and profess 1,000 different religions. The number of deaths per annum is 333,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute, or 1 per second; so that at every pulsation of our heart a human being dies. This loss is compensated by an equal number of births. The average duration of life throughout the globe is 33 years. One-fourth of its population dies before the seventh year, and one-half before the seventeenth. Out of 100,000 persons, only one reaches his hundredth year; only one in 500 his eightieth, and only one in 100 his sixty-fifth. Married people live longer than unmarried ones; and a tall man is likely to live longer than a short one. Until the fiftieth year, women have a better chance of life than men, but beyond that period the chances are equal. Sixty-five persons out of 100 marry. The months of June and December are those in which marriages are most frequent. Children born in spring are generally stronger than those

born in other seasons. Births and deaths chiefly occur at night. The number of men able to bear arms is but one-eighth of the population. The nature of the profession exercises a great influence on longevity. Thus, out of 100 of each of the following professions, the number of those who attain their seventieth year is: among clergymen, 42; agriculturists, 40; traders and manufacturers, 33; soldiers, 32; clerks 32; lawyers, 29; artists, 28; professors, 27; and physicians, 24; so that those who study the art of prolonging the lives of others are most likely to die early, probably on account of the effluvia to which they are constantly exposed.

There are in the world 335,000,000 Christians, 5,000,000 Jews, 600,000,000 professing some of the Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 Mohammedans, and 200,000,000, Pagans. Of the Christians 170,000,000 profess the Catholic, 76,000,000 the Greek, and 80,000,000 the Protestant creeds.

The round number of 5,000,000 Jews is certainty a rough guess, a little too low of the actual number, as Russia and Germany alone (including Prussia and Austria) count 2,000,000 of Hebrews among the 130,000,000 of total population. Italy, Greece, the Ionian Islands, Portugal, France, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries and England can not have less than a million of Hebrews. Europe (Turkey excluded) has no less than 3,000,000 of these people. Turkey it is admitted counts 1,500,000 Hebrews. Therefore according to the above estimate, the other parts of the globe have only 500,000 Jews. This, however, is far from the truth, as the two American continents alone have nearly that number of Hebrews. Besides, there are large congregations everywhere in North Africa and South Asia, to say nothing of Central Africa, Central Asia, China and the colonies in all parts of the world; and probably 8,000,000 would come nearer the true number of known Jews.

HUMILITY AND HOLINESS.—Humility and purity crown the heart of man, as stars the brow of night. To be humble and pure is to be great. Who can contemplate in imagination's greatest flight the wonders of deep, illimitable, sun-girt space, as it "stretches on ungrasped forever," and not bow down in the dust before him who presides over creations so vast and sublime? Who can look around upon the delicate, the sweet and the lovely, without aspirations for purity and holiness? The liberties of our people; our happy homes and firesides; our endeared social relations; the triumphs of such occasions as this; yea, the edifice in which we stand holding in its sunward base the oracles of the living God, placed there by the great and good, rise up with solemn and resistless eloquence to plead for the principles underlying the highest interests and glory of man.

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THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D , whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

From and after January the 1st, 1863, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **M. Kieffer & Co.,** Chambersburg, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The new Publishers propose a general renewal of its mechanical and typographical appearance. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the new volume appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality in the new Volume; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

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M. KIEFFER & CO., Publishers, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

Geo. S. Ball

LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

OCTOBER, 1863.

M. KIEFFER & CO.,
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"THAT GOOD PART."

BY P. SEIBERT DAVIS.

In the village of Bethany, about fifteen furlongs from Jerusalem, there lived in the time of our Saviour three persons, whose names have a prominent place in the Scriptures on account of their intimate association with the Son of God. These persons were Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus. It is probable that Martha was a widow, with whom Mary and Lazarus lived. She is at least represented as the proprietress of the house, and the head of the family.

We have reason to suppose that the members of this family were in good circumstances. They had a vault—a portion of land held in fee for interment. Mary was able to command the precious ointment she poured out on the feet of Jesus. At their home they extended great hospitality, and the dear Redeemer was among those who enjoyed it. Upon one occasion Martha, as was her custom, received Him into her house. That He met with a hearty welcome there, is evident from the stir the one sister made to have Him hospitably entertained, and the eager gladness with which the other heard every word that fell from His lips. Mary, we are told, sat at Jesus feet and heard His word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving; and came to Him and said, Lord dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me! "And Jesus answered her and said: Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

We have here two persons, whose natural temperaments and dispositions may have had much to do with the characters given to

to them—the one of an active busy nature, the other of a quiet contemplative turn of mind, and yet our Lord, in rebuking the one and commending the other, teaches a lesson that is intended to speak to all, through all time. The general truth here set forth, is, that our Holy Religion is the only absolutely necessary and lasting treasure for man; and that even the apparently good things of this world should not prevent us from securing it.

In order to appreciate this, it will be well to look at the peculiar circumstances under which our Divine Redeemer uttered these words. In doing so, we will find that many of the excuses by which Christians seek to justify their worldliness now-a-days, are set aside in the rebuke administered to Martha. It will be found, that to all human appearances, there was much to palliate her action, and if, under the circumstances, the Lord could advise her to give more diligent heed to heavenly things, then no doubt we should be impressed with the superior importance of the one thing needful, and renew our endeavors to secure that good part which cannot be taken away from us.

It will be observed in the first place, that what was here rebuked in Martha was not any open wickedness. Her worldliness was not of a gross sensual kind. She was no Herodias, her heart set upon the sinful pleasures of the world, their gaiety and useless wanton show, their excitements making her despise the severer yet higher pleasures of religion. She was not like Sapphira, so intent upon worldly possessions as to lie unto the Holy Ghost. She was not like any person, the governing aim of whose life is to add house to house, and field to field! She was not like any of those whose life was spent with the apparently harmless and yet superfluous and giddy things of time and sense. No! on the contrary the things in which she was engaged were such as are lawful in themselves, and good, and necessary when kept in their proper place. Her sin was committed in performing the ordinary duties of her household. These things must be attended to, and in this case she was the proper person to attend to them. The Lord does not condemn these things as intrinsically bad. It is elsewhere taught that they are not to be neglected, and yet we are told that they so occupied Martha's mind as to exclude the higher things of the kingdom. She was not only attentive to them, but careful, i. e., full of care, anxious and troubled about them. "What shall we eat and what shall we drink?" are the questions that occupied her mind and called forth this reprimand.

It will be observed farther, that Martha was one given to hospitality, and that the entertainment proposed was not a banquet that would end in a debauch, but a simple repast, set through gratitude to Him, who although rich for our sakes became so poor as to be dependent upon charity for His daily bread. Martha was sure that what she was doing was right. She was willing to call Jesus 'Lord,' thereby acknowledging His right to dispose of her time, and she confidently appealed to Him who was infallible, to know if her sister also should not be engaged in the same thing.

"Lord," she says, "dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" and anticipating a favorable answer, she adds, "Bid her, therefore, that she help me." But the Saviour, instead of agreeing that Mary should be like her, engaged in worldly things, tells her that she should be occupied like Mary with those that are divine. "Martha, Martha," he says, "thou art careful and troubled about many things, but Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

The difference between the choice of the two sisters plainly was, that of worldliness on the part of one, and communion with the Saviour on the part of the other. While Martha busied and worried herself in the preparation of the repast for the Saviour, Mary came to Him as Himself that living bread which came down from heaven. Without doubt Martha loved her Saviour, but she did not seem to realize the fact, that the son of man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, i. e., that the advantages of His advent were to accrue from Him to man rather than from man to Him. She did not realize that His religion was the pearl of great price, for which even the goodly pearls of earth that had previously been sought after must be sold. She did not know that, compared with the blessings he designed to give, the best things of this world were nothing worth, that *eternal life* was the only thing absolutely needful for man, and that it was her duty to renounce all that she might win Christ.

But Mary, on the other hand, appears to have apprehended more fully the "good and perfect gift of God," that it became her to "seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" that this kingdom consisted not in "meat and drink, but in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." For the higher joys of Christ's kingdom—the blessings which He, as the Messias had brought into the world in His person, she was willing to forego every thing, knowing that He was "fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely," and that if she could find herself in God, the highest and most permanent good would be hers. And this choice the Saviour commended. "She hath chosen that good part," i. e., that which alone is the absolutely true and good. O to find ourselves in God and God in us through Christ—*that* is all that we really need. Many things that we are apt to think of as essential to our well-being have been denied to men, and yet their highest interests have been secured. Many of God's people "of whom the world was not worthy," have not had the common comforts of life, "they have wandered in deserts and in mountains and in caves of the earth, in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." Yet the essential element of life mediated to our humanity by the Incarnate One has been unimpaired—nay all that constitutes the true man has risen from these afflictions, as from an alembic And we may, therefore, conclude that nothing is absolutely essential for us, but vital union with Christ. Our Saviour may well then term this emphatically, "that good part" that shall not be taken away from us. For while the meats for the body, perish with the

body, the union with Christ can never be dissolved, since that union implies that a man will be nourished up to eternal life.

The commendation of Mary was intended as advice to Martha. Not only was she to cease her anxiety about many things, but she was to seek more fully the one thing needful. And the effect of this advice was not lost upon her. We find in her subsequent history, that she was equally disposed to find a place at the Saviour's feet. When that dreadful affliction—the death of Lazarus—had taken place, and it was announced that Jesus was near, she left her company and her work and hastened to meet Him. And indeed some have supposed that, in this latter instance, her zeal to be with her Lord even excelled that of Mary. But the fact that Mary was not equally swift to fly to the friend of friends was, as we are told, because she knew not that He had come. Her more silent disposition may have led her to that retirement, which rendered her less apt to hear of His approach, while Martha's more active employment required her to be more in the way of getting the blessed information first. Both of them hastened to Jesus upon the first intimation that He had blessed their home with His presence. And then He made the resurrection of their brother attest that all power was given unto Him, and that with that power at work in their behalf, that better part that they had chosen could never be taken away from them.

But has this subject no lesson for us? Surely we are here taught, that we may run into worldliness even when pursuing those lawful avocations that are not sinful but good in themselves.

It is remarkable that she, who seemed upon another occasion to be extravagant in anointing the Saviour's feet with precious ointment, was the same one who sat at His feet and heard His words, while she who was busied with what are regarded as the necessary duties of life had the spirit of a worldling—that she who brought the rich and the beautiful into the service of God was not making great waste, but received the commendation of the Saviour, while she whose heart was engrossed with what the world would call practical things came under the censure of the Holy One. And indeed it is on the plea of necessity and duty, that men are most apt to excuse themselves from God's service, but just here the fault lay in the case before us, and just here it often rests. When men have this subject brought home to them, they say they are not engaged in that which is bad, but good and proper. So far as actions go, they may even appeal to God for an approval. Their business may appear to them to be honorable, and they may seem to prosecute it with a view to good. And it is not taught here or any where else, that these things are opposed to religion. On the contrary, all of our duties here are to be taken up and sanctified by religon, and thus made a part of religion. But it is meant and taught, that we may become so absorbed in our worldly avocations as to make them an end, instead of a means to an end, and thus come under the condemnation here pronounced against Martha.

What was her anxiety? To feed a weary and hungry Saviour,

and yet in her care for this matter she was kept from learning the higher truths He came to teach. And how many Martha's are there now, whose household duties keep them from the sanctuary and their closets, where, as at the feet of Jesus, they might and ought to learn those things necessary to make them wise unto salvation? Let such remember that while, they are to discharge every obligation of life, there yet may be enough in the preparation of a single meal to keep them from the Saviour. No matter for whom it is intended. If Christ Himself thought the hope of ministering to His bodily wants insufficient to justify a neglect of higher communion with Him, then the plea of etiquette or hospitality or obligation is not admissible in any case. The servant is not greater than his Lord, and no one has a right to ask, nor have we a right to do, that which conflicts with the great interest the Son of God came to secure. And this is the great test we are to apply. Do the affairs of this life by their outward requirements, or by their inward care and anxiety, interrupt or embarrass our life with God? If they really do not, then more or less latitude may be allowed in the various circumstances of life, but if they do, then every thing must be sacrificed that Christ may be all.

And this remark holds good in regard to any work or business. A man may in his very efforts to obey God, in being "not slothful in business," fall unconsciously as it were into that worldliness of spirit, which will make him neglect the one thing needful. Men often say they are not *engrossed* in the affairs of the world—that they are not unduly anxious about them. And these things may not trouble them as long as they can give them their undivided attention, and thus have a sort of human assurance, that all things are going on well. But let some circumstance, and especially a religious duty call them away from their business, or keep them longer than they had expected, do they not grow impatient under it? Is there not a restless anxiety shown in regard to it? Yea, do they not seem like Martha to complain, that there is no proper appreciation of their circumstances? If now on the other hand some combination of circumstances, or press of business, conflicts with a known religious duty to which they have been accustomed to attend, are not their hearts and minds easily satisfied? Does not the plea of necessity come up as a sufficient salve to conscience? Which then has the highest place in the affections? Which occupies the most time and attention, and anxious thought? These are tests that are hardly ever applied, and yet they are just such tests as should be applied.

Indeed we do not know ourselves on these points. It is not easy for us always to judge whether God or the world has the highest, uppermost place in our hearts. If when we are commanded to entertain strangers, knowing that some have thus entertained angels unawares, we yet find that she who honestly endeavored to entertain the Saviour himself, fell into sin, let us not think ourselves free from a possible condemnation in our best acts. Like Martha we may confidently appeal to Heaven for a justification of

our worldly activities, and yet find that our actions are of the earth rather,—that the anxieties that consume us, are rendering us insensible to the one thing needful. That good part that cannot be taken away from us, does not consist in the cumbering cares of this life, but in union and communion with our Lord Jesus Christ. And that union and communion may be attained by any one. "If any man love me," says the Saviour, "he will keep my words, and my father will love him and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me."

Do these words of our Divine Redeemer mean any thing?

"SUFFER AND BE STRONG."

Through all the cloud-hung corridors
  And heaven-domed halls of Time,
Now many a voice comes floating down
  Whose teachings are sublime—
From those whose monarch minds have awed,
  Whose prophet tones have thrilled,
Whose mission to redeem and bless
  Through ages was fulfilled.
And far above the ages' din,
  And prouder than the song
Of conquering legions, come their words,
  Of "suffer and be strong."

In hermit cell and dungeon home
  Sang prophet, bard, and sage.
And God's inspired ones paused awhile
  Above their burning page;
And with a strength to sweep adown
  The vale of coming years,
To rise in triumph o'er the tide
  Of human griefs and fears;
To smile upon a world of hate,
  Of calumny, and wrong,
The secret of their might confessed,
  Is "suffer and be strong."

Nor from the misty past alone,
  Through visions far and dim,
From hero lips of storied brave,
  Come floating down the hymn;
But o'er the earth, where'er a pulse,
  Of human life is stirred,
Still floating out above the din,
  A victor song is heard.
And sometimes saintly sweet and clear,
  And sometimes proud and long,
We catch its glorious burden still,
  Of "suffer and be strong."

And white lips over aching hearts
  Are sadly pressed to-day,
As with bowed form man turns aside
  To hide his woes away;
And woman strives her griefs to vail,
  And shut her sobbings in,
And turns her woman's heritage
  Of suffering to win—
Then wreathed in smiles of patient trust,
  They open to the song
That they so long and well have learned,
  Of "suffer and be strong."

And youthful feet press bleeding o'er
  The thorny path of life;
And some, alas! temptation led,
  Have fallen in the strife;
But though they rose to firmer tread,
  And strove with bitter tears
To wash each early stain away,
  Yet through these darken'd years
The harsh, misjudging world still heaps
  Its coldness, doubt and wrong;
But angels hold the crown for those
  Who suffer to be strong.

THE BOY AND HIS PIECE OF MONEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOUWALD BY THE EDITOR.

A poor old blind man sat at the corner of a street, and whenever he heard the sound of passing footsteps he raised his imploring voice. He was dependent on the gifts of charity he thus collected, for his daily bread. Every sympathizing passer-by gave him something, or if he had nothing to give, addressed to him at least the comforting words: "God be with you!"

The good man then always prayed for those who aided him. A boy, who passed him on his way to a neighboring village whither he was going to visit an aunt, and celebrate a festal holiday, halted before the blind man and contemplated him with much sympathy.

"The poor man," he thought within himself, "is not able to behold the field and meadows, and God's beautiful sun; before him all is dark as it is to me in the darkest night; he cannot labor, and would have to die of hunger if people did not assist him. How unfortunate am I, that I have nothing to give him! When I am grown up, and am rich enough to do it, I will give an alms to every poor man I meet." Thus thought the boy as he was tenderly viewing the poor blind man before him.

"God bless you, good man!" he exclaimed at length, as he was about to pass on. The blind man recognized his voice as that of a child, and said: "Thank you heartily, my child; God bless you also, and let you live to become a good and an honest man!"

This beautiful wish of the unfortunate man affected the boy deep-

ly, and a tear stood in his eye. "O how very, very unfortunate I am in having nothing to give him," said he as he slowly resumed his journey.

Gradually the impression thus made upon him faded from his heart, and he found pleasure in contemplating the beautiful country through which he passed, in hearing the birds sing, plucking flowers, and looking at those whom he passed on the road. Thus diverted in his way, he had already nearly reached the village whither he was going. He already heard the music and the festal rejoicings of the children, when looking down he discovered a coin, half covered with dust, lying before him in the road. Quickly he stooped and picked it up. It was a sixer, a small German coin of the value of three farthings. His heart beat with joy over his excellent luck, and his first thoughts were of the poor blind man. "If I should run hastily back, and give him this sixer!" He turned round. If he were to hasten, it would take him only a quarter of an hour. How soon this could be accomplished! And then we must not count time when a good act is to be done.

Then he hesitated a moment, bethought himself that for this coin he could purchase something for himself at the festival, and that it would be unpleasant to pass between two rows of beautiful things spread out on tables for sale, and have no money to buy anything. It is a poor play when one has an empty purse. But for the poor man, who perhaps has nothing to-day for dinner, a sixer would be sufficient to buy bread to satisfy all his needs. "And I," he continued thoughtfully, "will have a good report with my aunt, and get cakes as many as I wish. Back with you then, and give the poor blind man the sixer; especially as I had no reason to expect that it would fall into my hands." "Still!"—again he stood hesitating. For a long time he had not been in possession of a sixer.

Whilst he was thus in a strait between showing a favor to the poor man and indulging his own expected pleasure, he saw a multitude of shouting children of his own age coming toward him, who were following a man who was bearing on his shoulder two puppets, Master Kasperle and little Madam Susan. He at once joined himself to this delighted swarm, and with the rest followed after Master Kasperle and little Madam Susan. The man soon reached his little theatre in the market place of the village; and in order to draw on the people began to exhibit his wonderful puppets. This was only the beginning of the interesting things which were to be seen!

When a sufficient number had gathered around him, he announced a yet far more beautiful exhibition. For a sixer they could see by means of a magic lantern a multitude of excellent sights, kings and other great personages, all the principal cities of the world; sun, moon, and stars also could be seen as though they were quite near! The most beautiful things could be seen! Crowds gathered around him. The boy stood undecided at the entrance, turning his sixer round and round in his pocket.

Every one obeyed the call of the man. In order still better to

operate on the vanity of any that hesitated, he always ended his exhortations, exclaiming as loud as he could. "Yes, certainly, my beloved friends, whoever denies himself the enjoyment of beholding such extraordinary sights, must have not a single sixer in his pocket!"

By mere chance he cast a glance at our boy: and he, thinking that the man's words were specially directed to him, took out his sixer, and entered like the rest. The exhibition lasted not a quarter of an hour; and the boy went out just as rich as he was before he had found the sixer!

His remembrance of the blind man, which continued to employ his thoughts, very much dampened the transient pleasure he had enjoyed. Very much humbled and subdued he came to his aunt.

In order to quiet his conscience, he sought to persuade himself that his aunt would certainly give him a little money, which he would not spend, but give to the poor man as he returned in the evening. But matters did not turn out as he had expected. His aunt, it is true, received him kindly—much more so than he felt he deserved—and entertainted him with more tarts, fruit, and sweetmeats than the poor man had dry bread to eat that day; but no money did she give him. She thought it was quite enough when she yet bought him a set of ninepins and a trumpet. With these playthings she sent him back again, and told him not to detain himself on the way.

At first he was much cast down. He reproached himself severely with his hard-heartedness; yet in the midst of these reflections, he nevertheless took his trumpet, and blew it with all his might. But when he came near the place where the blind man was, he began to blow more softly, and at length ceased entirely. He purposely passed by on the other side of the way, as if he were afraid of being discovered!

The poor blind man, who had a very acute ear, did not permit him to pass without repeating the petition which he was accustomed to present to every one that passed: "Have pity on a poor blind man, who has to depend entirely on the charities of good people!" These words cut into the very heart of the boy; and he did not venture, as in the morning, to answer: "God bless you, good man!" He crept silently past, as much displeased with himself as if he had stolen the sixer from this poor unfortunate man.

This disatisfaction with himself he experienced every time he passed that way, whether the blind man was there or not; and he continued to reprove himself for his ungracious act till he had the fortune of being able to give the blind man a sixer, which he had saved for that purpose farthing by farthing.

"Ah, God be praised!" he exclaimed in the joy of his heart—"God be praised! Now I can again pass this way without sadness and shame, and call to the blind man: 'God bless you, good man!'"

THE CHILD'S LITTLE EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

V.

A PLEASANT REMINISCENCE OF THIS LITTLE PRAYER.

An intelligent Christian lady, who has for years cherished the memory of her only son, who at an early age, was taken to heaven, furnishes us a little chapter out of her own past-history.

"There is one little incident connected with this little Prayer," she writes, "that will never be forgotton till memory is lost to me. When my little FRANK was about four years old, we one day sat down to dinner alone, his father having been absent.

Says Frankie: 'Now father is away, who will ask the blessing?'

I said, 'Cannot you take his place, and ask it?'

He immediately closed his eyes, folded his hands, and began:

'Now I lay me down to sleep!'

When I saw the food before us, and thought of the words, the incongruity provoked a smile; but now, since he has gone to the better land, as I think of the clasped hand, and his devout attitude, the tears dim my eyes. There is, where he is, no need of the blessing; for he has gone to that place where they hunger and thirst no more; neither is the little Prayer needed at night, for there is no night there. Whenever I think of that incident, and the little Prayer, I seem still to hear that little soft lisping voice, and see the loved face, subdued and reverent with the peace of God resting on it."

VI.

THE LAST EVENING PRAYER.

A beautiful little incident is on record of a little girl who was taken sick, and confined to the bed which proved her death-bed. When she neared her end, and the shades of death began to settle down around her, she imagined that night was approaching, and that she was just retiring to her nightly rest. She began to repeat her accustomed prayer, thus:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to ta-a.

Her voice growing feebler, died away with the close of her little

Prayer; and before quite finishing the last word, she passed into the presence of Him, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Are such flowers destroyed, or are they only transplanted?

VII.

THE SACRED MEMORIES OF THIS LITTLE PRAYER.

Some unknown writer is the auther of the beautiful words we here quote. The spirit in which he writes, shows how deeply the spirit and the associations of this little prayer had been imbedded in his heart.

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Who are you, man or woman, for whom this prayer has not old, sweet associations; who, hearing its words, hear not, too, the "memory bells" ringing up from the golden plains of our childhood, and feel not the soft gales from the morning land of your life sweeping over your soul?

You may be a man now, in the pride and strength of your years; you may have carved out for yourself an honorable name and destiny in this world—mayhap you are the owner of broad lands and proud homes, and your heart has grown hard in its battle with the world.

But stop a moment, and listen to this little verse—so simple that the merest babe who learns to lisp the words can comprehend them, and so grand in its sublime significance and faith, that the wisest shall only have learned fully the true lessons of life when the soul utters them as it did in its infancy.

Let us see! how many years ago was it? twenty, thirty; no matter, at the old sound of "Now I lay me," they have rolled their massive doors, and you go down through them to the old red one story house, where your life first took its morning. You see the little window on the right side, close under the rafters; ah! you slept a sounder slumber, and dreamed sweeter dreams in that old garret than you ever did in your lofty chambers, with the gilded ceiling and snowy draperies; and what matter if your bed was a straw one, and your coverlet made of red and yellow "patches" of calico, you never snuggled down so contentedly under your spring mattrasses and Marseilles counterpanes.

"Now I lay me," how softly sleep would come and weigh down your eyelids, as you repeated the words after her; ah! you may hear her very tones now stealing across your heart, though it is so many years since death silenced them; you feel the soft touch of her head on your pillow, and the tender lingering of her kiss upon your lips—you break down here, proud man as you are—this memory of your mother is more than you can bear. If she had only lived, you would not have been what you are now; but, thanks be to God, she left you something holy and beyond all meaning;

something that cannot grow old and dim, not even in the "unspeakable brightness" beyond the shining gates—the memory of a loving, praying, Christian mother.

Reader, it may be many years since you repeated this prayer, or, alas! it may be that in the din and struggle of life you may have forgotten to pray at all, and that, night after night, you have lain down on your pillow, never thinking of the shining ranks of angels that God's mercy stationed around, or thank him for the day or for the night.

But come back, we beseech you, to the old prayer of your childhood. You cannot have outgrown that—no matter if your hair is frosted with the snow of life's December, and if your years are three-score and ten. Kneel down by your bedside, and uttering these words, see if something of the old peace and faith of your childhood does not come back to you; if something of its dew and blessing fall not upon your slumber.

And remember that, sooner or later, you must "lie down to sleep," when this prayer will be all your soul can take—all that will avail of your rank, or wealth, or fame, whatsoever you most prize in this world, which is but the shadow of eternity. Ah! we shall soon pass the

"Green threshold of our common graves;"

but the little prayer, the first, may be, that we took upon our childish lips, shall follow us as we sail out under the solemn arches of the "River of Death"—follow us as a sweet, faint, tender air, from the shores, and when we shall cast anchor—

"The Lord our soul shall take."

Design of the Gospel.—Were the change which the Gospel proposes to effect less fundamental and extensive than it is, we might the more easily flatter ourselves with being able to carry its designs into execution. Did it aim merely to polish the exterior, to tame the wildness and prune the luxuriance of nature, without the implantation of a new principle, the undertaking would be less arduous. But its scope is much higher. It proposes not merely to reform, but to renew; not so much to repair the moral edifice, as to build it afresh—not remonstrances of reason and the dictates of prudence to engage men to lay a restraint upon their vices, but by the inspiration of truth to become new creatures. The effects of the Gospel on the heart, are compared by the prophet to the planting of a wilderness, where what was barrenness and desolation is replenished with new productions.—*Hall.*

As it is man's destiny to be ruled by woman, he should, for his own sake, render her as fit for the task as possible.

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY. No. 5.

FRANCIS OF ASSISSI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EHRENFEUCHTER OF GOETTINGEN.

BY L. H. S.

It may appear dangerous to present the name of Francis of Assissi in the series of Life-pictures which is now furnished the readers of an Evangelical Magazine, since he lived and labored at a period, when the pure Gospel was deeply obscured and the Church of God had been disfigured by doctrines and inventions of human origin. Still it was also a period, when that feeling prevailed in the hearts of the most pious, which called for efforts to reform the Church from its corruptions to its original, pure form. These deeply felt efforts lead, it is true, to separations, but also, with those who held to the existing basis of the Church, there was a conscious effort, full of earnest zeal, for the renovation of its spiritual life. It was felt that the heart, the centre of life, must be made alive by the powers of the primitive Gospel, if the Church were not to be consumed through the splendor of its own magnificence. This striving after a renewing of the Christian life was very common, especially in the monastic orders. The regulations of the monastic life were to that end designed, that they might reproduce the apostolic communion—the first and purest form of the Christian congregation—and to represent it in certain circles. Hence it always appears as a natural reaction of the spirit reigning in and over the Church, that, in times, when the eternal might and glory of the Church were lifted up victorious, a fresh desire after the contemplative and renunciative life of the Cloister should appear, with which Christianity might not entirely forget her primitive characteristics of humility and simplicity.

It is admitted, that at no other period was the Church so exalted in the glorious fullness of power as in the days of the great Pope Innocence III. It seemed as though the kingdom of God itself was at hand in full and actual manifestation. Naturally just then new forms of Monasticism made their appearance. The twelfth century was indeed specially full of efforts to revive again the old monastic rules (which in the course of time had lost much of their old stringency,) unabridged and indeed rendered still more severe. Up to this time the old idea prevailed everywhere, that the Cloister was the retreat of those, who wished to desert the world and to devote themselves, within its quiet walls, to prayer, meditation and labor. But now a new thought manifested itself. On the one side there was indeed opposed the prevailing splendor of the Church,

but on the other side there had been acquired something of a desire towards the extension to, and operation of the same on, the masses. This new monastic culture would not shut itself up in the solitary cells of a Cloister; it desired to come more nearly to the primitive form of Christianity; it would not only imitate the life of the Apostolic brotherhood, but the life of the disciples themselves in its first communion with their Master—Christ. The eye and heart were directed to Christ; as He mixed with the people, as He sent forth His disciples, supplied with nothing else then the might of His name; the new brothers wished thus to go among the people, to move from place to place, to penetrate the masses and win them to Christ.

It is this thought, which obtains in the life and practice of Francis of Assissi The thought is interwoven with much that is morbid and encircled with much that is fantastic; its origin rests in the peculiar disposition and bent of mind, which reigned in the middle ages. It is no new development of the evangelical, but a beautiful efflorescence of the mediaeval, spirit, which bursts forth in him; still there is nevertheless such a direct genuine appearance of piety which meets us here, such a pure and complete love of Christ, such a noble power of self-denial, a heroic endurance of work and suffering, that among the forms which memory raises up in the Christian Church, that of Francis of Assissi dare not be wanting. The glow and sincerity of his personal piety, even Luther acknowledged, when he felt himself obliged to censure partly the fundamental errors which were found in him and partly the degeneracy of the later brothers of the Order. And the Defence of the Augsburg Confession, in the Article on the Mass, appealed to Francis as to a witness of the truth, even though it is only on a secondary point.

Francis was born, September 27, 1182, in Assissi, a town of middle Italy in the delegation of Spoleto. He was the son of Pietro and Pica Bernardone. Properly his name was Gwianni (John); but his father, who as a prominent merchant had much business in France, called him Francesco (Francis), which name was retained by him during life as well as in history. Intended to pursue his father's calling, his youth passed away in the ordinary preparations for this purpose, and also in manifold pleasures and amusements which commonly filled up the days of wanton youth in a gay Italian city. Singing and shouting they passed through the streets, but they did not neglect knightly exercises; in the front Francis was found, sharing with all indeed profusely, amiably grasping life in a light way. Thus passed the flower of his youth. In his eighteenth year, in a contest with the people of Penegia, he and many of his companions fell into the hands of the enemy; but even here, throughout an imprisonment of four years, his gay spirit did not desert him, and it was a source of comfort and consolation at the same time for his fellow prisoners. Having returned home, he was seized with a serious attack of sickness, which brought him to the confines of death. This was the principal indication of an incipient

change of thought. When he looked, for the first time after his recovery, at the places, that had delighted his heart and mind with their beauty, he remarked to his own astonishment, that they no longer made any impression on him. Even beautiful clothing, for which he had before so great a delight, was no longer to his taste.

When he appeared on the street for the first time, clad as was customary, in beautiful garments, he chanced to meet a poor man to whom he gave his clothing. On a subsequent evening a remarkable vision appeared to him. He saw a magnificent hall full of armor bearing the sign of the cross. To his question, for whom are these? he heard a voice reply: "They are for thee and thy warriors." He interpreted these words literally and resolved thenceforward to follow in the footsteps of Count Walter of Brienne, who was meditating a hostile incursion in Apuleà. But another vision prevented him He hears the voice of Christ warning him from preferring the servant to the Lord. Then he observes that the knighthood, to which he is called, is a spiritual one. He returns to Assissi, awaiting and praying for further illumination. Above all, he is now zealous in the practice of godliness and self-denial. He devotes himself particularly to the care of Lepers, and he also shows himself inexhaustible in deeds of charity. His piety drives him to Rome, to see the world-renowned holy city. But there what captivates him most are those living pictures of his Saviour—the poor. To them he gives his good clothing, exchanging for it such as is torn and soiled; he selects the poor and poverty itself, as a bride, for the love of his heart. He returns home from this pious journey, and as he prays fervently in an old decayed church, a new voice comes to him, as though from the crucifix, and thrice orders him: "Go and repair my House, which is falling to ruins." Again he interprets this voice literally, although his later scholars believed that they recognized in it the announcement of the divine call, that he should repair spiritually the spiritual habitation of the Church. He seeks to obtain money to reconstruct the fallen Church. He bring goods of his father to the market at Foligno, in order to sell them along with his own horse and then applies the proceeds to the building up of this Church. Full of anger his father hastens after him, the son conceals himself for forty days in a cave; at length, strengthened by prayer and pious exercises, he returns voluntarily to his native place. There ignominy and scorn from his fellow citizens await him, and punishment from his father, who beats him and shuts him up in a dark room. The mother who had all along rested all her love and hope in her son, whom she believed destined for great things, comforts him and sets him free when his father was obliged to make a journey on account of business. He hastens back to his beloved church and declares to his father, who seeks him there and wishes to take him back, that he is determined to submit patiently to everything that his father may order, but that his determination was just as fixed to devote himself entirely to God. Without complaint he incurs both the curse of his father and disinheritance, and begs as an antidote to the

curse, the paternal blessing of an old pauper. Free now from all the bonds of the world, he lives alone for his God. His activity continues to be directed towards the restoration of the fallen Church. He not only renews the Church of St. Damianus, but also that of Mary at the Portiuncula. The latter indeed was his favorite residence. It was here on the 18th of October, 1208, being twenty-six years old, he heard the Gospel for the day (Matt. 10 : 9, 10) read : "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves." These words became the watchwords of his life. Here the figure of poverty, which he had carried as an ideal in his heart, comes out in clear, definite outline before him In accordance with it, yes, *in* it he clothes himself from this time forward. But he also does the work, which should be done in this form of poverty by a disciple ; he goes thence to preach repentance and love to Christ—the only Being worthy of love.

Success is not wanting to his preaching. A respectable townsman and several priests joined with him. There was formed a community, and he prepared to give fixed rules to the same. These were based on the words of the Lord : "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor ; and come and follow me ; and, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself." To be without worldly possessions—this is, in addition to the ordinary vows, the most distinctive feature of this new fraternity. Poverty in imitation of the lowly life of Jesus, and Humility connected with it as spiritual poverty, these are its characteristics. Hence they are called inferior brothers—Minorites. No one was called Prior ; there were only servants, no superiors, among them. To every one, even thieves and robbers, the heart was open, full of sympathetic, forgiving, suffering, helping love. Nothing was to be more avoided than the use of money. Whatever was necessary for the support of life they begged as alms. The more you are in want, the nearer you are to perfection. But this poverty and act of privation, which give man power over persons and things, must always be united with love, and the latter must ever be love in deed and in truth. No one should intrude his pious exercises and self-denials on the world. The countenance should be joyous and friendly amid fastings and mortification. With special emphasis they are to hold to the purity of the Catholic faith. This seemed so much the more necessary, since similar practical intentions were pursued by Peter Waldus, but he, partly through the unskillful management of his superiors, and partly urged by his own peculiarity of spirit, turned off into ways, which no longer chimed in with the existing form of the Church. Whilst Peter Waldus kept before his eyes not only personal poverty, and also the form of humility in the Church, Francis embraced with his inmost soul the glory of the visible Church, its divine services and orders. He made it the duty of his followers to confess to the priest, when he declared it as lawful in a case of necessity for one brother to confess his sins to another. It was of first importance with him to

hold the body, the abode of sins, in subjection, and to subdue it, and on the other hand to implant the Word of God, the seed of life, into the soul. Moreover not only the mere words, but the things signified should be learned. He is a teacher of the Word, who has been ordained thereto; no one is entitled to claim the office of teacher except one set apart for it. Whoever desires, through divine instigation, to go as missionary among the Saracens and the Heathen, must not do this without permission of his superiors (or in the language of the Order—his fellow servants). Great prudence is enjoined in intercourse with females. In all severity pride is to be avoided, which looks down upon others, despising and judging them. Finally, there is needed true faith and penitence, otherwise no man can be saved. These first rules of Francis are full of quotations from the Holy Scriptures, and indeed are frequently composed entirely of its phrases. They end with a spiritual, hymn-like address of praise to God

With these rules, Francis in the year 1210 appeared before Innocence III, to secure their ratification. The Pope at first dismissed him abruptly, but was afterwards moved by a vision to take into consideration the request of the pious man, and to lay the subject before the Cardinals for examination. It is said, that to some of these the rules appeared as impossible, not adapted to human endurance; on the other hand, Cardinal John Colonna declared that if they were to consider these rules as unreasonable and impossible, it would be to reject Christ Himself and His Gospel. The Pope in a general way only gave a verbal permission, reserving further action for the future. Francis then returned with his Disciples to Assissi, where he tormented his body, which he looked upon in his stern ascetic meditations as something foreign to himself bearing sins as a beast of burden, with hunger and thirst, cold and exposure, night-watchings and scourgings. Nevertheless, or probably we should rather say on that very account, he had to undergo new struggles and temptations, to which he opposed new and still severer penances. In the midst of these penitential exercises he heard a voice crying to him, that there was no sinner in the world that God would not forgive, if he turned to Him, but that he who imposed severe penances on his life should alone find no mercy. This voice he considered only the suggestion of the evil spirit. This was then very far from restraining him from a continuation of his rigorous customs; it only urged pious souls so much the more powerfully on, according to the spirit of the age. And as the idea of monasticism had always an influence on female souls and nunneries had been placed along side of monasteries from early times, so the new order of Ascetics, as it seemed to Francis, required its parallel formation of a female community. *Clara Sciffi*, the young and beautiful daughter of a rich and distinguished citizen, sincerely devoted from her childhood to the practices of piety, deeply excited by the appearance of Francis, fled from the house of her father to the church of the Portiuncula; there she had her long waving hair cut off, and remained true to her new

mode of life, although her brothers and relatives insisted upon her return to her father's house. She became (1212,) Founder of the Order of Clarisses. Francis furnished rules for these, which were in the main imitations of those for his own Order, differing only in special stress being laid on plainness of attire, on silence and labor.

In this way a staunch circle of disciples was collected around Francis; but now it was important to assign some work to these disciples. What is a disciple's work? The question was debated by Francis whether he was called to prayer or to preaching. He himself thought that he had the gift of prayer more than of preaching. He also supposed that he could advance further in sanctification by the exercise of prayer than by the use of sermons; prayer purifies and isolates us, preaching leads us out of ourselves; in prayer we enter into communion with God, in preaching we have intercourse with man. But as it seemed to be better to select that, in a spirit of self-denial, which appeared the more difficult and the less suited to one's nature, so also above all other things the thought, that Christ, the Son of God, came down from Heaven and preached the Gospel to the world, should impel him, thus reasoned Francis, to the business of preaching as his special calling. Indeed Francis would have mistaken himself, if he had wished to deny that an impulse to preaching had been deeply implanted in his own nature. Is it not the fire of love, of personal love for his Lord, in which he feels himself with all the tendrils of his life plunged? This love of Christ urges him to testify for his Lord; the sympathetic power, which is inherent with all love, draws him in all directions, where it is necessary to speak of and to praise Him, who has won his heart, and is to him the most beautiful of the children of men, the loveliest of all love, and nothing is more delightful than to be allowed, to spend his life in bearing testimony for the Beloved. Hence he sends his brothers, in pairs, as travelling preachers into the Italian Provinces. He himself travels to Tuscany. His first monasteries were established on this journey. His heart and desire impelled him still further. He sends six brothers to Morocco, five of whom (one having been sick was left in Spain,) found a voluntary martyr's death in their imprudent zeal. He himself is impelled towards Africa. He makes preparations, but is taken sick on the road in Spain, and this country becomes a new theatre for his preaching and the increase of his fraternity. Having returned to Italy to obtain a formal confirmation of his Order from the Pope, which had not yet been obtained, he observed with joy the very rapid increase of the Order, and new plans were devised for Gospel-missions. Messengers must be sent to all lands, according to the directions which the Lord Himself had given in the tenth chapter of Matthew. Domestic and foreign missions must be taken in hand. Missionaries were sent to England, Hungary (inhospitable Germany was alone avoided), Greece, Syria, Egypt and Africa. With twelve companions, among whom he divided the provinces imitating the old tradition of the Church,

he hastened to Acre; pressed on alone to Damietta, regarding no peril or ill-treatment, and even reached the Sultan, proclaimed the Gospel to him, offered to undergo the trial by fire as a proof of its truth, and returned—a remarkable fulfillment of the promise of protection which Christ gave in the sixteenth chapter of Mark—unharmed, even if without any important result. If the result attained here was failure, it was not so in Europe, where he now organized the Order of the Tertiarians or Penitent Brothers, organizations of laity, who remained with their families in secular employment, but still lived according to spiritual rules, observed strict abstinence from dissipating worldly pleasures, practised themselves in frequent reception of the means of grace of the Church, led quiet and peaceable lives in their private and public associations and rendered reciprocal assistance in cases of necessity. It was directly through these organizations, that the idea of Francis produced its profoundest influence on the people.

But it was time that Francis should return home; for already modifications and variations of his rules had begun to appear in some branches of the Order through the influence of his representatives. Francis restored the old strictness, and after that an attempt was made at transplanting the Order to Germany, he obtained the long expected confirmation of the Order (in the year 1223) from Pope Honorius III, who had been interested in him when a Cardinal. It appeared as though with this the life-work of Francis was completed. In the following year he became very sick at Sienna. We must not, however, omit the wonderful occurrence, which happened to him two years before this. We refer to the vision which was seen by him on Mount Alverno, when the crucified Saviour appeared and imprinted on him the marks of His wounds. We believe that the fact of these marks dare not be doubted, and explain it on the supposition that the plastic power of fancy, in such a disordered body as Francis possessed, had material readily to be acted upon and overcome, whereby, moreover, we do not deny, that in addition to this plastic power of fancy there was also added its decorative power, and also that the poetry of legends surrounded many other incidents of his life, which in the hands of his followers was only too soon converted into mischievous absurdity.

Francis was brought to Assissi. The announcement that death was near at hand, which his physican made him, he received with evident satisfaction. He was carried to the Church of Mary in the Portiuncula to die, where he had been born into the spiritual life. There he caused them to lay him on the bare ground in order to remain firm to the ideal of his life at the last gasp. He departed October 4th, 1224, being forty-five years old.

If we survey the life of this peculiar and distinguished man, his burning heart-love for Christ—his Saviour—stands forth undeniably as its key-note. It has been appropriately said of him, that he might have exclaimed with still more right than Zinzendorf: I have only *one* passion, it is *He* and only He. With the whole glow

of a consuming meditation he embraces his Saviour, whom he seeks to imitate in very reality in his life. There are also poems which are ascribed to him, not all written by him, but mostly by his scholars, such as those glorious singers of the mediaeval songs, *Dies irae, Stabat mater*, &c., so that we do not certainly err, when we look at the thoughts and spirit of these poems as gushing from the heart of the Master and consider their fire and sweetness, the witching style which flows throughout them, as having originated in that piety that ever excited his own heart. Along with that aspiration, which endeavored to devote and offer itself up to all that was holy, there was united a joyous superabundance, which could not employ itself sufficiently in laud and praise. How in his *Sonnengesang* he calls upon all creatures, yea even death himself whom he styles brother, that they may all, with him praise and magnify the Supreme, Almighty, good Lord and God? True knowledge with him is to live in prayer, meditation and contemplation, rather than all the learning and wisdom of the world. He lives so entirely in the feeling of the Psalmist's words: Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. It is a spiritual service of love which rests upon him, but which shows itself also in the whole strength of Asceticism, is in self-denial no mere sportive word, poverty and humiliation are daily companions. One can scarcely call all this a sacrifice; for he lived this life with such joy; only such appears to him fit to be styled worthy and blessed. In truth we must say, that all this is more an *imitation* of the life of Jesus than a *following* in the sense, in which the Apostle Paul wishes us to be followers in the love of Christ. It is more an attempt at a continuation of the life of Christ in the flesh than a spiritual embodiment of the same in heart and will—than the stamp of the inward image of Christ on the whole substance of the moral life. Nevertheless, we dare not ask for that which was impossible in Francis—the son of his age. The hour had not yet come, when men had ceased to seek the end of piety in its means, when the might of faith, even without sight and external miracle, proves the power of justification in the consecration of the whole life. But notwithstanding all that was emotional and morbid, all that was bizarre and repugnant to us, to be found in the piety of Francis, it was genuine, rich and complete; and on that account, if not alone on account of the consequences which flowed from it in Church-History, we have the right to preserve his memory with us, in accordance with the words of the Apostle: For all things are yours: whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's, (1 Cor. 3: 21, 22.)

IN THE FACE of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel his heart warming; in the water his gentleness to refresh you; it is the dew of heaven that makes your field give you bread.—*Taylor.*

A LONG PULL UP FOR A SHORT RIDE DOWN.

BY THE EDITOR.

What man has not once been a boy? We all have been boys, and a happy time it was. At that time we were all fond of every kind of innocent fun that was going on. Our active boy-nature had to have an outlet; and after such labor as we were able to perform had been attended to, we still had an overplus of energy to devote to amusement. The fact is some fun seemed necessary. Some wise man has said truly, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

In all seasons of the year, and in all places, boys will manage to have their fun. How the boys in large cities make out to secure their portion of it we are puzzled to conceive, but they must have some way to do it, for we are sure that have it they will. How the country boys, and the village boys, manage, we know full well, having graduated in that school.

One of the most common, and at the same time most exciting exercise of boys in winter time, is sled-riding—wherein the boy is himself both rider and pony. Cheerfully is the sled drawn up to the top of the hill for the satisfaction of a slide down to the foot. The boy is never troubled with nice calculation as to whether he is not doing too much for a little! He does not ask whether the thing "pays." That is a kind of study in which men only engage in later life. In his view it "pays" well, though the pull be long and the ride short.

Men, who forget their own boyhood, regard this kind of play as an evidence of want of sharpness in the boys. They would not like to play at such a game, they think. They want the result to be gained to bear a better proportion to the means and labor expended. Yet we have known full grown men, who have earnestly played at a similar game, without seeming to be conscious that, though men, they are actually playing like the boys. Like them they do much for a little, and drag their sleds painfully up for the satisfaction of a short ride down!

We sometimes see a man bent on making, what he calls his fortune. He immerses himself in business and cares to such an extent, that he has no time to cultivate his mind, to enjoy the necessary relief afforded by mingling in social life, or even to attend to his religious duties and privileges. He is bent on obtaining a fortune, that he may enjoy it afterwards; and to accomplish this, he regards no labor too great. About the time he is getting old, and has worked himself into a wreck, materialized his mind and heart, and become as hard and cold as that which he gathers, we may say he has his sled dragged to the top of the hill. If he should

even then be satisfied to begin his pleasant ride, he would find it a very short one down to the grave! But he is not even willing now to take his comfort. He looks around for a higher point to which he may drag his sled, and if he finds one, he will take it thither. In most of cases, we have found that he spends the rest of his life in an attempt to get his sled still higher up before he begins to ride—and in nine cases out of ten he dies at length in this effort. Though a man, he has been more boyish than the boys; for he has all the pains of the long pull up, without even the small pleasure of a short ride down! When we see this, we always say, "A long pull up for a short ride down."

We sometimes see a man, who works hard to earn some money. When he has secured his wages, he spends, in a theatre, circus, or saloon, in one hour what it took him a weary day to earn. When we see this we always say to ourseves, "A long pull up for a short ride down."

When we see a female, the ribbons and trimmings of whose beautiful bonnet cost what it required her three weeks of hard house-labor to earn, we are invariably reminded of the boys, who play sled on the slope of the hill; and we cannot but whisper to ourselves—"A long pull up for a short ride down."

We have also noticed some men seized with a mania to become politicians. We have noticed how they begin to neglect some regular trade or business, that they may devote their time to street-corner and bar-room caucuses. We have seen how they submit to all kinds of mean humiliations, and not only pour out their hard earnings freely for the "cause and the party," but how they even draw on their capital to greese the political machinery. If they do not at first succeed to get into the fortunate ring so as to secure the nomination for themselves, they patiently wait and try again. Thus they spend years of hard, low, demoralizing work, in order to push themselves up to the eminence of some petty office, with the hope of stepping from that to another a little higher. Thus years, and substance, and often morals and self-respect are all painfully devoted to getting their sled to the top of some official hill. When even this is secured, what have they? Certainly nothing which will pay them for their pains. At most their gain is but a little honor, which answers neither "to eat, or drink, or to mend a broken shoe." This course and conduct of men always brings fresh to mind our boyhood's sled-riding, and we are constrained to say sadly—"A long pull up for a short ride down."

Sometimes, when the mood on us is more serious still, we notice the generally careless and impenitent course of wicked men. We see how they waste youth in folly, manhood in hardness and sin, and old age in stupidity and vain regrets. They go to a great deal more pains and trouble to be wicked than it would require to be good. The hard service of sin they regard pleasure. Though belabored with wounds and bruises in body and soul, they are still faithful to their hard master, the devil, and serve him with the patient submission of slaves who toil singing under the lash. They

are in persuit of pleasure! They imagine that it is ultimately to be attained in this way! Their whole life is a scene of conflict, and collision. What they expect, ever tantalizes them. At length, when they have dragged through a painful and unsatisfying life—what is the end of it? "A long pull up for a short ride down."

MY DARLING.

Out in the darkness, blinded by pain,
I reach for my darling, in vain, in vain,
For the death angel far over the river,
Carried my baby forever, and ever.
Baby, oh, baby! were you afraid
While in the arms of the angel you laid?
Did he caress you, and kiss you to sleep,
On the long journey, for fear you would weep?

Does the dear Jesus, now, as of old,
Take little children into his fold?
Plead with Him, little ones, that you may come
In my soul's dream-land sometimes to roam,
Then shall my spirit, forgetting its pain,
Clasp you with rapture, again and again;
And when each morrow comes day after day,
I'll take up my burden and search for the way.

At dawn never more her blue eyes shine
Out of the darkness, searching for mine,
Fairy tones, lisping word after word,
In the heart's chamber may only be heard,
The little feet wearied day after day
Struggled, how vainly, to keep on the way;
Then in its weariness seeking for rest,
Sank the hot forehead close to my breast.

Tiny hands gathered the snow-drop no more;
Long grew the butter-cup close to the door;
Weeping, the violets clung to the ground,
Their beauty unheeded—their treasures unfound,
She lay on my bosom, all wordless with pain,
But kissed me, and kissed me, again and again,
One long last look—the last—oh! the last
And out of our home a cherub she passed.

Softly the sunlight stole in the room,
Lifting the shadows out of the gloom,
All, save the one that fell on my heart,
No light had reached it—how could it depart?
I called her my own, forgetting that He
Who asked for her now, *lent* her to me,
When a bright angel bearing His love,
aid that my darling would lead me above.

—*E. Frances R.*

THE ROMAN EMPIRE

AT THE TIME OF THE INCARNATION OF JESUS CHRIST, AND THE FOUNDING OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DOELLINGER, BY THE EDITOR.

Twenty-one hundred years after that great flood, from which went forth the human race, had begun anew to extend itself over the earth, the most beautiful part of the earth, the countries which lay around the Mediterranean Sea, taking in portions of the three grand divisions of the earth, were united in one great empire—that of Rome. This empire had grown up from the beginning of a small village community on the banks of the Tiber; and, long overlooked or disregarded, it had at length, after seven centuries of its existence, attained to those giant proportions, which now extended from the Atlantic ocean to the Euphrates, from the northern coasts of Gaul and the Germanic Donau to the sand deserts of Africa and the cataracts of the Nile, comprehending in itself a population of about two hundred millions.

Thus this empire had found the limits assigned to it by nature. Attempts to make new conquests, now met, in nearly all directions, with almost insurmountable obstacles. In the South the great African sand desert set bounds to the Roman power; in the southeast Ethiopia and Arabia were difficult of access; and here, as well as in the north and northeast, the sacrifices which would have been required to conquer and maintain countries so sparce of towns and inhabited for the most part by an impoverished population, would have been but poorly rewarded by the gain which might have accrued from them. Nor did the only remaining Hibernian Islands in the west present any alluring prospects; and in the east the Parthians, by the situation of their kingdom, as also on account of their mode of warfare so destructive to the Roman Legions, were neighbors difficult of attack. Hence even Octavius made the declaration that Rome might not extend its boundaries; and the most of his successors confined themselves to the maintaining of what they had, and engaged only in defensive wars; yea, they even, of their own will, or compelled by force, surrendered provinces which they had already conquered.

The Roman empire did not rest on the power and national peculiarity of a great people; but as in the beginning, so now still, upon the population of a single city, which ever maintained its claims, not only to constitute the seat of government, but also to include in itself, and exclusively continue to possess, the whole power of the state. Weary, however, of the long civil wars, the proscriptions and endless bloodshed, longing for security in possessing and enjoying, Rome was able to maintain this exclusiv-

power of government only yet under a single emperor, and this one was Octavius, who after he had overcome his last enemy and rival, Antonius, with firm, wise and moderate hand, retaining as much as possible the transmitted republican forms and names, quietly transferred the State into the new order of things, and established his throne on a republican foundation.

By the side of the primacy, held for life, and uniting in itself all power, the republic could meanwhile be nothing but an ever more and more vanishing shadow. As chief commander of the host of about 340,000 men, which had become the established power for war and government, as President of the Senate, which, destitute of will as over against himself, and which had been reduced to a mere advisory and administrative board, as censor, permanent tribune, and head of the state religion, protected by a body-guard provided for him, the prefect of which was already under Tiberias the second man in the kingdom, the monarch possessed an unlimited power; and the successors of Augustus were already allowed without notice to depreciate and ignore all that yet remained of republican forms. The people of Rome were satisfied by money, bribes and the distribution of grain, by exhibitions in the theatre and the race course, by gladiatorial fights and contests of wild animals. Among all classes a disposition reigned, which opposed to the despot only cowardice and slavish selfishness; and thus the primacy developed itself with frightful rapidity into a fearful despotism, which, nurtured and stimulated by women, reprieved ones, flatterers, spies and informers, presented to the astonished co-temporaries the spectacle of a series of untold horrors, as these were furnished by the wantonness, blood-thirstiness, and disregard of man which actuated rulers destitute of all reserve or shame.

The city of Rome, in the last age of the republic, enriched and splendidly transformed by the stolen treasures of conquered lands, presented under Augustus an almost entirely new aspect. The glory of Marsfield, which he had covered with public edifices, outshone even the splendor of the city of the Seven Hills; and with truth could that monarch boast, that he had found a city of brick, but had left behind a city of marble. Year after year now, the city on the Tiber presented itself more and more as a place of resort for all the nations of the earth. The slaves dragged together from all lands with their foreign customs, crowded into the inmost recesses of all families, and infused their foreign modes of thought into the spirits and feelings of the rising generations. Rome was also flooded by free foreigners. From three quarters of the world men wandered into the city of the world, there to lead a pleasanter and happier life, or merely to secure a livelihood, and to return, with the gains there acquired, into their own country. Greeks, Syrians, people of Asia Minor, and Egyptians settled in Rome as literati and philosophers, as slaves to luxury, debauchery, and carnality, or as priests of foreign idolatry, as instruments of superstition. The poets who in later times portrayed the manners and morals of the city, complained that Rome had become a Greek city

in language and manners, and that the Syrian river Orontes had flowed into the Tiber; and a century and a half after Augustus, Athenaeus could say, that entire oriental nationalities had settled down in Rome.

Thus Rome after Augustus contained a population, which was nearly or altogether equal to that of London at the present day, one and a half, perhaps two millions. Of these, however, nearly the one half were slaves; and of the free, by far the greater part were foreigners, upon whom citizenship was bestowed, or freed ones and their descendants. Beyond the enormous wealth of a few families, poverty reigned to such an extent, that Augustus was compelled to support more than 200,000 by the distribution of money, grain and bread; and notwithstanding the zeal with which this monarch sought to preserve the ancient pure Roman citizen blood, the pure Roman generations, which had besides been already greatly thinned by the civil wars and proscriptions, died out more and more. A radical evil existing at that time—the widely prevailing disposition to avoid marriage as imposing burdensome limitations—wrought especially toward the same result. Fruitless were the endeavors of Augustus, by means of laws, the Julia and Papia Poppäa, to arrest this increasing sickly condition of the state, by encouraging marriage among the well-provided and the rich. Even in the marriage relation childlessness ever increased, so that in virtue of the second of these laws, the possession of even three children carried with it a title to important advantages.

Thus Rome became unavoidably the city, in which all the vices of the most different zones, all the infirmities and outgrowths of human society met and mingled, the city in which a homeless, idly wandering, beggarly rabble, which was at the same time enslaved to luxury, and looked for support from the State, constituted the greater part of the free citizens.

In the countries made subject to Rome no proper common spirit, no patriotic feeling of consolidated unity could develop itself under the imperial rule; the Gaul was, and remained, altogether too much a stranger to the Syrian, the Egyptian to the Spaniard; still the management of the provinces as a whole became better than it had been in the last times of the republic. Whilst at that time, a Bolesus Messalla, as Proconsul of Asia, could in one day execute three hundred persons, and passing through among the corpses, exclaim in wonder: What king would have ventured to do this? Whilst the provinces could be regarded and farmed out only as sources of wealth for Rome, as means of enriching the ever-changing vicegerents sent out from Rome, and for those Romans who removed thither as brokers and publicans, a securer and more tolerable condition of things was introduced under Augustus and after him. The vicegerents stood under stricter rule, had fixed salaries, were not allowed at will to increase the taxes of the subjects; their jurisdiction over the military administration was beneficial to the people; the difference between the prevailing Roman body of citizens and the provincial subjects disappeared, and the Roman

administration of justice was in all lands better than it had previously been at home. The continuous feuds between tribes, and the internal party strifes, which had previously disturbed many countries, also ceased. The tyranny of the Emperors, whose memories are branded in history, rested more especially on the Roman aristocracy, and not, at least much less, upon the provinces.

The union of the various parts of this large empire with each other and with the centre of power was now restored on a gigantic scale; the means and ways of intercommunication became manifold; a network of well-built military and public roads extended itself gradually over the whole empire; and the national post, which had already been established by the first Emperor, was extended into all provinces.

The establishment of the Monarchy was, therefore, for the greater portion of the people and individuals united under the Roman sceptre, a beneficent event. Many lands, as Gaul, Spain, Africa, also Egypt and Syria obtained greater security in their possessions and rights; they took part in the general intercommunication and life, as this was carried forward between the three parts of the world which lay around the Mediterranean Sea, and their present blooming state compared favorably with its previous condition before they had been incorporated into the Roman Empire.

PYRAMIDS IN TAHITI.

Our repast over, the Tahitian beckoned me to follow him, and leading the way through an entangled glen, amidst rocks and waterfalls, he came upon an extensive pile of stonework in the form of a low pyramid, having a flight of steps on each side. My surprise was great at the sight of such a structure in an island where the best houses are built of bamboo. I found that on pacing the building, it was about 200 ft. long by about 95 ft. broad, and from 40 ft. to 50 ft. high. The foundation of this remarkable structure consisted of rock stones, the steps being of coral, squared with considerable neatness, laid with the utmost regularity; and the entire mass appeared as compact as if it had been erected by Europeans. The size of many of the blocks is remarkable, but they bear no marks of the chisel, nor is it easy to understand how they were transported by savages unacquainted with mechanical science, from the sea-shore to their present position. Who could have raised this imposing mass? was a question that involuntarily arose in the mind. It is scarcely possible that the present race of islanders, or even their ancestors, could have performed such a task. They are unacquainted with mechanics, or the use of iron tools to shape their stones with. From all that could be gleaned from the guide, and from other natives afterwards, I felt convinced that they knew nothing of its history, for as it was beyond their comprehension, they naturally said it was built by the gods, and was as old as the world.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine.*

CAN A STAGE-DRIVER REFRAIN FROM SWEARING?

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a fact, known to all observers, that profane swearing always abounds most extensively along our public thoroughfares. If the oaths that fall along the lines of our rail-roads and canals were all congealed into some visible form, they would be found to lie along all these routes thick as pebbles along water courses, or the leaves "in the vale of Valambrosa." What a resurrection there will one day be along these lines, and how the lightning of God's justice and judgment will kindle up to horrid flame among these heaps of wrath "treasured up against the day of wrath!"

Men are sometimes inclined to imagine, that, in this respect, the former times were better than the present. We are, however, of opinion, that the only reason why there was less profane swearing in former times is because there were less inhabitants in the country; and there were not so many thoroughfares to which this miserable vice could be gathered, and thus be brought under the public eye. It is, however, not necessary that we should decide this question now. Certain it is, that there was enough of it in former times, and there is as much of it now as ever the devil himself can desire to see.

How fearfully this wickedness prevailed among the old time stage drivers, we had opportunities of knowing in crossing the Allegheny Mountains in the stage on several different occasions. The defiant crack of the whip, and the accompanying oath, seemed to belong together, so that the one was as often heard as the other. Had the oaths uttered in a single one of those trips of two days and two nights been written down and printed, they would have filled a very respectably sized volume! Had every oath barked a tree, there would not have remained a single unscathed tree within ten miles of the turnpike, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. We still shudder at the bare recollection of the profanity of those drivers —a perfect generation of ghouls and harpies, they seemed to be.

Only one trip—and that the last time we crossed those mountains in the stage—only one trip we made, when there was no swearing, save only by the first driver, during the first ten miles. The reader is anxious to know how that came to pass, and he shall know.

This last trip of old time Allegheny mountain staging, we made in the winter of 1843. Reaching the road at a point on the east side of the mountain, we applied for a seat for Pittsburg. We were informed that the stage was running full of through passengers, and that the prospect of getting in was poor. Sure enough, so we found it. When the stage arrived, every seat was occupied.

The only course left us was to stay behind, or to take a seat outside with the driver, hoping that some of the passengers would at times exchange with us for a short distance, as we had done with others on former trips. In this, however, we were disappointed. The cold weather, and the snow which then already commenced falling, and which fell on us eighteen inches thick during the first night, made the insiders proof against all politeness. They had evidently not only read Chesterfield in vain, but also a great portion of the Bible. Our greatest comfort in the face of this selfishness was, that we had been capable of something better towards a friendly lawyer, whom we took with us a few winters before from Wheeling to Hagerstown, relieving him nearly half the time.

As we had plenty of selfishness and snow, we were determined that we would have no swearing in *our part of the box*, if there were any way to prevent it. With this in view, we began to set our ingenuity to work. Our object was to prevent each successive driver from swearing, to have an opportunity to deliver a lecture on the wickedness of the practice to each one, and to do all this without giving offence. The plan to be pursued must meet all these ends. This was the business on hand.

The first ten miles, as already intimated, we had to hear with patience; but before we got to the end of that driver's course, our plan was devised. As soon as we were mounted beside our new driver, something like the following conversation was had between us:

"Who," we asked, "is the man that drove us over the last beat?"

"His name is John Cowder."

"Has he been driving long on the road?"

"O yes, about twelve or fifteen years."

"He seems to be a good driver. I was delighted to see how well he manages his horses; practice makes perfect."

"First-rate driver—been long enough on the road."

"But I was surprised to find that he had one shockingly bad habit"

"Dont drink a drop, as I know on."

"That is a fine thing; as a man who has a load of human life behind him ought certainly to keep sober. But he swears awfully!"

"That he does."

"I have not heard such terrible swearing for many a day."

"That's so—he is a boy at that."

"It was very unpleasant to ride beside him, and to be compelled to hear it. He even swore at his faithful horses without any cause. He seems not even to know when he does swear"

"Not him—it's as natural to him as to eat. He dos'ent know half the time when he does swear."

"That shows that he has followed the practice for a long while."

"O yes, ever since I know him, and that's ten years—he is a great swearer—kind a'rough manners and ways he's got about him."

"Is it possible he has been so long accustomed to such a wicked practice? But is it not a singular habit? And just as foolish and wicked as it is strange."

"That's what I often said. There's no earthly use in it. Just a fashion; and, as you say, a foolish fashion. And it is'ent right in the bargain. It's forbid in the commandments—them as is out of the Bible, we used to learn by heart in school."

"Certainly it is forbidden; and God says 'He will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'"

"Yes, them's the words."

It is not necessary to relate the whole conversation which extended over his whole route to the next stopping place. Only, as the reader may suppose, we made out to bring forward every consideration against the wicked practice we could muster—showing that the habit is meaningless, useless, unmanly, disrespectful to men, and hateful in the sight of God. We related to him the famous story of "Pipes and tobacco, tobacco and pipes," which so effectually ridicules the senselessness of profanity. We gave him the benefit of all the instances we knew of sudden judgments which had fallen upon profane persons in the very act! In short, we *entertained* him to the utmost of our ability on the subject. Besides, we got him to say yes, to every word, and at times even to help us along in the work by remarks of his own.

We got along finely together, agreeing fully on every feature of the subject. Between us we did full justice to the subject. He did not swear a single time! Whether it was not his habit to swear, we are not able to say; but certain we are, that once in his life he drove over his beat without indulging in it. If this was not the first time, he heard wholesome doctrine enough to make it his last, provided he benefited by our mutual canvass of the subject.

"Ho! ho!" we were at the station. We parted good friends; and he actually seemed to have formed an attachment to his travelling companion; for he turned and said, "Safe journey," as we mounted the box for another beat.

As soon as our new driver had taken his seat beside us on the box, and had turned his team fairly out upon the pike, the following conversation began:

"Who is the driver that brought us to this station?"

"His name is Tom Burky."

"He seems to be a good driver, and a very pleasant fellow."

"He is all that—have known him this many a day."

"I found the greatest difference between him and the one before him."

"Cowder? But he's a first rate driver too?"

"O yes, he knows how to manage his horses. But I found him such a dreadful swearer; don't think I ever head so much swearing in the same time."

"'I tell you, he is good at that too."

"But what a difference between him and the last one. He did not swear a single time in the whole route; and I find he condemns the practice in toto. I have heard persons say, that most of stage-drivers swear; but so far as my experience goes, he is an exception certainly."

"Good deal of swearing on the road But there's no use in it. Just a fashion—and not a very nice one at that."

"When I heard that the other driver was so much given to it, I was only the more pleased to hear nothing of the kind from the last one."

"O yes, Tom and me's great friends—always been so. He's got some respect for himself. And, just as you say, swearing is a mean practice anyhow."

"I believe all men regard it in that light. Even those who are in the habit of it, do not defend it as either nice or necessary."

This brought us fairly into the subject. The reader may be sure it was kept up through the whole route as before. Our new friend gave us all the aid we could ask, assenting to all we said, and putting in his own remarks, if for nothing else, to convince us that he was on the right side of the important question. We had the whole thing, and agreed perfectly! If any thing, the old conversation had increased in interest and point, as we ourselves got better command of the subject by exercise. If ever the sin of profane swearing got a good overhauling, it was from the combined endeavors of the two occupants of that stage box. The reader may be sure, that there was no swearing from that box and from that driver; and we parted mutually as good friends at the end of his route.

Mounted beside our next driver we, of course, repeated the same introduction, the same lecture, with the same application. There was only this difference, that we had now *two* good examples to set over against *one* swearing driver. Keeping the same background, the noble figures in our picture increased in number. Thus "as the tale grew longer the tub grew stronger." Besides this, we grew more familiar with our subject, and were enabled to enrich our illustrations of the meanness and wickedness of profanity. As "present company" did not swear! no offence was taken at anything that was said; on the contrary, all was endorsed frankly and often with zeal and emphasis.

We shall never forget one of the drivers, who, as we well saw, found it not a little difficult to maintain his position among our "excellent examples" over against the poor sinner with whom our ride began. Just as he was halting his stage before the Hotel in Greensburg, a parcel of hogs, that had been driven out of the yard, rushed wildly in among his horses. "Clear out you"—exclaimed our driver who was still on the box beside us He checked himself at the word "*you*," but barely soon enough; for we heard a kind of after initial sound of a word, which indicated that he intended to add something more—perhaps *dunces*, or something of the kind; but nothing was heard save the single initiatory d—! As he was one of the drivers that did not swear, and had, as we are witness, not sworn through his whole beat, charity requires us to suppose that he intended to say "*dumb dunces*" or something of that kind!

In due time we entered Pittsburg. It was the most interesting

stage ride over the mountains we had ever made. We rode with the drivers on the box every mile of the way—were snowed on some eight inches thick—delivered some ten to fifteen lectures on the meanness, uselessness, and sinfulness of profane swearing to as many drivers—had not offended a single one—found our views on the subject approved fully by every one—and found only one driver, and that the first one, who made use of profane language. If there is any one who has ever travelled the same distance on a stage box, without being afflicted by profane words, we would like to hear from him.

Just twenty years have passed away since that eventful stage ride. What changes on that grand old stage route! Stages and drivers have all disappeared from it. Grass grows in front of those lively hotels posted through the mountains. Travel has found other channels, and we fear swearing has followed. These old time stage drivers are getting grey like ourselves; some of them have perhaps gone to their eternal homes. As our conversation did not displease them, we hope it was not altogether useless to them. If any of them are still living, we hope that to them, as to us, it is still a pleasant recollection, that it has been possible even for stage-drivers to make one trip across the Allegheny mountains without swearing.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Young Parson. Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia, 1863.

We can only fall in with the general tenor of the press in awarding high praise to this truly live book. The Author's name is not given, but "his speech betrayeth him," as we think; and we would not wonder if he should be a very particular friend of ours, and one not unknown to the readers of the "Guardian." The book is composed of sketches of the various characters, good and bad, with which every pastor meets in the course of his pastoral experience. These are so true to nature, that we fear almost every pastoral charge will regard itself to be the veritable Gainfield and Pumbeditha in which the "Young Parson" labored. The best advice we can give is, should any feel hit, let them be silent and improve by having viewed themselves in this mirror. The characters, which are all representative, are delineated with master strokes, and with great dispatch, so that the reader is allowed to pass on—yea, is drawn on by the ever increasing interest; and he is constantly meeting with so many familiar faces, that there is neither loneliness nor weariness in the way. The book abounds in fine churchly ideas, and is full of the most childlike love toward all mankind. Its humor, with which it abounds, is of a most genial character, and always begets that kind of laugh which makes one not only happier but better. Its humor is only excelled by its tenderness. The tears it calls forth—and the history of Phoebe is sure to bring them up—are not of that sentimental kind, which a hot-house story of misery begets, preparing the weeping reader with impatience to spurn begging misery from the door, but truly softening to the heart, helping one to be patient and good-humored even when misery is found associated with sin. The Book is neatly gotten up, as such contents deserve. It cannot fail to have an immense circulation.

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D, whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

From and after January the 1st, 1863, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **M. Kieffer & Co.,** Chambersburg. Pa Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The new Publishers propose a general renewal of its mechanical and typographical appearance. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the new volume appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality in the new Volume; and shall do all in their power. in co operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

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HEREDITARY GRACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

To the second commandment of the Decalogue God has attached a fearful threat, and a glorious promise. It is to be kept, not only because its violation brings evil upon our children; but also because keeping it brings great good upon them. God will "shew mercy unto thousands of them that love Him, and keep His commandments."

The meaning evidently is, not a thousand individuals, but a thousand generations. Where sin abounds grace does much more abound. The iniquities of parents extend to the fourth generation —there mercy arrests the course of justice; but the good of parents is perpetuated in mercy to a thousand generations. "Know, therefore, that the Lord thy God, He is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love Him and keep His commandments to a thousand generations." (Deut. 7 : 9.)

It will be observed that this promise of mercy to their offspring, is only to such parents as love Him and keep His commandments. Those only can keep His commandments, who do love Him; for true obedience must grow out of love.

To love Him is to be His—to have accepted of Him as our God—to be in truth His child. Such alone have Him, and His worship, in which they draw nigh to Him in filial confidence, and joy, and love. While others break through the covenant, out into the world's commons, where they see their posterity sink away, as waters in a waste of sand, those who remain in the holy enclosure of the covenant, shall leave the blessed inheritance of their faith and faithfulness, and of God's favor, to their children through a thousand generations.

Those to whom this law was given stood in the promise. They had a God, and now are warned against casting Him away, or pushing Him aside, in favor of graven images. The law here guards the promise as a fence guards a fruitful garden. If they remain in it, their children shall remain in it. Their children shall flourish in the same blessed soil to a thousand generations. (Gen. 17 : 7, 8.) They themselves were the fruit of the promise which was now already four hundred and thirty years old—they are Abraham's children—God's family—God's Church.

Is it of any advantage to us to stand in this gracious promise? Yes. It is a begetting, a generating, an enlarging promise—its children shall increase as the stars of heaven in their number. This soil of the promise is life-giving. It is watched over, and it is blest with gracious sunshine, and descending showers (Is. 44 : 3, 6.)

From all this it must be plain, that the position, which those occupied to whom the promise was given, was favorable to the propagation of piety from parents to children. All was done, that could be done, on God's side to insure this; and now nothing more was necessary than that parents should remain within the gracious enclosure, and therein faithfully serve God; then their children would be as safe as they were themselves. Then, as the fulfillment of the promise went on, which should make their seed as the stars of heaven, until the holy seed would embrace all nations, so would the piety of the parents descend, in the same blessed stream, embracing and blessing all their children.

We do not exist in this world merely as individuals; hence the Scripture promises never look at persons as individuals, occupying an independent position, but always as existing in *families*, and in the Church. The family embraces the children; and the Church embraces families. All covenants made, and all promises given, are to organizations. Inasmuch as a special transaction with men cannot take place except through some *one* man, these covenants were made, and these promises were given to individuals; but never for themselves alone; always for themselves, including the family, the nation, or the Church. Children could not break away from the Church, without first breaking away from the family; and thus despising, rejecting, and selling their birth-right. Their birth-right was their Church-right, as long as they showed themselves ready to ratify these rights by their own acts, and as long as they did not cast both away. This birth-right had afterwards to be ratified by circumcision. "The uncircumcised man-child, whose flesh of his foreskin is not circumcised, that soul shall be *cut off* from his people." "*Cut off*"—this shows that he belonged to his people before by a birth-right. (Gen. 17 : 14.)

Thus then, to be born of parents to whom God was "a God," was their first blessing; to be circumcised, and thus to have God's visible seal upon them was the next blessing; to be in the bosom of a pious family—a family which had the promise—was the next; that this family was itself in the warm bosom of the Church, was another; then, through life, to have God's grace constantly descend-

ing upon them like the dew upon Hermon was a blessing still greater; and then to be assured that this same stream of ever-increasing mercies should be sufficient in its merciful and gracious power to bear all their offspring on its bosom to the haven of endless rest for a thousand generations—this crowns all the grace with glory. All this was certainly enough to insure the descent of the parent's piety from generation to generation. All this was enough to justify the joyful and confident exclamation of the Psalmist, in reference to the final issue of the life of all who were so situated: "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." (Ps. 92: 13.) "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." (Ps. 122: 2.) In view of the safety of those who are thus in families which are themselves in the Church, he could well exclaim, in triumphant and joyful challenge: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following. For this God is our God forever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death." (Ps. 48: 12–14.)

Such is the spiritual safety of those that are the Lord's; and such is the care which God has taken that the piety of parents shall become the inheritance of their children. Well may He say to His faithful ones, "Shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." But let any one despise, or neglect, the covenant and break out of this holy enclosure, in which the pious seed is to be trained and enlarged until it fill the whole earth—let any one forsake God and choose the world's uncovenanted commons—let any one go after graven images and the service of other gods, or sink into the supreme love of the world, and then let him hear what God says: "I the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

The New Testament dispensation which is "rather glorious," does not in the least restrict or curtail these blessings. God forbid! He is still the God, not only of individuals, but of families—of parents and their seed:

Jesus the ancient faith confirms
  To our fore-fathers given.

Our God, how faithful are his ways!
  His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
  Blots out the children's name.

With the same blessing grace endows
  The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
  Such are the branches too.

Thus to the parents and their se
  Shall thy salvation come;
And numerous households mee
  In one eternal home.

When the New Dispensation was introduced, a preference was manifested towards the Jews, as the children of the covenant. The Saviour himself was "the seed" of Abraham. In the bosom of the Jewish Church He appeared; and His first-begotten were Jews. Those whom He first drew around Him as the first-fruits of Abraham's spiritual seed were Jews—the legitimate heirs of the ancient promise. Although His seed was to inherit the Gentiles, yet His first mission and business had reference to the covenanted children —those who were heirs according to the promise.

When He was called upon, by a Greek woman, for aid to her daughter, He said: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Math. 25: 24.) Though He was willing also, at the proper time, and in the proper order, to give help to the Gentiles—who were called "dogs" by the Jews—indicating that they stood in the same relation to the Father as dogs do in a family—yet He says: "Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." (Luke 7: 27.) This shows, in a very forcible way, how covenanted people were remembered and favored above those who were not in covenant. Those who are the children of the ancient promise must *first* be filled.

The commission which our Saviour gave to His disciples also shows how the blessing descends in the families of those who are in covenant. "Go not in the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Math. 10: 5, 6.) These were in covenant.

The reason why salvation came to the house of Zaccheus is: "Forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." (Luke 19: 9.) Grace, guided by the promise, will find out its own children. Though Zaccheus was no doubt at the time wicked, yet he had pious parents who had him circumcised, and now the promise made to the parents finds out the child.

On the day of Pentecost there were at least fifteen nations represented, yet when Peter addressed the crowd he seems to forget all the rest, and says: "Ye men of *Judea*, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem." Throughout the whole discourse he speaks to the "house of Israel;" and when, at the close, they were moved in their hearts and asked what they should do, he says, "Repent, and be baptized," and assures them that they have a warrant to hope for the remission of sin, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, because they are the children of the promise. "For the promise is unto you, and to your children." (Acts 2: 39.)

When Paul came to Corinth, he first "*found* a certain *Jew* named Aquilla with his wife Priscilla." This shows after what class of people he sought. There also "he reasoned in the synagogue." The Jews opposed themselves and blasphemed—Paul determined to leave them, and to go to the Gentiles; but God, in a vision, *prevented him* and directed him to remain. The reason which God gives, why he should not go away, was, "For *I have much people*

in this city." He does not mean by this that he had many elect there; but that there were many *Jews* there; these were His covenanted people, and to these He wished Paul first to attend. "Let the children first be filled." *So* valuable are the blessings which God perpetuates from pious parents to their children, and so faithful is God to remember His covenant and His promises.

So effectual is this promise, that if only one of the parents is pious, grace and mercy shall predominate in the family, and the children shall be heirs of the covenant blessings. "And the woman which hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean: but now are they holy." (1 Cor. 7: 13, 14.) If the one parent be in covenant, then grace shall prevail—the blessing shall descend from the pious parent to the child, and not the curse from the unbelieving one. Thus where sin abounds, grace does much more abound. God's ways lean on mercy's side! This shows how powerful is that law of mercy and love, by which God shows mercy to the children of pious parents. We see also that this law is recognized in the New Dispensation. Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift!

This great blessing, promised in the second commandment, is only to those who abide in the true worship, and do not go after idols or images. The simple act of circumcision designated the faithful and sealed to them this grace. He that neglected the rite forfeits the grace. (Gen. 17: 14.)

In the New Testament, to be "buried with Christ in baptism," is "the circumcision of Christ." (Col. 2: 11.) This is the sign and the seal of this spiritually hereditary grace. This designates those who are the true successors of God's faithful people. Those who neglect it are cut off from His people themselves, and have no promises for their children. Breaking away from this holy enclosure, puts them out into the world, where the promise, and the blessing, do not follow them. Oh, what a daring sin it is for parents to despise God's ordinances, and thus to sever themselves, and their offspring, from God—and thus to deny to their children, through many generations, the inheritance of God's covenant with its untold blessings!

Such is God's gracious promise. Such is the order which He has ordained for the perpetuation of grace! Is it not gloriously adapted to the constitution and wants of families; and have we not all seen blessed instances in which its gracious power has been perpetuated from parents to children, and from generation to generation?

How can it be otherwise? Those plants which are put into a good soil, and then well fenced, well watered, and well attended, will grow and bring forth much fruit. The pious family may be compared to good soil, the children to thriving plants in that soil. This soil is not dead; but God has put into it his own begetting promise. This promise, in the family, gives energy to all its activities.

What should hinder it from answering its end—namely, to transmit its own life of piety to posterity? The scion, springing out of the parent tree, nurtured in the same soil, will be as the tree itself. So in families

> If pure and holy be the root,
> Such are the branches too,

An improper, or defective Christian nurture may, of course, thwart and cripple the regular progress of this living promise in the way of its glorious fulfillment. The fruitful soil, and the good seed may be made of none effect by a negligent, careless, or ignorant gardener. So it may be here. A man may commit suicide, and thus cut off a generation from him; so he may spiritually destroy himself, and thus break the life stream of hereditary gracious succession. Family training is, of course, one important condition, on which the gracious vital perpetuation depends. But the promise itself, with its ever ready grace, is sure—where the means are used, the end will be secured. This grace, like any other, may be received in vain. If, however, the sluggard do not reap in harvest, it does not change the truth of the promise: "Harvest shall not fail." (Gen. 8 : 22)

The glorious and vital truth we have exhibited is, we apprehend, at the present time left too much in the back-ground even by those who profess to believe in the power and grace of the covenant. By many it is flatly denied, or explained away. Individualistic ideas prevail. It is forgotten, that God "hath set the solitary in families;" and that no where are persons found in that individualistic condition, in which they are placed by that theology which would set each person in a purely isolated and individual relation to God and His grace. All human beings *are* in families—their first and most impressible years are spent in that relation—they *are there* biased in some direction, and there is no way of avoiding it. Yet we are told, that their location in families does not bring them any such warrant, advantage and grace as makes the organism in which they thus stand the means and medium of its transmission! This view of human life could not be true, even if there were nothing in God's word to declare it. The very constitution and fundamental organization of human life declares it to be false.

The failures of members of pious families to realize the hopes warranted by this view of grace, are referred to as proofs that the view itself is not well founded. Many good grounds for such failures could easily be presented. Such as the freedom of the human will—existing defects in the family life—a local defective state in the Church—peculiar adverse surroundings; we prefer merely to ask whether it is not strange, that men are found more ready to charge such failures upon God than upon men, and to take them as evidences that God is not true and faithful, rather than as evidences of lack of faithfulness on the part of those, to whom the promises have been made and the grace warranted! How appropriate here are the words of St. Paul, (Rom. 3 : 1–4,) when answering this

very cavil: "What advantage then hath the Jew? or what profit is there of circumcision? *Much every way:* Chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God. For *what if some did not believe?* Shall *their unbelief* make the *faith of God without effect!* God forbid: Yea, *let God be true, but every man a liar.*"

LINES TO EDDIE.

WRITTEN AT MT. WASHINGTON COLLEGE, DURING VACATION, 1858.

BY P. S. D.

I am sitting in the study, Ed, where you are wont to play,
And I cannot bring myself to think that you are far away;
The house is very empty, Ed; the parlors and the halls
Are silent as the shadows that are playing on the walls.

The girls have all vacation, Ed; they're scattered far and wide,
But still 'twould not be lonely here if you were by my side;
We'd have just such a frolic, Ed, as we once had of yore;
'Twas broken by your papa's tread right near the study door.

We'd play 'roll off the sofa', Ed; we'd use the sand and paste,
Till your pa would lose a fortune in the paper we would waste:
We'd build a house of books, Ed, and leave them in a muss;
For we'd have no one about us now to kick up any fuss.

We'd play just like two horses, Ed, 'till tired out with that,
We'd bark just like two dogs would bark, and then we'd have a chat;
We'd talk of all your doings, Ed, when you are fully grown,
And have a handsome buggy and two horses of your own.

We'd talk of the Great Father, Ed, and of the angels bright,
Who stand before the golden throne all dress'd in purest white;
You'd ask me many questions, Ed, about the happy bands,
Where crowns are on their foreheads and whose harps are in their hands.

But you are far away, Ed, and I am here alone,
And the silence is oppressive when the daily work is done;
Yet ever and anon, dear Ed, your image will arise,
And though distant you perplex me with your wherefores and your whys.

Ah well you know I love you, Ed, not simply that you're fair,
Not simply for your boyish grace, nor for your golden hair;
Not simply for your eyes, Ed, so beautiful and blue,
Though these have many charms, my boy, to bind me fast to you.

I love your beauteous form, Ed; 'tis exquisitely wrought,
And I love to see upon your brow the jewelry of thought;
But the holy tie that binds us, Ed, and makes us truly one,
Is communion through the Church's life with God's eternal Son.

THE CHILD'S LITTLE EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

VII.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S LAST PRAYER.

In a public religious meeting lately a gentleman arose, and said he knew there was a great deal of practical unbelief on the subject of the conversion of little children. He alluded to the common custom of fathers to throw all the religious instruction of children upon their mothers. The father rises early, eats a hurried meal, and runs to his business, and comes home late at night—too late to even kiss his dear little children good night—and the next day repeats the same. And so life is spent, and children see and hear nothing from their fathers in leading them to Jesus Christ.

He said he had lost three darling little children by diptheria lately. It was a consolation that those children were consecrated to Jesus as soon as they were born. They had instruction accordingly. The eldest, only nine years old, got the strong impression that he was to be a foreign missionary. He was always talking about his future work. And he began even now and here. He would get his little companions together, and read and expound the Scriptures to them, and you would be surprised to hear what that boy would say.

When he was taken sick, he said, "Father, I know I shall die. I am going to be with Jesus. I want to go. Don't give me any medicine. Don't try to keep me. Let me go I want to go." Much of his time was spent in prayer. He would say:

"Oh! Lord Jesus! come and take me! I want to go." He died praying.

The second was only three years old, and seemed to have the same blessed spirit of love to Jesus. When he was dying, and the death-rattle was in his throat, so that he could scarcely say a word, he told his mother that he wanted to say his prayers. He was laying on her lap. She told him to say his prayers.

"Oh! not so," said the dear child; "I want to say them on my knees."

She raised him on his knees on her lap. He put his little arms around her neck, and with great difficulty articulated each word of that sweet prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

She laid him down, and he was gone—fallen asleep in Jesus—gone to be

"Forever with the Lord."

You cannot make me believe those children are lost.

VIII.

THE LITTLE PRAYER AMONG THE POETS.

In 1861, when the Fifth Pennsylvania Regiment entered Alexandria, Va., they found a forsaken printing office, of which they took possession, and began immediately to issue a paper, which they named "The Pennsylvania Fifth." The second number, dated "Camp M'Dowell, Alexandria, June 17th, 1861," is before us. The brave boys had left a childhood, and mothers behind them, but had carried along with them their sacred and pleasant memories. It is creditable to their minds and hearts, that what we here quote, is among the most prominent of their selections.

"Who, that has lived through years of careless gayety, or sorrow, or crime, has forgotten that little prayer so often murmured at the mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The origin of this stanza it is difficult to trace. It appeared in the "New England Primer" more than four score years ago, and was probably then as many years older, although some have ascribed it to Dr. Watts. Mr Tower, in his "Pictoral Reader," mentions as a fact related of J. Q. Adams, that during his long life, he never retired to bed without repeating the above prayer of his childhood, which, learned from a mother's lips, he had been early taught to lisp. The prevailing sentiment, so sublimely simple, however childishly expressed, so affected some poet of later days, as to originate one of the most touching little poems in our language. The name of the author is not now remembered; but his beautiful production ought to be immortalized by general re-publication every year:

The dreamy night draws nigh;
Soft airs delicious breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours!
The moon is high:
See yonder tiny cot,
The lattice decked with vines—a tremulous ray
Steals out to where the silver moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not!
Within, two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasped softly, and a brow
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands now
Of joys and sighs
For the swift coming years!

Two rosy lips with innocent worship part;
List! be thou saint—or skeptic, if thou art,—
Thou must have ears:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Doth it not noiseless ope
The very floodgates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee? for her sweet sake,
Who, with strong hope,
Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper "Now I lay me," o'er and o'er,
As thou didst kneel upon the sanded floor,—
Forget them not!

From many a festive hall
Where flashing light and flushing glances vie,
And, robed in splendor, mirth makes revelry—
Soft voices call
On the light-hearted throngs,
To sweep the harp strings, and to join the dance.
The careless girl starts lightly, as perchance,
Amid the songs,
The merry laugh, the jest,
Come to her vision songs of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmured low,
Before her rest,
That single infant's prayer;
Once more at home, she lays her jewels by,
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy eye,
And kneeling there
With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling rings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by;
Nor doth she thoughtlesss dare
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of Heaven
That all her sins, through Christ may be forgiven:
Then comes the prayer—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,"

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head,
Perhaps upon a fallen comrade dead,
Scorns not to yield
To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour,
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower;
The statesman gray,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honors while his memory weaves
A picture of that home, 'mid woods and streams
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first beams,—
A cabin rude—the wide fields glistening,
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening,
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best

Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest;
But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart—
"Now say your prayer, my son, before we part:"
And, clasping his great hands—a child once more—
Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war—
Thus hear him pray:
"Now! lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

COCK-FIGHTING.

BY THE EDITOR.

Very much afraid are we, that the caption of our present article may scandalize moral readers, or encourage those of another class to expect in it what they will not be able to find. Let no one prejudge us. Perhaps our course may lead us somewhat into the moral, somewhat into the historical, and perhaps even we may somewhat strike right and left before we get through. At all events, we shall get the reader into no trouble; and with this assurance we invite him to read on.

Cock-fighting is an old—we were about to say *amusement*, but we have a better word—*barbarity!* This word suggests to us at once, that its origin must have been heathen, and so it really was. It seems to have been practiced among the ancient Greeks and Romans; and from this latter nation, it was learned by the English. From England it was introduced into this country before the Revolutionary war, and was first principally practiced in Virginia, but later also in Maryland. A more Christian civilization has, during the last several decades, to a great extent, banished it from Maryland, and even Virginia. It is not now much practiced, except in the East Indies and Spanish America.

That any one could ever have found amusement in this cruel barbarity excites wonder. "In this sport," says one, "the plumage is trimmed, to make the foul lighter and more active and give its antagonist less hold upon it; the legs are armed with an artificial steel spur, or gaffle, capable of inflicting a speedily fatal wound. The combatants stand opposite each other with bristling plumes, the head low and the neck extended; after observing each other in silence, with angry looks, one makes a movement, when both erect themselves and dart upon each other; these manoeuvres are repeated until one has torn the comb of the other, driven him off the field by beating him with his wings, or pierced him with his spurs."

And with this cruel sight the spectators are delighted! Large bets are made, and fortunes lost in risks upon the issue. The owners of the fowls procure them by large sums, and bestow on them more attention than they do upon their own children.

The Marquis De Chastellux, in his travels in this country in 1780–1782, describes these cock-fights as they were then common in eastern Virginia. He arrived at a tavern, or *ordinary*, as public houses in Virginia were called. "This consisted of a little house placed in a solitary situation in the middle of the woods, notwithstanding which we there found a great deal of company. As soon as I alighted, I inquired what might be the reason of the numerous assembly, and was informed it was a *cock-match.* This diversion is much in fashion in Virginia, where the English customs are more prevalent than in the rest of America. When the principal promoters of this diversion propose to match their champions, they take great care to announce it to the public; and although there are neither posts, nor regular conveyances, this important news spreads with such facility that the planters for thirty or forty miles round attend, some with cocks; but all with money for betting, which is sometimes very considerable. They are obliged to bring their own provisions, as so many people with good appetites could not possibly be supplied with them at the inn. As for lodging, one large room for the whole company, with a blanket for each individual, is sufficient for such hearty countrymen, who are not more delicate about the conveniences of life, than the choice of their amusements (!)"

Spirits of chivalry! This good French Marquis seems to cast a shadow upon the ancient glory of the race. But he, and not we, is responsible for what he has dared to say. "We tell the tale as it is told us." But what a peep does this description allow us in upon the social taste of those times! What must have been the moral tastes of "the planters," when such a scene of barbarity could draw them together from a distance of "forty miles," to behold innocent fowls, by their arts excited, and by them provided with weapons of steel, inflict upon each other mortal wounds for the amusement of the gaping crowd. O times! O manners!

Our traveller proceeds: "Whilst our horses were feeding, we had an opportunity of seeing a battle. The preparations took up a great deal of time; they arm their cocks with long steel spurs, very sharp, and cut off a part of their feathers, as if they meant to deprive them of their armor. The stakes were very considerable, the money of the parties was deposited in the hands of one of the principal persons. I know not which is most astonishing, the insipidity of such diversion, or the stupid interest with which it animates the parties. This passion appears almost innate amongst the English, for Virginians are yet English in many respects. Whilst the interested parties animated the cocks to battle, a child of fifteen, who was near me, kept leaping for joy, and crying, Oh! it is a *charming diversion.*"

In a note in another part of these Travels, the translator of the

work, says: "The indolence and dissipation of the middling and lower classes of white inhabitants of Virginia, are such as to give pain to every reflecting mind. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, and boxing-matches, are standing amusements, for which they neglect all business; and in the latter of which, they conduct themselves with a barbarity worthy of their savage neighbors. The ferocious practice of stage-boxing in England, is urbanity compared with the Virginian mode of fighting. In their combats, unless specially precluded, they are admitted (to use their own term) 'to bite and gouge,' which operations, when the first onset with fists is over, consists in fastening on the nose or ears of their adversaries with their teeth, seizing on some delicate or vital organ, and dexetrously scooping out an eye; on which account it is no uncommon circumstances to meet men in the prime of youth, deprived of one of those organs. This is no traveller's exaggeration. I speak from knowledge and observation. In the summer months, it is very common to make a party on horse-back to a limestone spring, near which there is usually some little hut with spirituous liquors, if the party are not themselves provided, where their debauch frequently terminates in a boxing-match, a horse race, or perhaps both. During a day's residence at Leesburg, I was myself accidentally drawn into one of these parties, where I soon experienced the strength of the liquor, which was concealed by the refreshing coolness of the water While we were seated round the spring, at the edge of a delightful wood, four or five countrymen arrived, headed by a veteran cyclops, the terror of the neighborhood, ready on every occasion to risk his remaining eye. We soon found ourselves under the necessity of relinquishing our posts, and making our escape from these fellows, who evidently sought to provoke a quarrel."

By this kind of life, indolence, ignorance, rudeness, and all kinds of demoralization were cultivated. Even the rich, and those who claim to be of the best blood, by their universal gaming propensities, in numerous instances lost their fortunes, compromised their dignity, and sunk to the level of the general barbaric tastes, which found delight in every kind of rude and cruel diversion, to the neglect of all higher social, intellectual and religious interests.

Within our own recollection, cock-fighting was still a popular institution in Maryland, and especially at Hagerstown. It came from Virginia, and stood connected with that State as its source. The occasion of these fights—with which horse-racing was also connected—brought together large crowds from great distances. Gamblers and cock-fighters from Baltimore used to attend there.

We remember well, how the fame of these great events sounded out for weeks before they came off, and how our boyish ambition was wrought upon by the wonder. But, thanks to a judicious father, we boys were never allowed to be present. Our father firmly held, that there were some things in the world that boys need not see; and though we could not fully comprehend his reasons at the time, we have since learned to be of his opinion by full and free conviction. Parents ought to know more than their chil-

dren, as they are older, and have had a longer time to learn both by study and experience. How well in harmony is this fact with the requirements of the fifth commandment.

We lived twelve miles from Hagerstown on the road toward Baltimore. Did we not see the Baltimoreans pass our house the week before the race and cock-fights with "their stock," on their way to the grand rendevous?

It was about the year 1832. The great week at Hagerstown had just closed. We were all sitting on the porch in front of our house, on Sunday afternoon—having just finished a late dinner after our return from the village church. A tall, well-dressed, genteel looking man came walking up the road. His gait was that of a tired man, unaccustomed to walking much. His boots and pants were covered with dust, and his face had the appearance of one, who had lived very severely, or freely, for some days—though he seemed sober at that time. He turned in at our gate, and was invited to a seat with us on the porch.

The dress and manners of the stranger at once indicated that he might be some wealthy man from some city. So it also turned out. He told us that he was from Baltimore—that he had been at the cock-fight and races in Hagerstown—that he had gone there with a pair of fine horses in his carriage, with $5000 in his pocket—that luck had gone against him—that he had lost all he had, and there was no alternative left him but to find his way back on foot, and to beg his way! He manifested some considerable sense of shame and penitence, but did not hesitate to make a clean breast of it. Walking twelve miles, unused as he had been to such exercise, had made him hungry, and he asked the favor of something to eat. One of my sisters made him a dinner, after which he rested yet a while, and then with many thanks, and giving my sister a new empty pocket book, he went on his way—we cannot say—rejoicing!

This may answer as a single specimen of the operations of these cock-fights and races. Were the facts all known, no doubt hundreds of similar instances would appear, as the ruinous result of these scenes of barbarian diversion. If the reader will refer back to Vol. IV pp. 161–164, of the "Guardian," he will find an Article entitled "Ten miles with the Driver," in which we have given an account of one of the victims of cock-fights and races—who at the age of sixty related to us how his father was ruined, and he, temporally at least, with him, by those same Hagerstown races.

We hope that none of our readers, who may live in other States, will unduly chuckle over these Maryland and Virginia follies of former years, and "thank God that they are not as other men." Analogous sins in other States have been prevalent. They may mave been different in kind, but just as disastrous in quality. We could also "a tale deliver," yea, more than one, of the oldtime Fairs in Pennsylvania—and exhibit scenes connected with them, where at least an equal amount of ignorance, rudeness and vulgarity revelled together, to bring the blush of shame upon the cheek

of all decency, morals, and Christianity. Have new England, and the Western States no similar memories?

These Fairs, with the cock-fights and races of our sister States, have happily for some time disappeared, and a more lofty and delicate, moral and religious sentiment has come to possess the hearts of the communities We shall be glad if the *new* kind of Fairs, lately introduced in the interests of agriculture, manufacture and mechanics, do not degenerate into the same moral rottenness which befell their predecessors. The horse-racing, gambling, and debauchery they have in some places already restored; how far we are from a re-inauguration of cock-fighting—who can say? If these institutions are to be continued, let the substantial Christian men in every county see to it, that their control does not too much pass out of their hands. Let the past be a timely warning. The good always needs nursing, the bad always watching.

THE SICK MAN HEALED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEBEL BY THE EDITOR.

Wealthy persons, in spite of their golden birds, are often found to be possessed of all manner of burdens and sicknesses of which, God be praised, the poor know nothing. For there are diseases, the source of which is not in the air, but in full plates and tumblers, in soft sofas and downy beds.

To this fact that certain rich man of Amsterdam, to whom our tale relates, can bear a word of witness. The whole forenoon he sat in his easy chair, smoking tobacco when he was not too lazy, or staring out of the window as if he were the sign of an ape-store. Yet when dinner came, he always ate like a thresher, and his neighbors often said: "Is it windy out of doors, or is it just our neighbor snoring!" During the whole afternoon, he was always eating, now something hot, and now something cold. Although he was not hungry, he ate to pass away time. This be did till evening, so that one could not tell when exactly with him dinner ended and supper began. After supper he went to bed, as tired as if he had all day long been unloading stones or splitting wood.

From this mode of life he became very corpulent, and as helpless as a bag of shot. He ceased to enjoy either eating or sleeping, and for a long time, as it sometimes happens with men, he was neither right well nor right sick. If one would listen to him he had three hundred and sixty five diseases, namely a new one each day in the year. All the physicians in Amsterdam had to give their counsel. He swallowed whole fire buckets full of mixtures, and shovel-fulls of powders and pills. He took doses as large as a duck egg; and at length he was called in sport nothing but the two-legged apothe-

cary shop! But all these medicines did him no good; for he did not follow the advice of his physicians, but only said: "Thousands! why then am I a rich man, if I am to live like a dog, and the doctor will not cure me for my money."

At length he heard of a physician who resided about three hundred miles away. He had so great a reputation, that it was said the sick were cured by his looking at them, and that wherever he was seen death got out of his way. Our patient had confidence in this man, and wrote to him describing his case and condition. The physician saw at once what ailed him—that he needed, not medicine, but temperance and exercise. He said to himself: "Wait, my good fellow, I will soon have you cured."

He accordingly wrote to him substantially as follows: "My good friend! You are in a bad way; still you can be cured if you are willing. You have a wicked animal in your stomach—a winged dragon with seven mouths! With the winged dragon I must myself speak, and you must come to me. But mind what I say: first you must not go into a carriage, or ride on a horse; if you do you will shake the dragon, he will become excited, and bite off your entrails—seven he will bite off at one stroke! You must come to me a-foot. Secondly, you must eat twice a day a single plate of vegetables; at noon you may add a very small piece of saussage, in the evening an egg, and in the morning a bit of beef soup with garlic cut into it. Whatever more you eat will only serve to make the dragon grow larger, so that he will press upon your liver, and then it will not be necessary any more for the tailor to measure you, but only—the coffin-maker! This is my advice; if you do not follow it, you will not hear the call of the cuckoo next spring. Do as you think best!"

When the patient found himself spoken to in this style, he ordered his boots to be blacked the very next morning, and entered upon the journey as the doctor had directed him. The first day he went so slowly, that a snail might have been his herald; and if any one bid him good-day, he made no acknowledgment, and when only a worm crept out of the earth he crushed it, so peevish was he. But on the second and third morning, it seemed to him as if the birds had never sung so sweetly, and the dew seemed to him so fresh, and the roses so red by the way, and all the people who met him seemed so pleasant, and he also himself felt as they did.

Every morning, as he left his tavern, everything seemed more cheerful, and he felt better, and got along on his journey more easily. When he arrived at length in the village where the physician resided, and arose in the morning, he felt so well that he said: "There could have been no more unsuitable time for me to get well than just now, when I have come to the doctor to be cured. If I had only a little roaring in my ears, or a slight water brash!"

When he came to the physician, he took him by the hand, and said: "Now tell me particularly all that ails you!" Then the patient said: "Honored doctor, thank God, nothing ails me; and if you are as well as I am, I shall be glad." The doctor said: "A

good spirit has advised you to follow my directions The winged dragon is now dead, and wasting away. But you have still some of his eggs in you. Hence it will be necessary for you to return again on foot. At home you must diligently saw wood every day, and eat no more than will barely satisfy your hunger, so that those eggs may be destroyed. In this way you may live to be an old man." The doctor smiled significantly as he was giving this advice.

The rich patient answered: "You are a cunning rogue, good doctor, and I understand you very well." He followed his advice, and lived to the age of eighty-seven years, four months, and ten days. He was as sound as a fish in the water; and on every new year's day, he sent the doctor twenty Doubloons as a greeting.

SINGING THE PRAISES OF GOD.

BY J. H. J.

"Music," says a writer, "since the world began has been employed to express religious feeling." And as it is a part of the public worship of the sanctuary, it becomes all to whom God has given a voice, to join in this interesting part of worship and to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." Singing the praises of God was an exercise in ancient use. Moses sung a song of triumph and praise to God, after his deliverance from Egypt, and the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. The Old Testament is full of the subject of singing the praises of God, and we find in the New Testament, the same theme. It is the duty of all to praise God in this delightful part of Christian worship. It is a part of Christian worship connected with the manifestation of the divine glory. We find it associated with that miraculous earthquake, which took place at Philippi, shaking the foundations of the prison, where Paul and Silas were confined with their feet made fast in the stocks. At the midnight hour "they sang praises to God." And we also find, that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, after he had celebrated with the disciples the holy Supper, sung a hymn before they went out to the Mount of Olives.

To sing the praises of God is a delightful privilege as well as duty. If we visit the chamber of affliction, we see poor human nature giving vent to her feelings in groans; and the condemned spirits in perdition, express their woe and despair in weeping and wailing. Surely then we ought to be thankful, that we are privileged to sing the joyful praises of our God.

Praise may be said to be the effusion of the soul overflowing with love, trying to render to God the best returns it possesses for mercies received and enjoyed.

Singing the praise of God appears to be the language of universal nature. It is an homage which all pay to God, except his rebellious creatures. The birds fill the air with their melody. All creatures which God has created, appear to have some mode of expressing their pleasures and enjoyments. The angels are represented as delighting in it. With these facts before us, surely the saints of the Most High should join in the universal chorus, singing with grace in their hearts unto the Lord.

But let us glance at the spirit, in which this exercise should be conducted. In this exercise, there should be the union of the heart with the voice. Where this is not the case, the service will be vain hypocrisy, which is offensive to God. All who join in this part of the worship of the sanctuary should sing in faith, believing the truths they express. As faith should be mixed with hearing the Gospel, if our hearing shall not be in vain, and as faith is required in prayer, so also is it in praising God. We must sing with humility. There is perhaps no part of the public worship of God in which we engage, where we are in greater danger of pride and self-complacency, than in singing the praises of God. In this, as well as every other part of the worship of God, we should cherish reverence and deep humility before God. It is greatly to be feared, that we are living in times, when music is not considered as it should be, a religious act, but rather viewed as a religious embellishment. This perhaps accounts for the fact, that some churches that have choirs wish they had none, and they that have none, wish they had until they get them. These are good in their place, when properly and religiously conducted; but when abused, then trouble and music become twin brothers, rending the congregation and ending sometimes in the dissolution of the pastoral relation. It takes but little sometimes to throw a choir into confusion, and when this is the case, it is like an open magazine subject to explosion at any time.

Singing the praises of God is the chief employment of heaven. It may be said to be a heavenly science; from thence it came, and there it will be perpetuated through one eternal day. "For they rest not day nor night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." From this we learn, that celebrating the praises of the most high and holy God is the incessant work of the glorified saints and angels around the dazzling throne of heaven.

All should join in this delightful exercise. We cannot do it by proxy. As we cannot hear by proxy, and as we cannot pray by proxy, so we cannot sing by proxy. The singers in the organ loft should not forbid the singing in the pews. In a word, we should see to it, that Christ and his grace be the subject of our praise. He is the gift of gifts. He is all and in all.

There is no scene on this side of Heaven that is more delightful and heavenly, than that of a congregation, singing heartily, as with

one voice, praises to the Lord. How often have we felt like singing with the poet,

"Our willing souls would stay
In such a frame as this,
And gladly sing ourselves away
To everlasting bliss."

THE JEWISH NATION.

BY THEODORE D. FISHER.

This article on the Jewish Nation has an interest apart from its inherent beauty. It is from the pen of Theodore D. Fisher, Esq., son of Philip Fisher, lately Sheriff of Lebanon county, Pa.—who was lately lost on the steamer "Ruth," which was burnt on the Mississippi several miles below Cairo. He was a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College of the class of 1858. On graduating he took the highest honor of his class. In January last he accepted of the appointment of Paymaster's Clerk in the Army, and was at the time of the sad disaster which befel the "Ruth," proceeding on that vessel to Memphis to aid in paying off Gen. Grant's Army, since which time no tidings of him have been heard. Mr. Fisher was at the time of his death, and for a long time previous, organist of St. John's Reformed congregation in Lebanon, of which church he was also a zealous and useful member. The organ of that church is now dressed in morning, in honor of his memory. We have never been acquainted with a more exemplary and excellent young man. What makes the event more sad is his having been an only son, and the only child of his now bereaved parents. His class-mates, and many acquaintances, will read this article, which we have found among his papers, with tender interest.

ED. GUARDIAN.

Far back, in the dim grey ages of antiquity, when the race of man was in its infancy, there dwelt in the Chaldees, a pious shepherd. From him has sprung a nation, which, through the varied changes of four thousand years, maintains to the present day the peculiar characteristics of a distinct people. Their history is one of undying interest. We may search through all the annals of the human race; we may wander back through dim shadows of the ancient world, and admire the grandeur of ancient glory, or roaming amidst the monuments of modern civilization, we may study the rise, progress and decline of the nations of the present day, but nowhere throughout the whole world, do we meet with a people so eminently remarkable, so truly wonderful.

We may turn with sadness from a rehearsal of the woes of fallen Poland, we may dwell with admiration on the unyielding valor of Turks—oppressed Greece, or drop a tear over the grave of freedom in Hungary; we may contemplate with wonder the wealth and power of Great Britain, or rejoice in the freedom and happiness of America; but before the strange intermingling of lights and of shadows, of majesty and of misery in the Jewish nation, we stand in solemn awe and amazement. Here we find the most lofty moral elevation, the most deep-rooted depravity; the highest glory, the most shameful debasement; the greatest power, and most cruel oppression.

The ancient history of the Jewish Nation, is recorded by the sacred pen of inspiration. It has lived through long ages, unimpaired by the ravages of time, and reveals to man, facts, which, if recorded by the human mind alone, would be accounted the fabulous creations of a heated imagination. But the mind of man could never have conceived of anything so truly grand and lofty. Raised up by God for a special purpose, the wildest fables of heathen mythology, and the most wonderful achievements of imaginary deities and heroes, exhibit not one half its sublimity.

When the people were oppressed by their enemies, on their march to the promised land, when huge, impassable mountains on either side, and the sea in front, defied further progress, when the most terrible destruction threatened them, the sea, rolling back its dark waters, permitted them to pass beyond on dry land, and swallowed up in the fearful chasm their pursuing enemies. Bread from heaven sustained their life. The cleft rock assuaged their thirst. The pillar of cloud and pillar of fire, moving on in silent majesty above them, guided them in their long wanderings. The waters of the Jordan separated to receive them into the holy land, and even the sun stood still in his course to help them to subdue it. A succession of events like these, has occurred but once in the history of the world, and gives to the Jewish nation not only a peculiar interest, but a majesty which exalts it above every other nation of the earth.

When the Israelites were established in the promised land, there succeeded an age of happiness and prosperity, unequalled by that of any other people. Universal peace shed upon them its choicest blessings. Their wealth and splendor, in the time of Solomon, was unparalleled; and their glory became the wonder of all nations.

But this brilliant period drew to a close. Internal divisions and foreign wars weakened their power. The people sank into the most horrid forms of wickedness, and hesitated not to commit the most atrocious crimes. Soon the measure of their iniquity was full; the awful deed at which the earth trembled, and the sun shrank back aghast, the crucifixion of their Redeemer and King was consummated; and the same volume that reveals the past greatness, glory and magnificence of this once favored people, pronounces also their most fearful curse.

The bright pages of their history are now closed. Their glory

is departed. All that now remains is dark and terrible. Harrassing wars and frightful slaughters devastate their country. Soon a foreign enemy marches against their sacred city. Then follows a siege whose horrors never have been and never will be equalled in all the annals of war. The Roman legions surround the walls on all sides, and the slow and measured blows of their battering rams, strike terror into the hearts of the imprisoned millions. The walls yield; and the sword and flames begin their fearful work. But the Jews maintain a long and desperate resistance. Every one is ready, at any moment, to sacrifice his life and mingle his blood with the black stream that slowly rolls through every street of the Holy City.

But at length famine and pestilence add their horrors to the ravages of the sword and the flames, and hasten the terrible destruction. Starving mothers feed upon their own children. The heaps of unburied dead poison the atmosphere. Famishing men fall dead in the streets. Desolation sweeps over the whole city, and thousands upon thousands of its devoted defenders perish. At length the red flames burst from the gorgeous temple, whose magnificence and architectural glory is unrivalled in the whole world; a wail, and the city of the Great King lies level with the dust.

All this, however, was but the foretaste of the grievous calamities that were to befal them. Aliens from their country, without a home in the whole wide world, their history for the fifteen hundred succeeding years, presents only the sickening picture of oppression, terror and blood. They were driven from one inhospitable country to another. Nations seemed to vie with each other in persecutions. They were plundered, enslaved and massacred. If a ruler at any time seemed to be leniently disposed towards them, and received them into his country, it was only that he might the more successfully rob them. Their goods confiscated, they were handed over tc a blood-thirsty populace, who hunted them down like wild beasts. At every turn, contumely, outrage and death stared them in the face. They were tortured, imprisoned, slaughtered and burned in almost every horrible form. Every one considered them as a common enemy, and sought their total extermination. A period of such long continued, uninterrupted and universal suffering, can hardly be imagined. For these persecutions were not confined to only one country, but sprang up wherever the outcast Jew sought a home. True, there has sometimes been a respite in which the nation revived. But the respite was always of short duration. Soon they were again robbed and slaughtered more pitilessly than ever. The whole nation, scattered throughout every country of the world, has every where, for centuries in succession, groaned in misery.

The history of every nation is defaced with heart-rending scenes of blood and oppression. But can any cause be assigned, apart from the Almighty decree of Heaven, why the Jews were so preeminently hated and persecuted? When permitted to make their home in any country for a short period, they were generally peacea-

ble, and submissive to the laws of the nation with whom they sojourned. They have always sought the rewards of honest industry, and were glad to be able to shelter themselves from the storm which drove them, homeless, to a foreign clime. What, then, could induce every man to become a deadly foe? What power could overcome all the dictates of humanity, and stifle every heaven born feeling of the human heart? What stroke could sever every cord of sympathy that mournfully vibrates at the touch of human suffering? What fire could dry up the fount of compassion? What demon could tear offended Justice from her throne, and mock at Mercy humbly pleading at her feet? What fever can sustain the thirst for Jewish blood, which neither the sword, nor flames, nor tortures, nor the lapse of centuries, has been able to assuage? It is the same enemy of humanity and of true religion, that dragged the early Christian martyrs to the stake; that glutted the inquisition with its victims, that drenched all Europe in human blood. It was Religious Intolerance. For, the blackest crimes, the most horrible cruelties, that stain the pages of the history of Jewish persecutions, were committed with the sanction of hierarchical authority. Ah! but it was in fulfillment of prophecy. Very true, and fearfully, for the Jews, has the prophecy been fulfilled. The curse madly invoked upon themselves, "His blood be upon us and our children," has been terribly realized. But can the fulfillment of prophecy justify murder, rapine, oppression and undying hatred? Can it justify universal and unrending enmity, insult and the gratification of the vilest passions of the human heart? As well could it justify the crime on Calvary.

But the nation has miraculously survived these dreadful sufferings. The dawn of the Reformation has dispelled the long night of persecution that hung over them, and the spirit of religious toleration and love, which characterizes true Christianity, has lifted them out of the untold misery into which they had been mercilessly driven. And although they are still scattered throughout the whole earth, and as a nation are often entirely forgotten, they excite our deepest sympathy, and claim our highest veneration. For we behold in them the lineal descendants of a nation that occupied the highest position that the ancient world witnessed, and the living monuments of the truth of Christianity in the fulfillment of divine prophecy.

Practical wisdom acts in the mind as gravitation does in the material world; combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence among the various parts of our system. It is forever reminding us where we are, and what we can do, not in fancy, but in real life. It does not permit us to wait for dainty duties, pleasant to the imagination; but insists upon our doing those which are before us.—*Helps.*

FADING NATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Nature is always beautiful. But what season of the year can equal the ripe golden glories of Indian summer? Spring is like a buoyant, careless child, scattering flowers arouud it; summer, like a man in earnest middle life bent on the useful and practical; but Autumn, like a pleasant, benevolent, kind-hearted aged grandmother, sitting sedately in her arm-chair, with her lap full of ripe fruits. She seems to be fading and near the time of her departure; but we do not think of that as we look into her face so full of generous charities; and she herself forgets that she is in the "sear and yellow leaf," as she beholds her happy children gather around her.

One of the poets spoke rather beautifully, when describing those vernal phenomena, which are seen in nature when the old reign of winter is not yet fully past. He said, the remains of winter were "lingering in the lap of spring." In like manner we might describe the uncertain autumnal season as winter nestling among the newly fallen leaves. For scarcely has the dreamy Indian summer given the last ripe tint to the falling leaves, when the early snow begins to lay its chilling, bleaching hand upon them. What a nestling feeling comes over us as we behold the fleecy flakes come sailing silently down through the naked forest trees, just lately stript of their foliage. We think of warm and well strawed stalls for cattle, and glowing stoves on crackling hearths for our own comfort. We feel that the charms of out-door life are near their end, and we are content to give up the fields and the woods to the old "rude Boreas, blustering vailer."

As naturally, so spiritually, there is something bracing about this approach of winter. As there is to be an onset, the healthy spirit accommodates itself to the conflict; and the requisition made for the exercise of new powers, gives it elasticity and ardor, while that exercise brings the flow of good blood and a cheerful heart.

We know full well that this season has its sad lessons. From time immemorial, the wise have seen that autumn is an impressive image of decay and death. Thus, the "blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle," in his day moralized:

> "Like leaves on the trees the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
> Another race the following spring supplies,
> They fall successive, and successive rise,
> So generations in their course decay,
> So flourish these when those are passed away."

So too, in the Bible, we are warned that "we all do fade as a leaf."

This is all true. The lesson ought to be heeded. But the warning given us by the falling leaf ought to make us strong for action, and not overpower us with morbid weakness. The Christian, while the fading glories of autumn may give him a sense of the vanishing nature of all earthly things, will feel at the same time that, even in the midst of these scenes of desolation, his spirit acquires only a stronger nerve, and his faith experiences a bracing power which inspires assurance of final victory over all decay and death. Through the dark November and December storms, he beholds the cheering gleam of the Christmas lights, and he feels a lively hopefulness in Him, who came as the principle of life in death, and who by his birth in the midst of winter has rendered to the believing heart "December as pleasant as May."

With this estimation of its otherwise somewhat too saddening tone, we quote, as suitable to this season of the year, Bryant's beautiful Poem on

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollow of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In higher light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and in the field no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

It has been beautifully said, "Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the Autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of

a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a complete task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of Spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sings amid its garniture of Autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret our murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue."

A PORTRAIT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

We extract the following description of Washington from a "Book of Travels in North America in the Years 1780, 1781 and 1782 by the Marquis De Chastellux, one of the forty members of the French Academy, and Major General of the French Army, serving under the Count de Rochambeau." The book was published in Dublin in 1787. The reader cannot but feel the force of the remark made in a note, by the translater of the Marquis' Book. He says, "It is impossible not to admire the accuracy of this description, or read it without the strongest emotion. Posterity, future historians, will be grateful to the Marquis de Chastellux for this exquisite portrait, every feature, and every tint of which will stand the test of the severest scrutiny, and be handed down to distant ages in never-fading colors." As the book, containing this portrait, is rare in this country, and the piece perhaps never published here, we are the more anxious to furnish it to our readers.—Ed. Guardian.

Here would be the proper place to give the portrait of General Washington: but what can my testimony add to the ideal already formed of him? The Continent of North America, from Boston to Charleston, is a great volume, every page of which presents his eulogium. I know, that having had the opportunity of a near in-

spection, and of closely observing him, some particular details may be expected of me; but the strongest characteristic of this respectable man, is the perfect union which reigus between the physical and moral qualities, which compose the individual. One alone will enable you to judge of all the rest.

If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trajan, or Alexander, on examining their features, you will still be led to ask, what was their stature, and the form of their persons; but if you discover, in a heap of ruins, the head or limb of an antique *Apollo*, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured that they all were conformable to those of a god. Let not this comparison be attributed to enthusiasm! It is not my intention to exaggerate. I wish only to express the impression General Washington has left on my mind; the idea of a perfect whole, that cannot be the product of enthusiam, which rather would reject it, since the effect of proportion is to diminish the idea of greatness. Brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without severity; he seems always to have confined himself within those limits, where the virtues, by clothing themselves in more lively, but changeable and doubtful colors, may be mistaken for faults.

This is the seventh year that he has commanded the army, and that he has obeyed Congress; more need not be said, especially in America, where they know how to appreciate all the merit contained in this simple fact. Let it be repeated that Conde was intrepid, Turrenne prudent, Eugene adroit, Catinat disinterested. It is not thus that Washington will be characterized. It will be said of him, *at the end of a long civil war, he had nothing with which he could reproach himself!* If any thing can be more marvellous than such a character, it is the unanimity of the public suffrages in his favor. Soldier, magistrate, people, all love and admire him; all speak of him in terms of tenderness and veneration. Does there then exist a virtue capable of restraining the injustice of mankind; or are glory and happiness too recently established in America, for envy to have deigned to pass the seas?

In speaking of this perfect whole, of which General Washington furnishes the idea, I have not excluded exterior form. His stature is noble and lofty; he is well made, and exactly proportioned, his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such as to render it impossible to speak particularly of any of his features, so that in quitting him, you have only the recollection of a fine face. He has neither a grave nor a familiar air; his brow is sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude; in inspiring respect, he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence.

But above all, it is in the midst of his general officers that it is interesting to behold him. General in a Republic, he has not the imposing stateliness of a Marchal de France, who gives *the order;* a hero in a Republic, he excites another kind of respect, which seems to spring from the sole idea, that the safety of each individual is attached to his person.

"NUN LASSET UNS DEN LEIB BEGRABEN."

A funeral Hymn by Michael Weiss, a minister of the Bohemian Brethren, Born 1630. This Hymn is much sung in America, by all denominations on funeral occasions.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

We lay this body in the grave,
With faith in Him who came to save ;
It shall arise in that great day,
When men to judgment wake from clay.

Dust, dust it is—from dust its birth—
It must return to mother earth ;
But it shall leave its dusty bed,
When God's loud trump shall call the dead.

The soul, by His salvation blest,
Is safely with its God at rest ;
The death of Christ on Calvary,
From sin and death has made it free.

All sorrow, suff'ring, pain and wo,
Have ended with this life below ;
The yoke of Christ he meekly bore,
Now dead, he lives forever more.

His soul is freed from every grief ;
His body sleeps in sweet relief,
Until in glorious, pure array,
It rises in the judgment day.

Whilst here he lived in anxious care,
But now shall joy forever there ;
In bliss unclouded and divine,
He brighter than the sun shall shine.

We leave him to his slumbers here—
Return, each to his wonted sphere,
With diligence our work to do,
Till death shall come to call us too.

O Christ, who all our comfort art,
To us Thy saving grace impart ;
From sin and Satan set us free,
And we shall ever worship Thee

SCHILLER'S REMAINS.

SCHILLER died in 1805, poor. Being dependent on his pen for support, his own illness and that of his wife not only deprived him of his regular income, but also used up what little he had laid by. At the time of his death, too, his friends, who might have secured him the attention worthy his fame, were either absent from the city or so ill as to be unable to take any action. Besides the family and sister-in-law of the poet, Henrich Voss was the only friend who was present at the death bed. When all was over he went to the joiners, and, knowing the need of economy, ordered a plain deal coffin—price ten shillings sterling. Arrangements were made for a funeral involving the least possible cost. It was to take place at midnight, with no display, no religious rite, and no procession, and to be conducted, according to the custom of the place, by the guild of tailors, who shared, in regular rotation with the other guilds, the duty of attending funerals.

But Schiller had a neighbor, Carl Leberecht Schwabe, in the adjoining house, who admired his genius and had cultivated his personal acquaintance. Schwabe was absent at the time of the death of his friend, but returned a few hours before the time appointed for the funeral. He was greatly astounded when he heard the arrangements that had been made; they seemed to him mean and disgraceful to the city. He bestirred himself to alter them for the better, but it was late, and he was only able to secure a decent attendance of bearers and friends. At midnight the humble procession took up its march, and bore the body of the poet to the churchyard of St. James, where it was deposited in the Kassengewölbe.

This was a public vault belonging to the provine of Weimar, in which it was usual to inter, on payment of the fee of a *louis d'or*, persons of the higher classes. It stood near the wall of the churchyard; the interior inclosed a space of about fourteen feet clear each way. It was provided with a trap-door which gave access to the hollow space beneath. Here coffins were deposited, from time to time, no particular order being observed, till the vault became full, when a "clearing out" would be ordered, to make room for other coffins. On such occasions it was the custom to dig a hole in the corner of the church-yard, and to bring up *en masse* the entire contents of the Kassengewölbe, and shovel the whole heap into the pit.

Such was the first interment of Schiller's remains.

They lay in this place undisturbed and unsought for for twenty-one years, during which time Schwabe had risen to be Bürgermeister. In March, 1826, the authorities ordered a "clearing out" of the Kassengewölbe. Mayor Schwabe heard this order, the result of which would be to consign the dust of Schiller to perpetual oblivion, with dismay.

Prompt as on the former occasion he immediately took measures to rescue that precious dust from such an outrage. Armed with a permit from competent authority, Schwabe, with a few chosen friends, undertook to search the vault for Schiller's bones. There were no means of identification. No plate or inscription had been placed on the coffin; nor could it be found by the order in which the coffins lay, because they had been frequently moved at subsequent burials. It was thought the coffin might be identified by its pecular size and proportions, but when the attempt was made to move or lift any, they fell immediately to pieces. A second effort was made with an equally unsuccessful result, and the project was about to be abandoned in despair. Now Schwabe bethought himself that he would be able to recognize the skull if he could find it. So, secretly—for the people had begun to be very indignant at the irregular proceedings which had been going on—with sworn and trusty assistants, he descended again into the Kassengewölbe. The labor of three nights was rewarded by the exhumation of twenty-three skulls, which Schwabe found, by comparison of the records, corresponded with the number of bodies deposited there since the last "clearing out." The mayor put the skulls into a sack, and carried them to his house, where he took them out and placed them in rows on a table.

"It was hardly done ere he exclaimed: '*That* must be Schiller's!' There was one skull that differed enormously from all the rest both in size and shape. It was remarkable, too, in another way: alone of all those on the table it retained an entire set of the finest teeth, and Schiller's teeth had been noted for their beauty. But there were other means of identification at hand. Schwabe possessed the case of Schiller's head, taken after death, by Klauer, and with this he undertook careful comparison and measurement. The two seemed to him to correspond; and of the twenty-two others, not one would bear juxtaposition with the cast. Unfortunately the lower jaw was wanting, to obtain which a fourth nocturnal expedition had to be undertaken. The skull was carried back to the Gewölbe, and many jaws were tried ere one was found which fitted, and for beauty of teeth corresponded with the upper jaw. When brought home, on the other hand, it refused to fit any other cranium. One tooth alone was wanting, and this tooth, an old servant of Schiller's afterwards declared, had been extracted at Jena in his presence."

Medical authorities and friends of Schiller—among them Gœthe—were invited in to examine the skulls, all of whom confirmed Schwabe's decision.

It was Schwabe's plan to deposit the skull, which was all of Schiller's remains that he now hoped to find, in a chosen spot of the new cemetery of Weimar, and to mark the spot by a simple monument.

"But the Grand Duke and Gœthe decided otherwise. Dannecker's colossal bust of Schiller had recently been acquired for the Grand Ducal library, where it had been placed on a lofty pedestal

opposite the bust of Gœthe; and in this pedestal, which was hollow, it was resolved to deposit the skull.

The skull being now in the care of Gœthe, it occurred to him that it must be possible to find the skeleton. He placed the matter in the hands of Dr. Schröter, Professor of Anatomy at Jena. The skull was taken back to the Kassengewölbe, and the vertebræ and principal bones were one by one found and fitted together. The skeleton was substantially reproduced, put into a suitable coffin, and taken care of while the skull was restored to the pedestal.

Finally, on the suggestion of King Louis of Bavaria, the Grand Duke proposed "that the skull and skeleton of Schiller should be reunited and 'provisionally' deposited in the vault which the Grand Duke had built for himself and his house, 'until Schiller's family should otherwise determine.' No better plan seeming feasible, Gœthe himself gave orders for the construction of a durable sarcophagus. On November 17th, 1827, in presence of the younger Gœthe, Condray, and Riemer, the head was finally removed from the pedestal, and Professor Schröter reconstructed the entire skeleton in this new and more sumptuous abode, which we are told was seven feet in length, and bore at its upper end the name

SCHILLER.

in letters of cast-iron. The same afternoon Gœthe went himself to the library and expressed his satisfaction with all that had been done."

At half-past five in the morning of December 16th, 1827, Schiller's remains were taken—secretly again—and deposited, with all due form, in the ducal vault. Here they still remain.—*Methodist.*

ADVERSITY GOD'S FAVOR.—We thank God perhaps, when we do thank him, for health, success, plenty and honor. We do well. They are the gifts of God's Providence, and demand our acknowledgments. But they are not the only blessings his goodness confers on us. Adversity should be added to the number of his favors, and remembered in our most devout thanksgivings. Blessed be God for pain, sickness, disappointment, distress, and every one of those evils with which the life of man is filled, and which are the subjects of our hasty complaints; evils, which are our greatest good; which afflict but purify, tear and harrow up the soul, but prepare it for the seeds of virtue. Blessed be God that he is not so unkind as to try us by the most dangerous of all temptations, uninterrupted prosperity: that we are not undone by the accomplishment of our wishes; that he is pleased to chastise us with his legitimate children, and with his dear and only begotten Son, whom we hope to follow through the gate of the grave to a joyful resurrection.—*Rev. Dr. Ogden.*

THE HOME OF JESUS.

This home of our Lord, at the sea of Galilee, was fitly chosen for the great and blessed work of his ministry. He came to preach the gospel to the poor, to call the heavy laden, and to seek and save the lost. And no spot furnished better facilities than the populous cities and villages and thronged shores of this beautiful lake. Situated in the midst of the Jordan valley, on the great thoroughfare from Babylon and Damascus into Palestine, its waters were a central point of passing and gathering by "the way of the sea," "beyond Jordan," of "Zebulun and Naphthali." Depressed to such a depth—six hundred feet below the Mediterranean Sea—its shores have almost a tropical fertility, denied to the bordering uplands, and increased by the beautiful and abundant springs along the Western coast In this respect there is a marked contrast between the sea of Galilee and that dismal lake into which the Jordan flows and is absorbed. If, as Mr. Stanley well observes, the Southern lake is the Sea of Death, the Nothern is emphatically the Sea of Life—life in its waters and on its banks, and in the time of our Lord a centre of population and traffic. The villages "sent forth their fishermen by hundreds over the lake; and when we add to the crowd of ship-builders, the many boats of traffic, pleasure and passage, we see that the whole basin must have been a focus of life and energy; the surface of the lake constantly dotted with the white sails of vessels flying before the mountain gusts, as the beach sparkled with houses and palaces, the synagogues and temples of Jewish or Roman inhabitants."

It was no secluded spot that our Saviour sought for his home, no hermit life that he lived. Nowhere except in Jerusalem could he have found such a sphere for his labors. Readily from the centre "His fame went throughout all Syria;" vast multitudes were attracted by his teachings and miracles "from Galilee, and from Judea, and beyond Jordan," and "ran through the whole region round about," "bringing the diseased in beds," "where they heard he was; " and whithersoever he entered into villages or cities, or country, they laid the sick in streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment."

Such was the home of Christ with its surroundings, its scenes and "images which could occur nowhere else in Palestine but on this same spot, and have now passed into the religious language of the civilized world." Oh, what an undying interest clusters around the sea of Galilee! As we retraced our steps, I paused at Magdala for a refreshing bath in the clear waters of the lake

---

Kindness is a language which not only the dumb can speak, but the deaf can understand.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

The old chimney corner! It is endeared to the heart from the earliest recollections. What dreams have been there! What stories told! What bright hours passed! It was a place to think in, a place to weep in, to laugh in and much the coziest place in the house to rest in. It was there where dear old grand-mamma used to sit at her knitting, warming her poor rheumatic back against the warm wall; where grandpa used to fall asleep over his newspaper; where mamma used to place her spinning wheel and papa used to sit there too, and read in the great arm chair.

It was there you used to read fairy tales in your childhood, folded all so snug, and warm, and cosy, in its great warm lap, while the wind of a Winter's night was whistling without. Your favorite plumb cake was never so sweet as when eaten there, and the stories you read by the sitting room fireside were never half so fascinating as those read in the chimney corner.

If you were sad, you went there to cry. If you were merry, you, with your brothers and sisters, nestled there to have a right merry time. Even puss and the house-dog loved the old chimney corner!

Look back to the old house, where every room, every nook is so full of pleasant recollections—the family sitting room, where were so many happy meetings; your own chamber, with its little window, "where the sun came peeping in at morn;" mother's room, still sacred with her presence. But, after all, brightest memories cluster about that chimney corner.

You long to be folded in its faithful old bosom again, as you were in childhood, and have a good cry over all those past happy times.

It is desolate now. The bright faces clustered there of yore will never come back again. Black and dingy are the loved walls, and the smoke from the kitchen fire never makes them warm any more. But still memory sets up some of the holiest and most beautiful statutes of her carving in the old chimney corner.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XIVth volume It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine

From and after January the 1st, 1863, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **M. Kieffer & Co.,** Chambersburg. Pa Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible The new Publishers propose a general renewal of its mechanical and typographical appearance. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the new volume appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality in the new Volume; and shall do all in their power in co operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be. as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young. at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

DECEMBER, 1863.

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JACOB'S VISION OF THE MYSTIC LADDER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Jacob and Esau were twin brothers—both the sons of Isaac. "Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Esau, being the older, had the birth-right. This entitled him to a number of important privileges. 1. A double portion of his father's property. 2. A pre-eminence, or authority, over the family after the father's death. 3. Before the institution of the Levitical priesthood, the oldest son, after the father's death, was priest in the family, offering up the family sacrifices. 4. Through the line of the family of the first-born the *promise* of the Messiah was to be perpetuated, till He should come; and when He did come it was to be out of that family.

These were the privileges, and advantages of the birth-right; and these Esau, when he was hungry, sold to his brother Jacob, for a mess of pottage. "Thus Esau despised his birth-right."

Afterwards, when Jacob received from his father the patriarchal blessing, which confirmed the privileges of the birth-right to him who was entitled to it, Esau regretted deeply what he had done. "And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said to his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father." But Esau was not the last one who repented of his folly when it was too late!

"And Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him: and Esau said in his heart, The days of mourning for my father are at hand, then will I slay my brother Jacob." Rebecca their mother found out the purpose of Esau against his brother; so she told Jacob to flee to Haran, and dwell with Laban, his uncle, till the anger of Esau should be past.

Not willing to lose his own life, nor to afford his brother Esau an opportunity to become a murderer, Jacob consented to become a voluntary exile from his home. Accordingly, after having received a parting blessing from his aged and venerable father, he left his father's house, his country, and his kindred, and soon disappeared in the distance, on his solitary way to Haran.

The tent of Isaac and Rebecca is now desolate! The object of their warmest love is gone. The hate of Esau, like a fire when it has no more fuel within reach, can but consume his own heart to ashes, and then die of itself.

But yonder goes Jacob, in true pilgrim style, with sandaled feet, and staff in hand. Our sympathies are with him! Over hill and vale, through valley and plain, lies his lonely path. Busied in his own thoughts about the home and the hearts he has left behind him; and, for his own consolation, conning over in his heart, the precious promises involved in his father's blessing, he whiles away the tedious hours. At length he sees the sun sink down behind the distant mountains of Lebanon, and the grey twilight gradually grows darker around him.

What now? It is night, and he is alone in the wilderness. No village in sight; no hum in the distance of some encamping caravan; not even the friendly tent of some patriarchal hermit, who will wash his feet, set bread before him, and spread for his repose a couch of skins.

His first feelings, in these circumstances, were, no doubt, those of loneliness. But he remembers that that God who feeds the ravens

> —Is ever present, ever felt,
> In the void waste as in the city full!
> And where He vital breathes there must be joy.

This consideration calms his anxious fears, and he concludes to lie down upon the earth, like a trusting babe upon the bosom of its mother, and repose under the guardianship of that eye which neither slumbers nor sleeps. He casts his eyes around, and behold! a group of almond trees, whose branches embrace each other, and form a kind of sheltering canopy, under which a weary traveller may lie. "And Jacob took the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep." He slept—he dreamed—and how beautiful was his dream! A ladder, standing on the earth, reached to heaven. The angels ascended and descended upon it, while God Himself stood above the ladder, and spake to Jacob the most beautiful and cheering promises concerning him and his posterity. (Gen. 18: 11–22.)

We might draw from this beautiful incident in the life of Jacob almost any amount of useful lessons; but we must confine ourselves to a few only.

I. God is present in some places as He is not in others.

Concerning God, it is said in the Scriptures, that His eyes are in all places—that all things are naked and open before Him—that

if we ascend to heaven, dive to hell, or fly to uttermost parts of the sea, He is there—that He is *all*, and *in* all. These passages prove that He is in all places, and confined to no place.

There is also a class of passages which speak of God as dwelling on high—as having made His throne in the heavens, as inhabiting eternity, as having His abode in light inaccessible to created eyes.

These passages do not contradict each other; they merely teach that while He is, according to His immensity, in all places of His vast dominions, He has, as we may say, a *centre* of being—a special dwelling place, somewhere in the heaven of heavens, where He manifests His peculiar glory, where Seraphim bend with covered faces, and cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts." God is in *that* place as He is no where else!

As God dwells, thus, specially in some place, *out of time*, in eternity, if He wishes to manifest Himself in a special manner to those who dwell *in limits of time and space*, He must do it *at* some particular *time* and *in* some particular *place*. The Scriptures inform us that He *did* so reveal Himself to men in past ages, and those places where He made these revelations were holy places.

We have an instance of this before us. "And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place!"

It will be noticed that this revelation, which that God, who dwells in eternity, made of Himself in time and space, was made to a man in his sleep, through the medium of a *dream*. It was, however, in so clear and conscious a manner, that he was inwardly assured of its reality. He does not say *perhaps* God is in this place, for I dreamed that he was here, but he says, "*Surely* God *is* in this place."

Every careful inquirer will have noticed, in his study of the history of divine revelations, as recorded in the Scriptures, that there are different grades—some darker and others brighter. The earliest were most obscure, and successive ones became ever clearer. This is God's mode in all things. His first revelations were in promises darkly, as in the garden of Eden, and in the tents of the patriarchal families. Then in dreams, whispering to the soul through the drowsy faculties. Then in types and ceremonials. Then to the spirit elevated by the spirit of poetry. Then in the clearer visions of prophecy. Then lastly in His incarnate Son. In all these ways God came ever nearer, embodying his will successively, and by a process which brought Him ever nearer—in promises, in laws, in doctrines, in sacrifices, covenants and sacraments, until he at length burst forth in a full revelation of Himself as Immanuel, God with us—God incarnate in the person of His son. "And we beheld His glory!"

In all those places where God manifested Himself in any of these forms, in *that* place was His special presence. There He was present as He was not in all the world besides. Such was the place

where Jacob slept. Such was afterwards the place where the tabernacle was built, and where the ark abode. Such was, still later, the place where the temple stood, and where God spake to the prophets, priests, and people, who came there to worship, from out the mysterious cloud which stood upon the ark of the covenant between the Cherubim.

Under the New Testament dispensation, the idea of sacred places, made so by God's peculiar presence, is not destroyed. The Saviour Himself felt the need of impressing upon the minds of the people the truth that the temple was peculiarly solemn as God's house. Hence with holy severity did He drive from it the money changers, and those that sold doves.

That Christ is present in the worshipping places of His people in a peculiar manner is evident from His own declaration, "*Where* two or three are gathered together in my name, *there* am I in the midst of them." Under the impression of this same idea does the Apostle reprove so sharply the irreverence of those at Corinth who mixed things profane with their worship, and thus dispised the Church of God. "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

Thus it is evident that God is in His temples as He is not elsewhere. Churches are sacred places; and if we feel it as Christians should, we will exclaim in our hearts: "Surely the Lord is in this place—how dreadful is this place!" Even sinners will feel an awful shadow, which awakes their fears, fall down upon their souls, forcing them to exclaim: "O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places!"

II. It is in those places that He transacts with men the business which pertains to their well-being in future.

When Jacob awoke and saw, from a review of his dream, that God was in that place, he said, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven."

What brought him to this conclusion? It was evidently the vision of the mystic ladder. This ladder stood on earth and hid its top in heaven. The angels were busily ascending and descending on it. From its top God looked down—telling the lonely sleeper who lay at its foot: "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to south: and in thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land: for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

This was an assurance to Jacob that though he was a lonely wanderer in a desert world, exiled for the sake of peace from his father's house, heaven was still propitious to him; and that God's communications should not cease. The angels, ascending and descending, represented to him the fact that, although there was

no return to Paradise lost by the gate which the Cherubim watched with flaming swords, there was nevertheless another way opening, and that God had not cast away all care for the fallen race of Adam. The Apostle John so explains this vision, where he says that in the reign of Christ, heaven shall be open, and the angels of God shall be seen ascending and descending upon the head of the son of man.

Jacob there at at the foot of that mystic ladder was a type of the Church; for from him was to proceed the spiritual seed —from him should spring the Messiah, as the foundation of the Church, and also a spiritual host as numerous as the dust of the earth, which should make up the future Church; and this is the seed in which all the families of the earth should be blessed. That Jacob understood this to be the import of his vision is evident, for he said this is the house of God—this is Bethel, which means "house of God," this is the gate of heaven.

It is, then, in the future Church that this vision of angels should be fulfilled—the Church should be the ladder standing on earth and reaching to heaven, thus forming a communication between the two—and those who are in the Church are in that dreadful place where God peculiarly is—the Church should be the gate, the entrance, to heaven!

This brings us then to the solemn and important truth, that in the Church God transacts business with men for eternity—that there God and angels communicate with men—that there God speaks promises to men for the future—that *in* it, and *by* it God raises a seed which is to be numerous as the dust of the earth, as the stars of heaven, and as the sands of the sea—that by it all the families of the earth shall yet be blessed—and that all who would enter heaven must pass through it—"*this* is the house of God, and *this* is the *gate* of heaven!"

Is this agreeable to the teachings of God elsewhere in the Scriptures? We answer, yes. The Scriptures teach that the kingdom of God on earth is the kingdom of heaven—the same kingdom, which, transferred on high, shall constitute the Church above. If we would belong to *that*, we must first belong to *this*. "Of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there!" "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God." Hence also the Apostle represents, that connection with Christ is only possible through the Church, and *in* it. According to his teachings Christ is the *head*, the Church is his *body*, and the saints are the *members*. As, in the natural human body, the members are connected with the head only *through* the body, so we can be connected with Christ only through the Church. Hence also the Apostle represents the Church as that "Jerusalem from above which is the mother of us all." If the Church is the mother of the saints; and if, according to the Psalmist, the Lord will count, when he writeth up the people only those who were born in her, then

we may be as sure that there will be none in heaven at last who were not born in her; or shall we have the strange absurdity of children who have no mother!

Let this be well considered by all such as make light of a connection with the Church—by all those who will not enter in at the door to the heavenly fold, but seek to climb up some other way, and by all who expect to dwell in the Church in heaven without entering in through the Church on earth. Especially let all such consider well the import of our Saviour's language, when He says, without any qualification, that all those who do not confess him before men he will deny before His Father and His angels. "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven."

III. If this be true, as has now been shown, it is plain that it is congenial with the spirit of true piety to cherish and reverence those places where God is peculiarly present, and where He meets with His people.

When Jacob lay down to sleep "he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows." After having enjoyed so sweet a rest, and such pleasant dreams, he "rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it, and called the name of that place Bethel."

Why did Jacob set up a pillar in the place where he slept and saw the vision? This is not hard to determine. He did it to mark the spot where he had been favored with so sweet a manifestation of God's presence. He wished so to mark the spot, that whenever he passed that way in his future pilgrimage, he might turn aside to it and meditate with gratitude upon the promises which God spake to him in that place.

That he did *this* is evident from his after history; and it is equally evident that God approved of it. For, some time afterwards, "God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there: and make there an altar unto God, that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother. Then Jacob said unto his household, and to all that were with him, put away the strange gods that are among you, and be clean and change your garments: And let us arise, and go up to Bethel; and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went." (Gen. 35: 1–4.)

Thus the place where Jacob had the sleep and the vision, became a place sacred in his associations. There he erected his altar, and worshipped with his family; and beyond doubt his heart kindled with devotion there when he worshipped as it did no where else.

This feeling of attachment to spots where solemn and important events in our life have transpired, is natural to all men. Religion does not destroy, but increase this feeling. Who does not experience a feeling unusually solemn and deep, when, after years of wandering through the world, he returns to the house or hut where he was born—to the room where he slept in infancy and

childhood—to the paths where his youthful feet wandered in happy ignorance of these sadder paths which lay still before him—and to the church-yard where now his parents, and many of his kindred lie! He who is not subject to feelings of this kind has certainly had the loveliest part of his soul spoiled by the hardening influences of a life of sin.

The Jews cultivated this feeling of attachment to sacred places, in a very great degree, and it was a very precious source of happiness to them. The places where their father had built altars, and worshipped God, were sacred places to them. "The very ground upon which they walked, and which they tilled for their daily bread, was holy, from sacred by-gone transactions. The wells, springs and streams were sacred, reflecting still to him who gazed into them, the faces of generations dead! The valleys were sacred to their minds, for over them ages ago, had floated the incense-breathing cloud of patriarchal sacrifice. Sacred in their associations were the mountains Moriah, Horeb, Lebanon, Carmel, and many others, often, in the days of their fathers, wreathed and crowned with the smoke of burnt-offering. Sacred also were many places which marked the footsteps of Jehovah's presence in former years, and which perpetuated some signal favors which some of the fathers had received at their hands."

This feeling has not left this remarkable people even in their present condition of exile. To this day the Jewish pilgrims to Jerusalem pay a tribute to the Mohammedan authorities for permission to approach and kiss the foundation stones of the ancient Temple. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Even our Saviour himself seems to have felt the power of association as connected with place. When He repaired to Gethsemane in the night of His betrayal, it is said that He went *"as He was wont"* to that place. The sweet recollection of former communion with His heavenly father there, drew Him to that place and chained Him there in deep devotion. It was not like other places to Him.

Where is there a Christian bosom in which this attachment to place is not found? He who could stand on Horeb, on Zion, or Olivet, in Gethsemane, and on Calvary, without feeling the devotion of the place, is certainly not a Christian heart. If there is any sympathy in the spirit, for the events which there transpired, the place will call it forth.

This feeling of attachment to places, sacred in our associations, still exists, is still a right feeling, and ought to be cherished. We do cherish it. And we are endeavoring to do proper public honor to it in every solemnity connected with the laying of corner stones for sacred edifices, or the consecration of churches, and in every act of respect we bestow upon any ancient and venerable sanctuary. Such solemnities have the power of bringing up fresh

to the recollection of many ever afterwards, things pleasant and things sacred! Many, like Jerusalem in her affliction, when separated from the sanctuaries in which they once worshipped, remember with a holy delight, all the pleasant things which they had in the days of old. There are associations which can never die, connected with pulpits, altars, pews, the sound of organs, the music of bells, and even with the very sight of an antique and long-loved sanctuary! "There comes a voice that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."

There was once a poor boy who was compelled on a cold frosty morning to walk barefooted over a mountain. When he came to the top of it, his feet were so frosted that he could scarcely proceed. He looked to one side—and behold! some cattle lying upon the ground. He drove one away, and warmed his feet in the place where it had lain. Years passed on—and that boy became a man—a good man—a learned man—an eminent man, and a bishop in the Church. One day, while going to attend some official business, he passed in a coach over that same mountain. When he arrived at the top, he told the coachman to stop. The bishop left the carriage, sought the place where he had warmed his feet, and kneeling down in the same place, thanked God for all that way in which He had led him!

It is the same feeling which induced the patriarch to raise a pillar where he slept, and which led him to delight in worshipping God in that place in after years, when he had built an altar there. "I will make *there* an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress." It is the same feeling which now calls upon all to do honor to every sacred place, erected by the toils and pains of those who are now dead! It is this feeling which calls upon us to remember, with sacred gratitude, all these pleasant things of old; and let no one ask us to part, without the tribute of a sigh or tear, with any venerable sacred things or places which have become a part of us and of our religion.

IV. It is right, that in view of all the manifestations of God's love and favor which we enjoy in these sacred places, we should vow ourselves, with all that we have, anew unto the Lord.

"And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: And this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

Jacob had seen a beautiful vision in his dream, and had received precious and consoling promises in the midst of a lonely wilderness, and upon a sad journey from his father's house; and now, in view of all these divine favors, he erects a monument to mark the spot, and then vows himself, and his substance, unto God. He did a good thing—it was an appropriate act, it was a noble vow. In this he has left us an impressive and instructive example. God

has often been in the places where we worship. Here He has revealed Himself to us in His word and sacraments as He does not reveal Himself to the world. Here He has spoken many precious and cheering promises to weary pilgrims, travelling like Jacob, through a wilderness towards the land of heavenly blessedness and promise. Is it not right that here we should erect the Ebenezer of our gratitude, and vow ourselves anew unto God? Yea, verily the langnage of each one ought to be: "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God."

First of all Jacob vows *himself* unto God. "Then the Lord shall be *my God.*" And nobly did he keep this vow to the end of his life. It was on his dying bed, when he was surrounded by his twelve sons, and when he was engaged in imparting to them his parting blessing—it was then he exclaimed in the most joyful assurance: "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!" Behold, now, the spirit of him, who slept at the foot of the mystic ladder, carried up that heavenly way by ascending angels, to rest in the bosom of that God who had called to him from its top. God is faithful! the promises are fulfilled; and the pilgrim wanderer has gone higher—

"Where the saints, in those mansions, are ever at home."

Will we imitate his example. Will we say, in view of all that he has done for us: "The Lord shall be *my God.*" This the Scriptures, as well as gratitude, require of us. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

Have we not all already vowed, at the altar, that it is "our only comfort in life and in death, that we are not our own, but belong to our faithful Saviour Jesus Christ!" And when that vow was made at our confirmation, did we not sing out of a heart full of divine love, and of holy resolution:

High heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
That vow *renewed* shall *daily* hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

The Grain of Mustard Seed.—The first Protestant Church in Pekin, the capital of the Chinese empire, has been formed by missionaries of the London Missionary Society. The formation of this Christian community has been the result of Christian effort and religious instruction, in connection with the missionary hospital under the care of Dr. Lockhart.

A STERLING POEM.

Oh! it is hard to work for God,
  To rise and take his part
Upon this battle field of earth,
  And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself as wondrously,
  As though there were no God;
He least is seen where all the powers
  Of ill are most abroad,

Or He deserts us at the hour
  The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
  Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
  To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
  Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
  And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
  His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
  His ways are far above,
Far above reason's heights, and reached
  Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways,
  Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
  When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
  Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science, too,
  In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
  But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle field
  Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh! blest is he to whom is given
  The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
  Is most invisible.

And blessed is he who can divine
  Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
  Wrong to man's blindful eye!

Oh! learn to scorn the praise of men!
  Oh! learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
  And beacons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
  Most strange in all its ways;
And of all things on earth least like
  What men agree to praise.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
  Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field;
  Victory shall crown thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
  Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
  Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

Among all the congresses, held this summer, of princes, lawyers, musicians, school-masters, social-science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A few days ago our Paris correspondent told us, that a congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild has been sitting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to re-arrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, and, following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort. It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance at the city of Hanover, barefooted, with a sack on his shoulders, and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade, like most of his co-religionists, he returned to Frankfort at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the "Jew Lane," over which hung the signboard of a red shield, called in German, Rothschild.

As a dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the Serene Elector of Hesse Cassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewed looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The Serene Elector, being compelled soon after to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that, before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew Lane of Frankfort, and at the Congress of Vienna was never tired of singing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all the princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of the red shield laughed in their sleeves; keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral two million florins brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of hearing his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in the banking and money-lending business, and who, conscious of their social value, dropped the name of Anselm, and adopted the higher sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the sign-board over the paternal house. On his death bed their father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfort clearly was too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions, and, in consequence, the five were determined, after a while, to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1773, remained at Frankfort; the second, Solomon, born in 1774, settled at Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; the fourth, Charles, the *enfant terrible* of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Naples; and the fifth and youngest, James, born 1792, took up his residence at Paris.

Strictly united, the wealth and power of the five Rothschilds was vested in the eldest born; nevertheless, the shrewdest of the sons of Mayer Anselm, and the heir of his genius, Nathan, the third son, soon took the reins of government into his own hands. By his faith in Wellington and the flesh and muscle of British soldiers, he nearly doubled the fortune of the family, gaining more than a million sterling by the sole battle of Waterloo, the news of which he carried to England two days earlier than the mail. The weight of the solid millions gradually transferred the ascendancy in the family from Germany to England, making London the metropolis of the reigning dynasty of Rothschild. Like the royal families of Europe, the members of the house of Rothschild only intermarry with each other. James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Solomon; his son Edmond, heir apparent of the French line, was united to his first cousin, the daughter of Lionel,

and grand-daughter of Nathan Rothschild; and Lionel again—M. P. for London—gave his hand, in 1836, to his first cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Charles Rothschild, of Naples.

It is unnecessary to say that, although these matrimonial alliances have kept the millions wonderfully together, they have not improved the race of old Mayer Anselm of the red shield. Already signs of physical weakness are becoming visible in the great family. So at least hint the French papers in their meagre notices about the Rothschild Congress at Paris From all that can be gathered out of a wilderness of *canards*, thin faces and thick fiction, it appears that the sovereigns of the Stock Exchange met in conference for the double purpose of centralizing their money power and widening their matrimonial realm. In other words, the five reigning kings, descendants, according to the law of primogeniture, of the five sons of Mayer Anselm, came to the decision to reduce their number to four, by cutting off the Neapolitan branch of Charles Rothschild, while it was likewise decided that permission should be given to the younger members of the family to marry, for the benefit of the race, beyond the range of first cousinship.

What has led to the exclusion of the Neapolitan line of Rothschild seems to have been the constant exercise of a highly blameable liberality unheard of in the annals of the family. Charles, the prodigal son of Mayer Anselm, actually presented, in the year 1846, 10,000 ducats to the orphan asylum of St. Carlo, at Naples, and the son and heir of Charles, Gustavus, has given repeated signs of his inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father. Such conduct, utterly unbecoming the policy of the house of Rothschild, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed; and, accordingly—we quote the rumor of Paris journalism—the *déchéance* of the Neapolitan line has been pronounced. However, Baron Gustavus de Rothschild is not to retire into private life, like famous Charles V., with only a cassock on his shoulders and a prayer-book in his hand, but is allowed to take with him a small fortune of 150,000,000 francs, or about six millions sterling—a mere crumb from the table of the descendants of poor Mayer Anselm, who wandered shoeless through the electorate of good King George the Third. It is certain that no romance of royalty is equal to the romance of the house of Rothschild.

Prince, as Rothschild, has been among the rich; he is about to lose his crown. At least so it pleases the good people of Paris to state; for they have just heard that there exists in India a nabob worth a trillion, which, represented in figures, would be 1,000,000,000,000.

The marriage ring of Martin Luther has come into the possession of a Berlin artisan. The Royal Museum will buy it. There appears to be no doubt of the relic being genuine.

THE CHILD'S LITTLE EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

IX.

OUR LITTLE PRAYER AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No doubt, could they be known, the last hours of many of our brave men who are now offering their lives for the fatherland, would reveal many touching incidents of the blessed influence of our little prayer.

The New York *Sun* reports a touching incident related in the meeting of a dying soldier on the field of Mexico. He was found mortally wounded, and was carried off by a comrade and laid under a tree. As the poor wounded man saw the life blood flowing rapidly away, he said to his comrade, "Talk to me! why do you not talk to me!" meaning to ask for some spiritual direction. The comrade was not a religious man, and could not give it. At length he remembered some words which he had learned at his mother's knee, and he began repeating, and the wounded man repeated after him, that well known prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

But in pronouncing the last word the poor soldier's spirit took its eternal flight.

X.

THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAST PRAYER.

It was the evening after a great battle. All day long the din of strife had echoed far, and thickly strewn lay the shattered forms of those so lately erect and exultant in the flush and strength of manhood. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror, Death, that night, was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless, and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him, he at first thought him dead; but the white lips moved, and slowly in weak tones he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

As he finished, he opened his eyes, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed: "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. Before the morning dawns, I believe God will take my soul for Jesus sake; but before I bid adieu to earth—I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and a letter was written to his Mother, which he dictated, full of Christian faith and filial love. He was calm and peaceful. Just as the sun arose, his spirit went home, his last articulate words being—

"I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus sake.'

So died William B—., of the Massachusetts Volunteers. The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in his distant northern home, and he whispered it in dying, when his young life ebbed away on a southern battle-field. It was his nightly petition in life, and the angel who bore his spirit home to heaven, bore the sweet prayer his soul loved so well.

God bless the saintly words, alike loved and repeated by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young, only second to the Lord's Prayer in beauty and simplicity. Happy the soul that can repeat it with the fervor of our dying soldier.

XI.

THE GREAT INFLUENCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Very truly has Dr. Dodd said: "The man who wrote the four simple lines, beginning with, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' seemed to do a small thing. He wrote four lines for his little child. His name has not come down to us, but he has done more for the good of his race than if he commanded the victorious army at Waterloo. The little fires which a good man kindles here and there, on the shores of time, never go out; but ever and anon they flame up and throw a light upon the pilgrim's path. There is hardly anything so fearful, to my mind, as the mind reaching into the coming ages, and writing itself upon the minds of unborn generations."

Anticipating the End.—A very general impression prevails among Mohammedans that great changes are soon to take place, by which Christianity will triumph over and supersede their religion. A missionary of the Church of England at Nazareth, writes, "Most remarkable is the general faith of the Mohammedans in the speedy advent of Christ from heaven to destroy anti-christ; the belief that the time will not be far distant when the Sultan will be obliged to retire to Egypt, and when the Christians will even enter Mecca." Rev. Dr. Perkins, the veteran missionary to the Nestorians, in a recent letter states that he was visited by one of the highest nobles of the country, who alluded to the changes and commotions in the world, and very thoughtfully added, "Do you know what these things mean? I do. Jesus Christ is about to come."

THE ALPINE HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

On the high Alps
Our Father also lives ;
To morn its glories gives,
The flowerets white and blue
He freshens with the dew.
On the high Alps our loving Father lives.

On the high Alps
From flowery fragrant heights
The lovely air delights
To waft its odors free;
May this God's breathing be ?
On the high Alps our loving Father lives

On the high Alps
His soft light from above,
Kisses the vales in love ;
The glacier fields of ice
Shine like a paradise.
On the high Alps our loving Father lives

On the high Alps
The silvery cascade blinks ;
The daring chamois drinks,
At the kind father's call,
From the steep rocky wall.
On the high Alps our loving Father lives.

On the high Alps
White flocks, in pastures green,
Of sheep and goats are seen ;
Without their toil or care
Their daily food is there;
On the high Alps our loving Father lives,

On the high Alps
His flock the shepherd sees,
His heart in God at ease ;
For He who all things feeds
Will give him all he needs.
On the high Alps our loving Father lives

PRACTICAL WISDOM acts in the mind as gravitation does in the material world : combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence among the various parts of our system. It is forever reminding us where we are, and what we can do, not in fancy, but in real life. It does not permit us to wait for duties, pleasant to the imagination ; but insists upon our doing those which are before us.—*Helps.*

HOPE IN THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The voice of parental sorrow, which more than eighteen hundred years ago, sounded in the homes of Bethlehem over the first infant martyrs of the holy Jesus, has been heard in every generation since. There is scarce "a flock, however fed and tended, but one dead lamb is there." Many Rachels, under the stunning stroke of their tribulation, are weeping for their children, and will not be comforted, because they are not.

It would be strange indeed, if Christianity afforded no consolation for grief so great and so universal. "Yearly bills of mortality in and near London, show that more than one third part of the race of man die before the age of two years, and nearly half before five." Owing to want of care, skill in treating diseases, and a general undervaluation of infant life, the number is still larger in Pagan cities and lands. It would be enough to condemn the Christian system, which proposes salvation for man in all circumstances and conditions of life, were it found that it has left no consoling provision for so large a portion of the race cut down in infancy. Can it—does it—suffer all these buds so early nipped, to be blighted hopelessly and forever? God forbid.

"They are not!" said Rachel But this was the extreme language of excessive grief. It is the utterance of the first impulse of a dark and desperate sorrow. It is the desponding first thought when a cherished treasure has suddenly vanished from their embrace. A second thought will correct and modify it. The reed swept over by the overwhelming current lies flattened to the earth, overpowered and helpless. But when the flood has wasted its strength it will appear that the reed has only been bent, not broken. When the genial sun from above shall fall upon it again, it will revive; the gentle friendly air will lift it; its own inward plastic recuperative power will reassert its supremacy, and it will stand erect in the very path over which the flood has passed. Yea, it will be found, that the deep waters that had submerged it, have refreshed the soil in which it stands, and deposited a rich sediment for its nurture around its roots . Thus what seemed to be destruction is in fact the means of new vigor and life.

It is just so in our bereavements. What seems to be a taking away is in truth a giving. What seems to be death is life. The tear that for a while dims and darkens the eye, is in fact a refreshing dew to the heart. The death of the child is not only its own passage into a higher life, but needs only to be rightly viewed and used, to become the means and the motive to a higher life in the experience of the parent.

"They are not!" said the deeply sorrowing mothers. But how faithfully, though tenderly, has the Church in all ages reproved their untempered and despairing grief! Mercifully has its testimony contradicted their faithless, hopeless hearts. Against all the hard-hearted arguments of their own sorrow, as well as all the severity and the cavils which would tear infant souls from the Saviour's bosom, it has proclaimed, in the language of our Saviour Himself: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." It has regarded them as the first fruits of that great harvest which Christ should gather in—even of those concerning whom He said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." "Not as yet was their age fit for the battle," exclaims St. Cyprian, "but it was meet for the crown." And St. Augustine: "O happy little ones! although just born—although never tempted—although they never knew warfare, yet are they already crowned. He only has doubted your coronation in your sufferings, who does not believe that the sufferings of Christ benefit infants." Another Father says: "For death they seem indeed unripe, but happily they die unto life. While as yet they have scarcely tasted the present, they pass on to the future. Having not yet passed the cradle of their infancy, they already receive the crown. They are indeed torn from the embraces of their mothers, but restored to the bosom of the angels!"

Thus has the Church in all ages sweetly corrected the despairing, "they are not," of parental sorrow. Into every house of mourning —and especially of undue mourning—where "the ministrels and the people are making a noise"—comes the authoritative voice of Christ, to set hopeless grief aside: "Give place: for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth"—sleepeth unto a glorious waking!

But the bare idea that they live—live in another world—is not all the consolation that the bereaved heart needs, nor all that is left it. A tender affection follows them, and is concerned as to the new state and relations into which they have been transferred. It will know what care and sympathies are still around them, so that they be not strange and lonely in their new estate.

It is wonderful, when the Scriptures are interrogated with this in view, what sources of satisfaction and comfort they afford. It is remarkable how the elements, sympathies, and affections of the earthly family are transferred to the heavenly inheritance, and continued there in a brighter and purer state. Let us look a little at this matter.

The heavenly kingdom in which they are, and where they dwell, is called a FAMILY. Concerning Christ it is said: "Of whom the whole *family* in heaven and earth is named." (Eph. 3: 15.) It is moreover taught here that this one family includes in one all that are in Christ in heaven and earth.

> "One family, we dwell in Him—
> One Church above, beneath."

The communion continues unbroken by death. Separations in time and space do not affect it. Some of the branches of the family

vine, like that of the mystic Joseph, may grow over the wall, and flourish in the heavenly land, but they are still one with the stem on this side.

This communion being a mystery for faith, it may not be easy for us to define for knowledge its nature and character. But safe it is to say, that whatever holy sympathies dwell in the earthly family, are also known yonder, and that these mutual sympathies touch one another. The common, holy family life and love are felt alike in the remaining, and the departed, members of the family. Sin alone can separate! Death has no such power in the case of those who are united to each other in Christ.

Those then who depart from us do not pass into new and strange relations. They do not transcend the laws of family sympathies. They still find all that is essentially associated with the idea of family.

What particulars this idea of heavenly family life involves is not defined. Some poetical theologians have tenderly and beautifully suggested, that glorified infants are placed under the secondary care and tuition of their own nearest relatives, or that of some eminent saints of the past, whose affections were specially drawn towards this class while on the earth. Particulars of this kind every ones faith and holy fancies, must work out for himself. For comfort we are only concerned to know—what is fully revealed—that the departed enter there a family home—and that every holy care and sympathy of the family life are there found and enjoyed. Whatever further any bereaved heart may imagine, only so it be pure, pious, and beautiful, may be safely believed, and hoped for.

God, in whose hands they are, and with whom they dwell, is called a FATHER—and the place where they abide, our father's house.

There is something in a name. A name is not a fancy, but a substance. The name father, as applied to God, reveals the fact, that there is in His very nature that which answers to the mystery of the parental feeling. It reveals a peculiar tenderness that He bears toward all in His presence. We feel that those transferred into that World from the circle of our own parental affections, are not in new and strange relations; but at home, in the midst of sympathies which are familiar to them, and genial to all their needs. They are in a Father's house.

Suppose, for a moment, the absence of all that lies in the word father. Suppose we knew Him, into whose nearness our departed little ones have gone, only as a King, Sovereign, or Judge! How differently would such an idea affect our parental feelings. It would seem like handing over our little ones into the care of an austere stranger. But now one parent surrenders his child to another parent—assured that whatever an earthly parent can do and feel, the same will be done and felt by the heavenly, only in an infinitely higher degree.

Still more consolingly touching is the fact, that the heavenly Church, into whose care and tuition our infants pass, is called

a MOTHER. "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the *mother* of us all." (Gal. 4: 26.) Whatever sympathies may be attributed to the paternal feeling, belongs to the maternal only more intensely and purely.

What pleasant thoughts does this image at once associate with the home of our sainted children! The spirit of a mother pervades that celestial family. The care of a mother, the nurture of a mother, all the winning ways of a mother, are there.

Of every true home a mother is, if not the centre, the pervading spirit. She is the last refuge of the children. From her they expect and receive sympathy, and with her they feel at home. All the devotion of maternal life and love is the free law and spirit of the heavenly family.

On earth the motherly character of the Church is never fully realized. Here everything falls short of its ideal. Rough and selfish elements of the world find their way into her sacred bosom; and she becomes to but few all that she is designed to be. But in heaven she is glorified. There her true spirit is realized. There her latent affections are developed, and unhindred in their exercise. There all her holy sympathies are free as life itself. There her children know no want, feel no wounded heart, and are conscious of the absence of no element essential to the realization of family, parent, and home in their highest and purest sense.

Jesus Christ, the Saviour of infants, and the central glory of their heavenly home, was Himself once an INFANT, "The Holy Child, Jesus."

Beyond its having been necessary to effect our salvation, there lies a deep and sweet consolation in the fact, that our final Judge is our brother, who "took not on Him the nature of angels," but the seed of Abraham. For our sakes He did it. "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same." This He did to come near to us, and enable us without fear to come near to Him, and to give us a familiar confidence in His presence; that He might "deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage."

Why God should become man "for us men, and for our salvation," is well understood. What import there is in His having become an infant is equally clear. He entered the race at its fountain that He might share in all its sympathies. One of the Fathers has beautifully said: "He became an infant for infants, a boy for boys, a young man for young men; that, passing through all the stages of human life, He might sanctify and save all."

It has always been felt by the most earnestly thinking men, that His infancy was deeply siginficant in its relations to infant life and salvation. Says Leo: "From His own birth and beginning He has consecrated the birth and beginning of the little ones." Why may not His first entering into our nature be the medium, means, and channel of divine and saving life, as well as those means and sacraments which He afterwards instituted for the communication of this same great grace? Surely His holy infancy may have all the power and grace of a sacrament for infant life.

Surely, then, His infancy as well as every other circumstance of His life, must have some meaning and force in the great mercy and mediation, effected by His having assumed our nature. But besides this, there is a great consolation in the thought, that He who was Himself an infant is Head over all things in that blessed world to which our infants have been removed. Surrounded by infant spirits in the heavenly family, can He for a moment forget that He was like them a child on earth? And will that recollection give no new touch of tenderness and sympathy to His divine, human heart? That is inconceivable! If He, by virtue of His human nature, which made Him in all points like one of us, except sin, can be touched by a feeling of our infirmities, how can the remembrance of His holy childhood leave that same heart untouched?

The Church has boldly and tenderly claimed, that toward the infant martyrs of Bethlehem, His heart bears a special remembrance. "The Church has been bold to conclude, that it was not for nothing, as it regarded themselves, that these infants were thus entangled in the tragic destinies of their Lord. She has confidently assumed, that nearness to Him did not bring to them merely their earthly doom and their baptism of blood; but that, unconscious martyrs though they were, still martyrdom was imputed to them; and all the hard-hearted arguments to the contrary are nothing worth against that true instinctive sense, out of which it has been ever felt that what they thus endured for Christ's sake was repaid them again; that for them also that word did come true: "Near to the sword, is near also to God."

In like manner, and in view of all this, must He not feel drawn with a peculiar tenderness toward that largest class of spirits which are around Him in Heaven—those whom in the days of His flesh He invited to Himself, blessed them, and promised them heaven—declared that all persons must receive the kingdom of God as little children, and in the face of the severe Chief-priests and Scribes, defended their right to gather around Him with their Hosannas in the temple.

To the care of such a Saviour bereaved parents may, with the sweetest consolation, commit the heavenly care of their departed infants. As His proteges they are themselves assured of all needed sympathy and tenderness. "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A beautiful consolation also lies in the Scripture doctrine of ANGELIC MINISTRATIONS. The Church on earth has in all ages shared in the ministry of angels. These ceased not, as facts prove, with the introduction of the new dispensation; on the contrary, though less ostensible, they became more intimate and real. Conforming more to the secret laws of hidden spiritual operations, they meet man no more in outward form, but are only for that reason more surely his inward monitors and guides. It was in the full spirit of the New Testament economy, that St. Paul made the chal-

lenge: "Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?"

Of their ministries to the little ones, we have a special declaration of our Saviour Himself. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." (Math. 18: 10.) As protectors of the little ones they are here set forth. They behold the face of the Father with a view to catch His will—quickly to discern what He has for them to do—to await His commands in reference to the little ones whose protecting angels they are. This they do "always." They are not a moment off their guard; but ever ready to minister to those over whom their care extends.

Nothing could more beautifully set forth angelic ministries toward the little ones. If they so care for them now, they will continue their interest in them in heaven. Into such society our departed children pass. Such are the fond sympathies which they share in our Father's house above.

With such consoling Scripture thoughts before us, though not without tears, we can bid a brief adieu to our departing infants without any of the bitterness of hopeless sorrow. They go to the family above—to the sympathies of a father's heart—to the affectionate bosom of a heavenly mother—to Him who was once an infant on earth—and to the tender ministries of an innumerable company of angels—*their* angels—who, with an eye on their protection, do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven.

Let us not say, in the multitude of grief, "They are not." Let us know and believe that they are; nor let us forget where, and with whom they are. They are the truly living, we the dead. We are on the sterile shores of sin and the curse; they in the blessed land of "spring fulfilled." They are our stars in the firmament above to illumine our night. Pleasant is the memory of their brief visit amongst us, and still more pleasant the sweet hope of soon finding them again, and coming forever into their joys.

We shall go to them; but they shall not return to us. Let us not wish them back. Let us rather rejoice that they have fulfilled so sweet a mission without labor and care—that they have obtained so glorious a victory without a battle—and that they have found so blessed a home by so near and pleasant a way. The very thought of their returning, to enter afresh upon the weary and thorny path of life, is far more painful than were all the griefs of parting.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears,
    Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the way-side inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
    Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,

Have still so long to give or ask!
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires!
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystaline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine!
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

THE CHRISTMAS HOLY-DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

So joyfully as this morning, Auguste and Charlotte had not awoke out of sleep for a whole year. The whole night they had dreamed of the brilliant lights of the Christmas tree, which had so gloriously shone upon them yesterday evening, when, after patient waiting, the little bell had called them into the parlor. They had dreamd also of the many beautiful presents which their parents had hung on the tree for them, to brighten their Christmas joy. Reluctantly had they torn themselves away from this scene of joy last night when they retired to rest. But now, as the friendly morning sun began to shine again upon the snow-covered roofs, they appeared once more dressed up as for Sunday, ready to review the tree and their presents, and to make themselves glad with Christmas joy.

The morning passed pleasantly away. Towards mid-day when the rays of the sun had made it pleasant out of doors, and even the icicles at the eves began to melt, Auguste proposed to her sister, that they would go in company with their brother, to a wood near by, to see the spruce trees which the dear heavenly father had so beautifully decorated for the Christmas festival. Charlotte was ready, and brother William was easily induced to accompany them, especially as he could thereby render a pleasant service to his little sisters.

Quickly they threw their cloaks around them, put on their warm winter bonnets, and thus protected against the cold, they leaped forth cheerfully in the face of winter. True the air was sharp, and bit their cheeks not a little; but warmly clothed, they did not heed that, and were soon in the grove of spruce. Here was a beautiful

sight. How the green twigs were overlaid with white frost, in which the rays of the sun reflected like diamonds!

"Oh how beautiful!" said Auguste. "The trees shine almost as gloriously as our Christmas tree with all its lights." She became suddenly silent. She saw not far from them a boy in miserable half-torn clothing, shivering from the cold, holding his benumbed hands to his mouth, and weeping bitterly! Beside him lay a little bundle of brush-wood, which he had evidently just gathered.

"What may be the matter with the poor boy," said Auguste full of sympathy, "that he should be so sad and distressed even on Christmas day?"

The children went up to him and asked him why he wept. "Oh!" said the boy, "my father is sick, and my mother is not able to earn enough to procure us bread and keep us warm. Thus I must gather wood to keep father warm. I do it cheerfully; father is so good, and mother weeps so much; but to-day it is *so* cold!" And he began to weep still more bitterly.

Meanwhile the children had an opportunity to examine the boy. They easily saw that his poor clothes could not protect him against the weather, and that he was weeping because he was so cold. For some time they all stood and viewed the poor boy in silence, and tears filled the eyes of Auguste. Then she put her hand into her little basket, took out the little money she had in it, and gave it to the boy. Charlotte and their brother did the same; for all had been deeply moved by the little boy's miseries.

He was much surprised at this, and looked at his benefactors in silence. But soon he brushed away his tears, and attempted to give expression to his thanks and his joy. "O how glad mother will be!" he said: "now she can make a soup for father, and heat up the room so that we can all be warmed." Then he shouldered his bundle of wood and hasted away.

The children accompained him for some distance, and on the way he had to tell them who his parents were, and where they lived. "If your parents are so poor, you have hardly received any Christmas present?" said William. "Ah," said the boy, "if I only could have had something to eat! But mother had nothing to give me, and so I went hungry to bed."

Silently, and in earnest reflection, the children went on their way; and when they got home, the first thing they did was to tell their mother of the little boy, whom they had met, who had received no Christmas gifts, and besides was compelled to go to bed hungry!

"Mother," said Auguste, "brother William has some old clothes which would be useful to the poor boy. Charlotte and I will hunt up something for him, and if you will allow it, we will present it to him." Gladly did their mother give her assent. Meanwhile their father also came in; and as he knew the father of the boy to be a very honest and industrious man, he also resolved to do something for the unfortunate family.

"How would it be," said the mother," if we were to get all these things together as quickly as possible, and send for the boy to

come here this evening, and then present it all to him, so as to produce a suitable surprise. Then he could also have a Christmas joy, at this time when all things are joyous."

"O, that is excellent," exclaimed Auguste, and immediately ran with the other children to gather up the presents with which they intended to surprise the poor boy.

When they had collected all the pieces of clothing, Charlotte said: "I know something more which would be excellent. If we only could also prepare a Christmas tree for the boy. How he would rejoice to see the many little bright lights!"

The sisters were much pleased with the proposition, and William at once offered his services to carry it into effect. For a small bit of money he bought a spruce tree. The little girls took some lights, also sweetmeats from their Christmas tree, and so in a short time all was arranged.

With almost more impatience than yesterday did the children await the evening. Just as it was growing dark they requested their mother to send for the boy. Now they lit the lights, arranged the presents under the Christmas tree, and awaited with joyful expectation the time when he should arrive.

He was soon there. The door was opened for him. When he had entered, and it was told him, that these were his Christmas presents, and that his parents should also receive help, the boy stood in mute surprise. Now he gazed at the lights, now at the presents, while tears of joy fell from his eyes. The children rejoiced around him, their hearts beat with a pure pleasure, and often afterwards they spoke of this evening, and declared that it was the happiest Christmas festival of their lives!

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.

It is almost frightful, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common ongoing of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly and forever forgotten. Yet it is equally amazing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. That is the vocation of gossips—an order of society that perpetrates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt together. You may have noticed how many speeches there are which become mischievous by being heard a second time; and what an army of both sexes are sworn to see to it, that the fatal repetition shall be had. Blessed is that man or woman that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up, and fastening them to the next passenger! Would we only let the vexing and malicious saying die, how fast the lacerated and scandal-ridden world would get healed and tranquilized!—*Huntington.*

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY. No. 6.

AMBROSE OF SIENNA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MERZ.

BY L. H. S.

In the far renowned city of Sienna in Italy there quietly lived the noble Bonatacha Sansedone with his wife Justina. Both had descended from warlike families, which had become rich and powerful in the war with the Saracens. On the sixteenth of April 1220, during the absence of her husband, the wife was more troubled than rejoiced at the birth of a son. The child was very much deformed, his legs and arms crooked, and his countenance dark and ugly. Once when the nurse had the child in her lap at the front-door, an old man looking at it sharply, the nurse endeavored to conceal it from his gaze, but he cried out in a prophetic tone: "Do not conceal that child; the deformed boy will yet become the light and the ornament of the city." The fervent petitions of his mother so far prevailed, that the ill-shapen son improved and thence grew up in body and soul to her joy. He evidenced quite early a striving after higher things. Nothing was more highly prized than the sight of a priest, and books were his occupation early and late. When the children were playing together, he built the most beautiful little altars with crosses, before which he kneeled in his child-like way and prayed. He soon made great progress in learning, that is, he learned the psalms and had committed to memory whole sermons, before he was seven years old. When he saw strangers or paupers, he took them by the hand and led them to his father's house to refresh and give them succor. When nine years old, he began to fast on the holy days and to rise in the middle of the night for prayer. He preferred to associate with the clergy.

He entreated his wealthy father and obtained permission to entertain five pilgrims every Sunday, to whom he also made presents. The pious scholar placed himself on Saturdays at the gate of the city, through which all the strangers coming from the countries on that side of the Alps must pass. Out of those who asked alms he selected five, whom he conducted to a chamber already prepared, waited on them, cleaned their shoes, washed their feet and helped them to dress themselves. Early in the morning he would stir them up and go to Mass with them; after a walk through the principal churches of the city he would bring them back to breakfast, give them money for the wayside and then let them go after he had asked an interest in their prayers.

He manifested like sympathy for those suffering in prison. He

visited them on Fridays, and when he discovered such as were in need, he provided them on some week-day secretly with food and money. On Sundays he visited the city Hospital to aid in the nursing of the sick and to administer to their bodily and spiritual wants. He went likewise with full hands to visit out-door pensioners. Wherever misfortune befell any one, there this noble youth appeared as a friendly comforter.

It was to him a source of special pleasure to remove anger and to reconcile enemies. He acted as a mediator of peace between many deadly enemies. And he was not less zealous in defending widows in trouble and in protecting orphans that were maltreated.

With holy meditations the growing youth avoided entirely the practises of youth. Instead of joyous companies and festivals, he sought solitary places. On one occasion, when he had declined an invitation to the celebration of the marriage of a relative, and had gone to a Cistersian cloister outside the city, an old man in the garb of a Dominican monk met him and asking alms, addressed him in this manner: "Dost thou think that thou wilt serve God better and be more careful for thy salvation, if thou withdrawest from secular company and the celebration of marriage rites? I tell thee thou wilt have greater favor and reward from God, if thou wilt not despise to associate with the companions of thy age; for it is worth more with God to fight against the temptations and perils of the soul, than to lead a safe life in solitude as thou hast heretofore done. Do not believe that thou wilt obtain divine favor, if thou dost not contend bravely against the snares of the enemy; but it will be better for thee, if thou findest opportunity in associations with the companions of thy age to resist temptations with a strong will. Thou wilt easily in pride succeed by such abstraction from all society. Dost thou wish to remain unmarried? Art thou called to this by God? How wilt thou work out the salvation of thy soul, if thou art not able to overcome the temptations of the flesh outside of the divinely constituted state of wedlock. It is a free gift of God that he grants to some the power of leading a chaste life outside of matrimony. But wilt thou secure chastity by simply human power?"

Thus even in the midst of those monastic days, the clear voice of evangelical liberty and wisdom was heard on the high-way. But most frequently it was left on the high-way, and men ran after the long hallowed unevangelical customs of the time. Even the appearance of this free-thinking wise man was looked upon by contemporaries as Satan in disguise, seeking to tempt the pious youth. Ambrose immediately made unto himself a cross of this, fled to the cloister where he passed several days unhappily until he heard a voice, one night in his sleep: "Reject the words of the Tempter; remain true to thy resolution; God's help shall not fail thee!"

His parents desired that the youth should marry. But he announced that he would renounce all and become a monk in order that he could better serve God. His father yielded and set apart, at his son's request, a large amount of money for the good

of the poor, especially as dowers for the daughters of the poor nobility. On the 16th of April 1237, Ambrose entered the order of Dominicans at Sienna, this being his seventeenth birth day. He longed not for a slothful, but an active life. He wished to complete his theological studies at Paris, under the celebrated German ecclesiastical teacher—Albertus Magnus. On the way he was seized with a violent fever. A hermit, who had already obtained other fortunate cures, was called to the invalid. This man also tried to persuade him to turn back on the road for which God had not called him. It would be better for him to study law for the benefit of his native town, for the honor of God and the joy of his parents. But even in this voice Ambrose recognized only a diabolical temptation. He would not suffer the hermit to put his hand on him, but committed himself solely to God's hands, who soon restored him to health and permitted him to reach Paris rejoicing.

In the study of secular knowledge as well as of theology, Ambrose made such great progress that he soon attained the honorary degree of Bachelor, although he modestly declined it. In two years more he began to preach. Every one rushed to hear the gifted and anointed youth. He also had Bible-classes and explained difficult passages of the Scriptures in such excellent style, that even learned Doctors attended. Still his unrest was a source of uneasiness, he wished to live in peace the life of a monk. Soon, however, he was obliged to go forth and deliver public theological lectures, and this he did gratuitously for three years. Even the most prominent teachers, such as Thomas Aquinas—most eminent among the Italians, and Albertus Magnus—greatest among the German savants of that period, sat at the feet of the pious and wise brother of Sienna, who also then published some learned books.

Sent by his superiors to Cologne as a teacher of theology, he retained this position for some years and studied German in order that he might be able to preach to the people. Appointed by Pope Gregory X., as one of his nuncios, he travelled preaching, especially through Germany, settled disputes between princes and peoples, and incited a crusade against the Tartars, in which the Hungarian King Bela IV. was frequently victorious.

In the mean time Pope Clement IV. had imposed his interdict (prohibition from all religious service) on the city of Sienna, because of its attachment to the German Emperor, Frederick II. Then Ambrose was called to put an end to this mischief. Before a great concourse of people, so great that it could not be contained by any of the churches, he preached in the Cathedral square, reconciled families torn apart by factions and obtained from the Pope, to whom he was sent by his native town, a revocation of the ban. After this, he was commissioned as papal nuncio to preach the cross in France. As a reward for his fidelity he would have received an episcopate, but Ambrose repeatedly in humility declined such distinction. Instead of this Innocence IV. brought him to

Rome as teacher of theology. He labored for three years here at the lecturer's desk and in the pulpit with great results. After this, he spent fifteen years in calm retirement in different Italian cloisters. One who poured forth so much as he, must indeed have in a holy assemblage also again received much through pious meditation and faithful prayer. Returning to his school he had, especially after the death of the great Thomas Aquinas, a still greater attendance of scholars.

In the year 1267, the last of the Hohenstaufen—Conrad of Suabia, with lordly pomp came to Italy. After his triumphal entrance into Rome, he was excommunicated by the Pope and seized by Charles of Anjou. From the dungeons of Naples the unfortunate heroic youth begged the pardon of the Pope, through Ambrose, and at the request of the eloquent man of peace he was pardoned. Innocence V. sent Ambrose to Florence also to establish peace with Pisa. The charming discourse of the monk prevailed so as to reconcile the parties, after which the papal interdict on Florence was removed at his intercession. In like manner in Venice and Genoá he achieved a similar work as pacificator when the Pope died.

Of Brother Ambrose it could be well said: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." He was love and charity, modesty and gentleness. He rejected all honors, because they belonged to God. He always made his journeys on foot. It was his choice to be with the poor and needy. He was an enemy to every ostentatious display of piety. Bashful in ordinary intercourse, he was in public speech as unterrified as a prophet of God. He was of priceless value to the Dominican Order. He also founded many pious associations (especially for females) with a view to a community of privileges and for the nursing of the sick. Stern to himself he was gentle with others. Reconciliation, forgiveness, peace—these were the end of his life and labors. Temperate in eating and sleeping, persevering and often wholly transported in prayer, strong in self-mortification, he furnished a pattern of a holy life according to the Catholic cut. He always wore a leaden girdle, over the hips, around the naked body.

Once when he was preaching with his customary zealous fire, during a fast, in Sienna, he was seized with a hemorrhage. Despite the requests of the brothers, he preached the next day just as zealously against usury. A second hemorrhage showed him that his end was nigh. He asked the brothers, weeping around him, rather to rejoice. He prayed fervently and took the Holy Supper, receiving it notwithstanding his weakness on his knees, then suffered himself to be raised to his bed and to receive extreme unction. Comforting the bystanders and embracing each in turn with a farewell kiss, he gently departed, March 20th 1287. The whole of Sienna did homage to the deceased, and people divided into small pieces his clothes, at public expense a superb marble monument was prepared, and miracle upon miracle was said to have

been worked at his grave. Still he was not canonized by Pope Bonefacius, because his family belonged to the Ghibellines (Imperials) and not to the Guelphs (Papals). Eugene IV. first granted in 1443, that, especially in the Dominican cloister of Sienna, the festival of St. Ambrose might be celebrated although he had not formally been canonized. At the grave of this pious man, of this zealous domestic missionary from childhood up, of this modest man of learning, of this enthusiastic preacher, of this messenger of love and reconciliation sacrificing himself in the service of the crucified One, we, evangelical Christians, who ought to care for every thing that can attract us to love and good works, we pronounce over Ambrose of Sienna, the blessed words of our Master: "Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God."

SELLING OLD THINGS.

Sell that old table? No, I'll not sell it! It's only a pine table that's true; and it cost but eighteen shillings, twenty-five years ago, but your ten dollar bill is no temptation! And I'll not swap it either, for the prettiest mahogany or cherry table that you bring me. If it has plain turned legs, instead of a pillar in the middle, with lion's claws, and if the marble top is only varnished paper, still, I will not sell or swap it. It has been to me a very profitable investment. From the day it came home it has been earning dividends and increasing its own capital. My children made a play-house and drank tea in their toy cups under it, for which I thank the four legs, and when they got tired of it that way, they turned it upside down, and made a four-post bedstead with curtains, or pulled it round the carpet for a sleigh. Then they climbed on it for an observatory; and I never counted the glorious romps they had round it. And also, all along for twenty-five years it has paid its dividends of happiness to my family circle. These dividends could never be separated from it; until its value is not told in money. It has its quiet use, also; for nobody could tell it from a round table of agate and cornelian, with its salmon bordered green cover.

Nothing lasts forever. The top of the table was loosened by the hard use it got, so I took a punch, drove in the eight-penny nails below the surface, added a few screws, puttied them over, and pasted marble-paper checkers over the top. Then it was a really handsome table. It has had hard usage since, but bears it all; and the checkers want renewing, which will make it worth more yet.

My watch is thirty years old. It is one of those thick silver levers which some poor wits call "turnips." It has been several times suggested to me that I might exchange it for a thin modern

gold watch, which wears easier in the pocket. When I do, you may set me down for a barbarian! No, the best gold and jeweled "hunter" in existence would not tempt me to swap. The watch marked the time when my children were born, and the record is set down in the family Bible; it has ticked on their ears when they could only speak by laughing at it, and kicking up their heels. It has marked the hours when the doctor's medicines were to be given, and counted their pulses when they beat low at midnight, and when the heart ached. It has made many records that are fast sealed up, to be opened only when another time comes.

Twenty-seven years have passed since my wife and I went out one evening and bought a tea-kettle. The fitting of the lid was a little imperfect, so that the escape of steam shook it, and caused a peculiar noise, nearly enough resembling the chirping of some insect to suggest the name by which it has now been known in the family for a long time—our "cricket on the hearth." Like the table and the watch, the kettle has been adding dividends to its capital every day since its first purchase, and, though nothing but iron, it could not be bought for its weight in silver. It has sung so long and regularly and cheerfully, that not only the kitchen but the whole house would be lonely without it. It has given us its fragrant blessing morning and evening, and come almost to be regarded as a living and talking creature.

It is never a good fortune that sells such old friends out of the family, and takes in new ones that have no history and no tongue. In all changes that have so far taken place, I have kept these silver bowls unbroken, and surely no change in the future shall break them.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

"I shall never forget," writes a correspondent, "an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school-boys were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to a neighboring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground, he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it and of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself. I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at old rattle-bone!' while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted him

to walk to our house, which was but a little distance. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came, I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting-room. To my great joy and relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me—"Such a fine boy was surely worth saving." How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning, while an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man whom I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock for my companions! I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many pounds to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime."

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

This Number closes the XIVth volume of the "Guardian." Thus far a kind Providence has watched over and prospered it, for which we here record our devout thanks.

One year it has been in the hands of the present Publishers; and we are sure our readers will agree with us, that they have done their part of the work neatly and faithfully. We may say for them that, in external appearance, it is not a whit behind any Magazine that appears in the land. But their motto is still greater improvements. This we hesitate not to promise in their name for the New Volume.

As Editor we have endeavored to do our work conscientiously; how well we have succeeded our readers shall judge. We take the steady increase of the subscription list during the year as the silent evidence of public favor which we shall seek still further to deserve.

The January Number for 1864, being the first of the New Volume, will appear as early as possible in December. We invite all our old subscribers to continue with us. We hope also that the many friends of our Magazine, who have in the past so kindly interested themselves in its circulation, will again lend us their aid and influence. Though the price of paper has gone up vastly, the price of the "Guardian" remains at the low rate of $1 a year. It may, therefore, reasonably ask for an increase of its subscription list. We have every confidence that this hope will be realized.

And now—"heart within, and God over-head"—we bid adieu to the Old, and enter upon the New. May all our work be found to be well done at last!

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THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XVth volume It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

From and after January the 1st, 1864, THE GUARDIAN will be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.,** Chambersburg. Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The Publishers propose something in this direction in the forthcoming volume. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power. in co-operating with the Editor, in rendering THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purtiy and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life--Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully. hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

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